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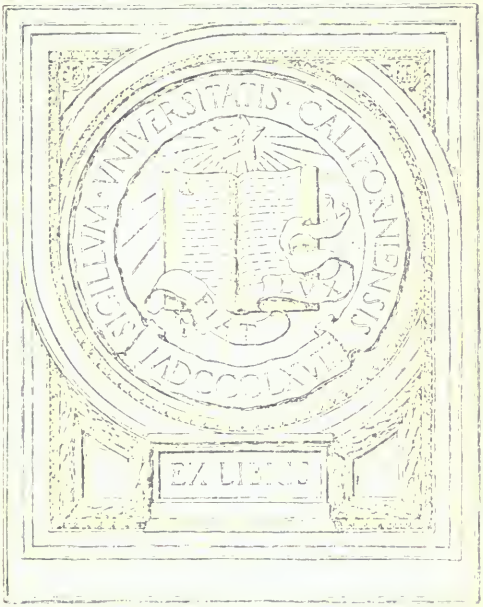

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REV^D EUGENE VETROMILE. D.D.

MISSIONARY TO THE ETECHEMINS.

A TOUR

IN

BOTH HEMISPHERES;

OR,

TRAVELS AROUND THE WORLD.

BY

REV. EUGENE VETROMILE, D.D.,

APOSTOLIC MISSIONARY;

Corresponding Member of the Maine Historical Society; Member of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society; of the Numismatic Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia; of the York Institute; Member of the Congrès International des Amèricanistes, Etc., Etc.

"O Lord our Lord, how admirable is thy name in the whole earth!
For thy magnificence is elevated above the heavens."—PSALM viii.

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TO THEE,

MOST HOLY MARY,

IMMACULATE VIRGIN,

MOTHER

OF THE CREATOR AND REDEEMER OF THE WORLD,

IS

THIS PLAIN VOLUME HUMBLY DEDICATED,

BY

THY UNWORTHY SERVANT, THE AUTHOR.

SWEET MOTHER,

WHO PROTECTED ME AROUND THIS WORLD, BE ALSO MY GUIDE IN MY LAST TRAVEL TO THE NEXT WORLD.

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PREFACE.

THE principal object of my journey through the lakes Huron and Superior to the South Pacific Ocean, Australia, China, and India, was the investigation of the physiognomy, character, manners, language, and religion of the natives. To do this it was not sufficient to see them, to treat with them, visit their villages, camps, observing their occupations and daily habits, but it was necessary to hold conferences on these subjects with their missionaries, who, having spent the best of their days and sacrificed their lives amongst them, could give that most reliable information which I desired. By comparison with the North American natives, improperly called Indians, I may hope to furnish an additional light for the solution of the question, "Whence came these Indians?"

Many prominent members of several Historical Societies have often urged me to make investigations upon this subject. Lately having occasion to visit Italy, and being required to attend the International Congress of Americanists that was to assemble at Luxemburg on the 10th of September, 1877, I resolved to undertake this journey.

For the most part the reader will find the description of what I myself observed; but in mentioning historical subjects, describing monuments of antiquity, giving statistics and such like, I have used other authorities;

and I have been careful to weigh and balance testimonies. To enumerate the authors thus used might be too tedious, hence I here acknowledge, once for all, that I have used many, and some very largely. I take this occasion to render thanks to those archbishops, bishops, missionaries, and other friends, who very kindly not only offered to me their hospitality, but gave me all information, instructions, and assistance which I needed, in order to accomplish the object of my journey, and who alleviated the fatigue and tedious hours which are inseparable from a long peregrination in foreign countries.

MACHIAS, ME. E. V.

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A TOUR IN BOTH HEMISPHERES.

CHAPTER I.

EASTPORT — PHILADELPHIA — CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION — PITTSBURG — SARNIA—CANADA—LAKE HURON—THE HURONS.

It was on the beautiful afternoon of Friday, the 11th day of August, 1876, that I embarked for Portland in one of the steamers of the International Steamship Co. The sky, although hazy, was clear of fog and without clouds. The air was warm, soft, and moist, yet pleasant withal. On account of the low tides, which here rise over forty feet, and further east in this Bay of Fundy,* at the head of the north-eastern arm, called *Chignecto Channel*, rise sixty feet—the highest tides in the world—the steamer was obliged to go round the British island *Campobello*, thus lengthening the trip by a full hour. We steamed between the picturesque shores of the *Harbor-de-lute* and Indian Island, Pope's Nose and other romantic British islands frequented by the *Passamaquoddy* Indians when engaged in spearing and shooting porpoises. We rounded Harbor's Head, near, and in sight of, the Wolves—four dangerous, small islands, the dread of navigators, especially in fogs. They are so called on account of the many different currents, which compel the unwatchful mariner to dash against them. The dreary

* *Fundy* (comes from the Latin, *Fodinarum:* "of the mines") called formerly by the French *Baye Francaise*—F. Ducreux' map of New France, 1660.

and barren rocky shores on the right, and the high, wall-like barrier of Grand Manhan Island, present nothing very attractive, except the three high mountains of Mount Desert Island majestically extending for a considerable distance into the ocean. The sun had already set in a bank of fog, which foretold a rough night. At 5 A.M. we landed at Portland, and being known to the Customs officers, I was spared the trouble of opening my baggage. I went to Biddeford to see some of my friends, and from thence to Exeter (New Hampshire) to visit my old friend, the pastor of that congregation, Rev. Michael Lucey.*

It would have been an unpardonable error to have left the United States for a two years' trip around the world without visiting the Centennial Exhibition; therefore, after spending one day in Boston, to celebrate the festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven, and having said mass in the church of the Jesuits, F. F., and dined with them, I proceeded to Philadelphia, where I put up at Mr. Fowler's first-class hotel, being warmly welcomed by my old acquaintances, the officers of that establishment.

The Exhibition was well worth visiting, and although laboring under many disadvantages, it gave convincing evidence of the wonderful energy displayed by the American people—the most *go-ahead* nation in the world—and of the capacity, as well as the indomitable perseverance, of the gentlemen conducting it. The Main Hall was admirably proportioned, the *coup d'œil* being truly magnificent. The Government exhibit was extensive and complete, and the Agricultural de-

* This worthy and zealous missionary died on the 24th of July, 1878. He had worked very hard in this diocese. He built the handsome churches at Great Fall, Salmon Falls, and Exeter, N. H., and at Lewiston, in Maine; all of bricks.

partment decidedly superior to that of the Paris Exhibition in 1867. The officials were very polite and obliging; and the police, gentlemanly and effective, no matter what has been said to the contrary. Not only on the grounds of the Exhibition, and at all hours, but in the city, day and night, the police performed their duty with satisfaction and politeness.

Yet the Exhibition had its faults. In every hall and department one could see a want of unity; and objects which belonged to some especial department, scattered in other halls. One thing I could not pass over without protest. In the center of the principal hall, the four quarters of the world were represented by symbols. Europe was symbolized by Shakespeare and Charlemagne; America, by Washington and Franklin; Asia, by Confucius and Mohammed; Africa, by Rameses and Sesostris. This selection of symbols should not be allowed to pass without a protest from the public. I leave it to the disinterested judgment of the learned whether Europe and America could not have been better represented by superior and more characteristic symbols. But let us pass to Asia. Here a Christian nation prefers Paganism and the Koran to the Bible. But let it go. Africa represented by Sesostris and Rameses! What a blunder and show of ignorance! Sesostris and Rameses are the same identical person, and not two distinct individuals. Sesostris, King of Egypt, was also called *Sethos* and *Sethosis*, and his royal name was Rameses or Ramses. It would amount to the same as to say Alexander and the Czar, Victor Emanuel and the King, and such like.

On the afternoon of Saturday I left for the City of Vulcan—Pittsburg—named after the first William Pitt, in 1765, where I arrived at 8½ A.M., and put up at the Union Depot Hotel. Being Sunday, I celebrated Mass

at the Cathedral, and breakfasted with the good bishop, Rt. Rev. T. Tuigg, D.D., who wanted me absolutely to stop and dine with him; but as I expected to start for Detroit early in the afternoon, I was reluctantly compelled to decline the hospitality of this saintly prelate. After dinner I learned that the train by which I purposed traveling was only a local one, and that I would be obliged to stop on the way for the through train, which was to leave Pittsburg upon the following morning, so I elected to remain where I was. Being Sunday, there was no smoke in the city, and I was thus allowed to see the place without being condemned to turn black—a privilege reserved only for Sundays. Yet the walls, houses, stores, etc., outside, gave unmistakable evidence that they were under the dominion of Vulcanus. This is due to the pit coal used not only in the numerous manufactories, but also in the houses, its smoke and dust giving a general dinginess of appearance to this city. This coal is so abundant in the hills in the immediate neighborhood of the town, that it hardly costs more than the out-digging. Pittsburg is located on a point of land where the Alleghany and the Monongahela join to form the Ohio, and on the point of junction the French built a fort called *Du Quesne*, afterward named *Fort Pitt*. In Pittsburg and around, there are a hundred colleries, about four hundred and fifty factories for iron, and sixty oil works, where petroleum is refined for exportation. Here the first oil well was opened in 1857. The population is 200,000.

In the morning I left for Detroit, and I was both delighted and surprised to see the numerous vineyards in Ohio. The land is well cultivated, affording a goodly sight to the traveler, yet the traveling on this road, especially in summer, is very distressing on account of the smoke and dust of the pit coal used by the engine.

In changing cars, I found all seats occupied except one by the side of a lady, who did not seem inclined to share it, but was endeavoring to look through the window to avoid observing my search for a place. "Madam," I observed, "is this seat not occupied?" "Well," she replied, "I guess not." But she did not move an inch. "As there is no other vacant, I must take it." Slowly and reluctantly she commenced to remove bundles from the unoccupied seat. I was likewise embarrassed with other parcels. Yet perceiving her to be uncomfortable with so many packages, I offered to take charge of some of them, and as if to apologize and as a peace-offering, she presented me with a peach.

At eleven o'clock at night we arrived at Detroit, where I stopped at the Cass House, a very good first-class hotel. After a fine night's rest and a good breakfast,* I left for Canada at 8.30 A.M., and at 11.30 A.M. we were at Sarnia. Here at the Canadian Custom House our baggage was to be viséed, and I must acknowledge the politeness of the officers who examined the trunks. Having declared myself to be a tourist for Lake Superior, and again returning to the States, my trunk and valise were never even opened. Sarnia, or Fort Sarnia, as it is also called, is a small, miserable village on the Canadian side, opposite Port Huron, across St. Clair River†, and at the entrance of Lake Huron. The fine and commodious lake steamer, *Ontario*, on which I was to visit the northern shore of Lake Superior, was not to leave Sarnia till next morning at two o'clock, so the passengers were obliged to spend the long and tiresome hours in this miserable place, having nothing to see and nothing to do. Early in the morn-

* My bill, all included, amounted only to one dollar.

† Originally called Huron River.

ing we entered Lake Huron. Our company numbered twenty-five, nearly all tourists, except two Catholic missionaries *en route* for Fort William, one of the trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company, and a few for different landings on the north shore, especially for Prince Arthur Landing. The ladies numbered half a dozen. The company was very agreeable and sociable. I had on another occasion navigated this famous and historical lake, every rock and inlet of which is rendered historic by narratives of the red man and of the Catholic missionaries, many of whom sacrificed their lives in a most heroic manner in their efforts for the conversion of the Indians. Lake Huron, so called from the river of that name, now the St. Clair, is one of the five great lakes of North America, and it is two hundred and eighteen miles long, from east to west, one hundred and eighty miles broad, and very irregular in form. The water is excellent for drinking purposes, and abounds in white-fish, trout, and species similar to those of Lake Superior. The land in some parts of the banks is rich, but in others it is sandy. A 8 A.M. we were at Goderich, a port on the Huron, on the Canadian side. The *Ontario* stopped two hours—a sufficient time to enable us to visit the town and become tired of it. At 2.30 P.M. we landed at Kinkardine, another miserable town on the shore, and after two more weary hours, arrived at Southampton, a small port on the same side.

While coasting the eastern shores of Lake Huron, called by the French naval officer, Samuel de Champlain, *Sweet Sea*, perhaps in contradistinction to the Ste. Clair's Lake, called Lake of Sea Water, I could not control my mind from flying back to the time when the powerful Indian nation called Huron inhabited the southern and eastern shores of this Mediterranean Sea. It is true that they cultivated very little land ; but the

woods furnished them with plenty of venison and game of every description, while the lake was continually furrowed by picturesque canoes in search of white-fish, trout, pickerel, and other finny delicacies with which this lake is abundantly stocked. They had many villages, especially amongst the islands and on the shores of the Georgian Bay. Some authors name over thirty villages belonging to the Hurons. A little further north-east was the flourishing mission of St. Francis; and passing Southampton toward Cape Hurd, I beheld in fancy the modest chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the Hurons of yore used to offer their prayers to the *Ketchi Manitu* (the Great Spirit) for a successful hunting excursion. Oh! where is that famous Fort Ste. Mary, with its extensive hospital for the Hurons, where, when sick, they never applied for succor in vain, and were entertained and instructed! You can see to this day the places where Father Gabriel Lallemant and Father Brebeuf were burnt alive by the savage Iroquois, sworn enemies of the Hurons and French. These called the Hurons their fathers; and, in fact, they were descended from them, yet they hated the Hurons to such a degree that they were determined never to desist from persecuting them till they had quenched their savage thirst with their blood, torn their flesh, scalped them, eaten them living or dead, and accomplished the total extermination of their country and people. Indeed, after having burned their villages on the shores of this lake, and slaughtered the sick, old, the women, and the children, they massacred a large number of those who tried to find safety in flying. A number went to Quebec for protection. Even there, the Iroquois followed them under the very guns of the fort.

Our steamer coasted the western shore of the great Manitulin Island, as it is now called. Its former name

was *Ekacntatow*, and also island of the *Utawaks* (Ottawas). When the Iroquois exterminated the Huron territory, burnt the villages and massacred the inhabitants, the Hurons determined rather to abandon their country than to perish by the fire and knife of the Iroquois. Some went to Quebec, as I said above; others delivered themselves to the Iroquois—their enemies, appealing to their generosity, and were received by the Senecas, and, as captives, were dispersed in different villages; others went to the Island of *Michilimakinac*, or *Mackinaw*, an island situated on the straits of that name, famous for the mythological traditions of the Indians; others went as far as the sud-west corner of Lake Superior, and were well received by a tribe called Abimiwec. This took place in 1650.

A great portion, however, sought asylum on the islands north of Lake Huron, and especially on the Manitulin Island, the largest of all, a barren and desolate solitude. All put their hands to work, and it took eight months to form a village and to erect a small chapel. They thought to find rest and peace in this inhospitable wilderness. These unfortunate children of the forest, self-exiled in order to be at a distance from their enemies, fancied that the bloody Iroquois would never dream of disturbing them in this remote island. But they were grievously mistaken. They did not remain long in peace. Some of the Iroquois succeeded in discovering that a portion of the fugitive Hurons had retired into the woods of this Manitulin Island. In the autumn, these brutish Indians, perceiving that, owing to inferiority in point of number to the Hurons, they could not conquer them, devised a plan to decoy, and so massacre, them. Without leaving their post of observation, they were looking for a favorable opportunity. They constructed a small fort *on a point in the*

mainland nearest to Manitulin Island, from which with less danger to observe the movements of the Hurons, who, also, in their turn, were very watchful on the island.

They succeeded in surprising some Hurons, whom they made prisoners. Amongst these was one called *Etienne Annaotaha*, distinguished for his wisdom, courage, and piety. He commenced to defend himself in order to sell his life as dearly as possible, and die like a brave man. But what was his astonishment in hearing the Iroquois saying, "We are not here as your enemies, but we are come with presents to make peace; to offer a peaceful and safe asylum to the languishing remnants of their nation. Of our two peoples, we will make but only one, who will inherit the glory that each of them has acquired."

The Huron, crafty as well as his enemy, suspected some deception in this generous and hypocritical language, but in the presence of such an enemy, he saw no other alternative but to play cunning against cunning. He pretended to accede with joy to this proposition, laid down his arms and entered the fort. The Iroquois showed him the presents in question, in order to engage him to make them prevail in the eyes of his compatriots. "It does not become me," replied Etienne, "to usurp the glory of such happy treaty. We have amongst us a number of old people; it is for them to take charge of the administration of public affairs. Send them ambassadors with your presents. I will remain here as hostage. The nation will submit to what they shall decide."

This reply was so artful, that the Iroquois believed that he was sincere in his speech. "It is better," they replied, "that you yourself would accompany the ambassadors to cause this project to prevail amongst your

people. Your companions shall remain here as hostages."

He accompanied the three Iroquois ambassadors. When they approached the Huron village he gave a cry of joy, and all the warriors came out. "Heaven is in our favor," he said to them. "We have found life in death. The Iroquois have changed in our favor. From enemies they have become our friends, our relations, and our liberators. They have dug our grave; behold those who will close it again. They offer to us their friendship, a portion of their fields, and a country more fertile than this barren soil. We are no more to form but only one large, industrious, and martial people."

His speech, full of assurance, removed all suspicions. At the same time the other Huron chiefs, not believing what they had heard, tried to interview him in secret, to find out the explanation of this mystery. He had time to instruct them upon his plan, and they in their turn concealing with subtlety the sentiments of their heart, gave cries of joy, and excited the gladness and the enthusiasm of the women and children.

The Iroquois ambassadors took these joyous demonstrations for good augury, and believed that they were sure of their success. They were carried to the largest wigwam and treated with a great feast.

Etienne cunningly took advantage of this moment to concert his plans with the Huron chiefs. Not wishing to trust such sworn enemies, often proved perfidious, they artfully decided to seize hold of the Iroquois and kill them.

Now, in order to impose upon the ambassadors, the chiefs announced with a loud voice, that in three days they must be ready to start and follow the Iroquois—their allies and friends. "We will find amongst them," they said, "safety, rest, and abundance."

This language was everywhere resounding to the ears of the Iroquois, who beheld men, women, and children in great anxiety to put this plan into execution. Etienne did not hesitate to return to the fort of the Iroquois, and announce to them his success.

At the sight of a prey so much desired, and which was to fall into their hands without combat, the Iroquois could not refrain from praising his dexterity, and giving him the greatest marks of friendship. Under his invitation they did not even hesitate, in number of over thirty, to go in order to see with their own eyes the preparations of this supposed voyage, and by their presence to encourage the activity and the good-will of their future compatriots.

While they were scattered in the village without any suspicion, the Hurons, at a given signal, precipitated themselves upon them and massacred all, except only three, whose lives were saved by Etienne, in recompense for the benefit which he had received from these three on a former occasion. They had saved his life when the Iroquois had destroyed the villages of St. Ignatius and of St. Louis.

One of the Iroquois, in dying, said: "We have had the luck that we deserve; you have treated us as we had designed to treat you." At this news, the Iroquois remaining in the fort ran away. The Hurons remained in peace for some time, but fearing a reprisal from the Iroquois, left this island and joined the others at Quebec. After the conclusion of the peace between the French and the Iroquois, the Hurons returned to this Manitulin Island, where they live in peace, being very industrious in cultivating the island, and in fishing, while they also raise cattle. Their principal village in this island is Wickwemikong, where there is a church dedicated to the Invention of the Holy Cross. There

are three or four resident priests belonging to the Vicariate-Apostolic of Northern Canada. These priests attend also the missions along the Georgian Bay, the missions of Lake Nipissing, and others on the Canadian coast. In Wickwemikong there is a school for boys, the average attendance being 110, and another for girls frequented by about 140 pupils.

CHAPTER II.

MACKINAW ISLAND—INDIAN RELIGION—SAULT ST. MARIE—LAKE SUPERIOR—A STORM ON LAKE SUPERIOR—SILVER ISLAND—PRINCE ARTHUR LANDING—FORT WILLIAM—FOND DU LAC LANDING—DULUTH.

THE *Ontario* rounded Coolbun Island, leaving to the left that of Mackinaw, the famous sanctuarium of Indian rites, and superstition, and mythology. It was the sacred *rendezvous* of the Ottawas, Hurons, Chippewas, and Algonquins of Lake Superior. It is true that these Northern Indians had no temples, no priesthood, no holy-days, and no public prayers and rites; yet they were far from being atheistic or without religion. They were not even idolaters. They invoked the sun very often, but by this invocation they only recognized in it the figure, or rather the representation of an invisible Supreme Being that sees, illuminates, gives life, and regulates everything. On an occasion of a murder committed amongst the Hurons, this was their address to the sun: "It was a demon that placed the tomahawk into the hands of the assassin. It is thou, O sun, that didst push him to a crime so fatal. Why didst thou not refuse thy light, in order to give himself horror of his wicked deed? Perhaps thou wast his accomplice? Certainly not, because he was walking in the darkness, and knew not where he was going."

In the same manner they apostrophise heaven, calling it in witness of their valor, innocence, etc. They not only call on the sun and heaven to bear witness to their

treaties, and the sincerity of their hearts in forming and signing them, but nearly always invoke the Creator of heaven in their feasts, and ask of him health, long life, happy success in hunting, fishing, in the war, and in trading. Yet they believe that the genius who created heaven, is different from him who created the earth and from him who created hell. This last one is supposed by them to dwell in the north, and to send snow and cold. They also recognize seven other geniuses living in the air, and to them they attribute the seven different winds that prevail in these localities. They admit another genius who presides over the waters, and to whom is attributed the cause of storms and shipwreck.

Notwithstanding this, on particular occasions they invoke a God *unknown*; they do not know who this God is, but they have a proper name for him; they say, *Aireskui sutanditeur*. The nearest translation may be, "Spirit, have mercy on me." Is not this the prayer which Marcus Tullius Cicero made when at the point of death, when he said, *Causa causarum, miserere mei* (Cause of causes, have mercy on me)? Is not this the *Deus Ignotus* found by St. Paul among the Athenians?

They believe in the immortality of the soul, in the existence of two places located in the west, one full of happiness, the other miserable and full of woe, but these are mixed with fables like those of the Grecian and Latin mythology. They believe in the existence of good and bad spirits. They can not properly be said to be idolaters, because they do not worship as idolaters, but they offer them several sacrifices, consisting of throwing in the fire or into the water, some pieces of tobacco or of fat of their feasts in order to render the good spirits favorable, or to gain over the bad spirits so that they should not harm them. Some of the Algonquin

tribes believed that all species of animals came from one primitive animal, which was the origin and principle of all other animals, and supposed, although not certain, that the firsts of birds were in heaven, and the firsts of the other animals were in the water. Thus they conceive that all beavers came from one primitive beaver, which they fancy to resemble a large wigwam. Any one who in a dream saw a primitive animal, was very lucky in hunting the animals of this species.

Their superstition had no bounds especially in case of sickness, and in regard to the jugglers and medicine men. They distinguished three kinds of sickness: 1st, Natural, produced by natural causes and cured with physical natural remedies. 2d, Maladies of the soul originating from ardent desires, and cured by gratifying the desires of the spirit and heart. 3d, The third were caused by jugglers, and could not be cured except by extracting the evil from the body of the sick man. They believed that the true desires of the soul are manifested in a dream, hence their great care to study their dreams, and to satisfy them. They obeyed their dreams even at the price of their blood, and when the dreams required it, they even mutilated their members, thereby suffering the most intense pain. A chief dreamed that he had been caught by his enemies, and that he had cut off one of his fingers with a knife. The jugglers then decided that he should cut off one of his fingers. He made a great feast, and while the tribe was feasting he recited his dream, cut off one of his fingers with a shell, undergoing as he did so, the most excruciating torments, in order to obey the dream. When they dream of some distant object, they think that the rational soul (not the sensitive, which can not leave the body) leaves the body to fly to the place of that object.

They believe that there is a class of people superior to others, who can read the most secret desires of the soul. They are called *Ondinnonk*, and are believed to discover the sickness, and cure the sick by virtue of a peculiar genius called *Oki*, dwelling in them, after having seen it in a dream or awake, observe it under the form of an eagle, crow, or such like animal. It is surprising to see the deceptions practiced by these wicked impostors when they impose upon the people to make them believe that they discover and read their desires. They look on a vessel full of water, while they feign to be in a trance, just like the so-called spiritual mediums of our days, who impose so much upon the verdant and ignorant, and those who like to be duped by them. Like the Sybils of old, they appear frantic, they conceal themselves in dark, solitary places, and there they pretend to discover the images of the desires of the suffering soul. When these desires are discovered, nobody dares to refuse what is asked, even if they embrace valuable objects, presents, feasts, immodest dances, and even criminal things. A refusal is considered an impiety and sacrilege, and several missionaries have been in danger of their lives for having declined to join them in these superstitions. Sometimes they take small stones, pieces of wood concealed in their hands, and dupe the sick, making them believe that it was the evil extracted from their bodies. When the sick man is not cured, they say that there is yet another devil, and they use further remedies. When the sick man dies, they say that he was killed by the devil, who was stronger and more powerful than they.

The superstition of the Indians is incredible. If they happen to find in a tree, or in the earth, a stone of a peculiar form, for instance resembling a plate, or in the shape of a spoon, vase, etc., they consider this to

JUGGLER.

be a good omen, because they say that the devils living in these woods have forgotten these objects, and those who find them will be lucky in hunting, fishing, trading, and playing. If in pursuing a deer, bear, or other animal they succeed in reaching it, and find in its stomach, bowels, or head, some little stone, piece of wood, a snake, they say that it was an *oki* (a genius) which gave strength to the animal, and which protected it from being killed. They believe that these demons often change form, turning into a snake, claw-nails of an eagle, beak of a raven, etc. Their credulity in this multitude of witchcrafts and magics is such, that on a simple suspicion, they would kill or burn on the field their own patriots, on the simple reason that a dying man had asserted that he had been bewitched, and stroked to death by him. The only proof being the *Ondinnonk* or a dream.

Their superstition is still greater with regard to their dead. Although they are not afraid of the souls of the defunct, they dread the souls of the enemies whom they have caused to suffer. They make every effort to keep them at a distance, and they believe that they drive them from the wigwams by making a horrible noise after the setting of the sun, on the day in which they had put them to death. But they are not afraid of those souls who have died otherwise. For entire weeks the women are crying in a solemn manner, especially in the morning at the breaking of the day, for the souls of their friends and relations. Besides these cryings the widows betray other marks of grief. They discard ornaments, nor do they bathe or anoint their bodies. While in mourning they keep a rigorous silence and wear their hair loose.

They often, the women especially, repair to weep over tombs of their dead, because they believe that the soul,

notwithstanding the separation from the body, does not immediately go away. When death is natural, they place the corpse in a box formed of a large bark, elevating it upon four poles, leaving it there till the time of the *feast of the dead*—a solemnity celebrated with considerable pomp every eight or ten years. At this time all the inhabitants of a village take down these coffins, remove with care the flesh from the bones of their dead, and envelope the bones in very valuable skins. The entire country is summoned, and all the bones are united, and with great solemnity buried forever in a large grave richly carpeted with ornamented furs. This funeral-field is called *Oigosayè*. They place there also several presents, kettles, etc., because they think that the souls need yet such things in the other world.

When death is violent, the corpse is either burnt or buried immediately. There is an exception made in favor of those frozen to death. The corpse undergoes a long and superstitious dissection; then the bones, perfectly cleaned, are consigned to the earth, and never exhumed, not even in the *feast of the dead*. The Indians believe that the souls of those who are drowned or killed in the war have no commerce in the next world with those dead otherwise. They bury with the dead whatsoever precious things belonged to him. They do not bear to hear mention of their dead, even to hear, "Your father or your mother are dead"—*the dead of your family*. It is considered a great insult, and liable to cause unpleasantness.

If it be necessary to mention the name of a dead person, it is considered a great insult to mention the name without adding the word *defunct*. They say, "He that was called so," "he that left us," or in general manner, "the defunct." At the news of the death of some Indian, either in the village or elsewhere, the

chief announces it with loud voice in the village, in order that no person shall again pronounce that name without adding "defunct;" and if any person in the village bears the same name, he will change it for a while in order not to hurt the feelings of the family to whom the dead person belonged. But if the name of the defunct is a famous one, it always survives, and the eldest of the family takes it in a solemn and great feast, saying that he had "resuscitated him." This custom is observed regularly with all the names of the chiefs, so they never change.

The *Ontario* coasted Hammond Island, on the upper part of the lake, and passing between savage but romantic isles on the Canadian shore, we entered the Sault River. I could observe the wigwams of the Ottawa, Chippewa, and Huron Indians on the eastern shores of St. Joseph Island.* The scenery here is grand, and very much like the Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence River. We were all on deck on one of the most charming days of September, and enchanted with the beauties of the eastern channel, which the steamer was rapidly approaching, between Sugar Island and the Canadian shore. We were eagerly gazing at it with the utmost curiosity, when the bell rang. "What is that?" "Dinner," cried the steward. "That is a vexation," cried a passenger, turning to me in a very indignant manner. "I do swear they do it purposely in order to deprive us of the pleasure of seeing one of the best bits of scenery." "I do not think so," I replied, "it is dinner-time; dinner is ready, and they do not want to have it spoiled." "Yes, I do believe," he repeated, still very angry, "they do it on purpose. Now, I declare I do not

* This island is not to be confounded with the St. Joseph Island on Georgian Bay, where the Hurons had several villages, and from which island they were expelled by the Iroquois.

care for dinner, and I will remain to see this passage." But the clamor of the stomach prevailed over that of the eyes, and he left the deck and came to dinner.

Reader, you have traveled on a railroad in the United States of America, and when at a certain station after having heard the conductor cry, "Fifteen minutes for dinner!" you have entered the dining-room, you see the passengers, especially the Yankees, seated at the table, as if to do battle with knives, forks, and spoons, or running a race to ascertain who could eat the fastest. You hear the confused but steady rattling of the knives and forks on the plates. One holding his handkerchief by the thumb and forefinger of both hands, wipes his mouth, not entirely empty, by pulling the handkerchief to and fro; another, having failed to chew a tough piece of meat, tries to swallow it. Then a third, a tall, slab-sided Yankee stretching his arm to stick a fork in some pickles at least one yard from him. Another bending over the table sipping his coffee by one side of his mouth, while the other side is swollen with food. Such, on this day, was the performance in the *Ontario* dining-room.

When we regained the deck, the sky-line was broken upon by the appearance of smoke at a distance. We were guessing what the smoke might be; and as there were no houses of white people, the opinion gained ground that it came from some Indian wigwam; after a little, however, the appearance of a small tug-boat cleared all doubts. Such an apparition in this solitary place was a *rara avis in terris*. This tug-boat was coming from the north-eastern point of Sugar Island, where a Canadian gentleman has some lumber mills, a summer residence, and large tracts of land. There is on this island a Chippewa village having two small churches, each boasting a belfry and bell. The

village is like the Indian villages in Maine, small, irregular, and dirty. There is no resident priest on this island, but it is attended from Sault Sainte-Marie. Sugar Island belongs to the American side, but the Indian village is partly on the bank of this island opposite to the Canadian shore, where the principal part of the Indian village is situated. There is a resident missionary priest, who visits also the missions and stations along the river St. Mary. In this village there is a school numbering about thirty pupils. The village is called *Garden River*, from a small river of that name on the Canadian side.

The *Ontario* now took a sharp bend westward, and having rounded a Canadian promontory, steamed north-west toward Sault Sainte-Marie, where we arrived at four P.M. The steamer landed first on the Canadian part of that miserable but ancient town—famous in the annals of Catholic missions—the *Alma Mater* of Christianity in the north and north-west, and the cradle of western civilization. We landed, but there was nothing to see. The cathedral is a small building of a rather recent construction, but we had no time to inspect the interior. The heat was extreme; in the town it was unbearable, so we returned to the boat to breathe the fresh air of the river. The population, both Indian and white, does not exceed six or seven hundred souls. No building of any consequence is observed. The dwelling of the Vicar-Apostolic is a small one-story modest house. There is also a resident priest, who is vicar. The Vicar-Apostolic, at the time of our visit, was absent on a visit to the missions of the northern shore of Lake Superior.

"All aboard!" cried the first-mate, and in a few minutes we were in the United States. The American side of Sault Sainte-Marie is not any better than the Canadian, except that it boasts a company of about thirty

soldiers. We visited the village, especially the old church, once a Bishopric, and the mother-house, from which the missionaries attended the Indians on the islands around the great lakes; but since the See was transferred to Marquette, on Lake Superior, and a Vicariate-Apostolic established in Northern Canada, only one resident priest has been left in this time-honored alma mater, *Saint Mary's Church*. It was once an extensive trading place between French and Indian people, but now it is a miserable village, even inferior to the Canadian Sault Sainte-Marie.

The *Ontario* made only a short stop on the American side, and steamed up westward on the river. About dark we entered Toncurmenon Bay, and while coasting an island we sighted Whitefish-point Light at the entrance of Lake Superior.

It was a still, dark night. Black clouds were accumulating northward toward the lake; the weather was threatening, and the approach of a terrible storm to catch the *Ontario* in the middle of Lake Superior, famous for shipwrecks, and without harbor, saddened the cheerful faces of the excursionists. There was a flash of lightning at a distance northward, and it startled the passengers, who, with pale faces and in silence, one by one went to their respective state-rooms to find rest and comfort in the arms of Morpheus. I was not one of the last to go, but retired in haste, before sea-sickness, or rather the lake-sickness, disturbed my stomach.

After midnight I was awakened by the tossing to and fro of the ship. The wind was blowing furiously, hurricane-like, and the rain pouring in torrents, and I realized the precarious position of being in a terrible storm in the middle of Lake Superior, so difficult of navigation. None but staunch vessels of large size and great strength dare to furrow those Mediterranean waters.

The *Ontario* was a large, strong, and new steamer, built expressly for the navigation of that lake, yet she could not brave the fury of that storm. From my berth I was witness to the breaking of the window of my state-room, produced by the concussion of the waves against the vessel, which jarred and shook in a truly alarming manner. Those used to storms in the ocean have no idea of the storms on the great lakes, especially on Lake Superior. These enormous lakes, from the comparative shallowness of their beds, and because their waters possess less specific gravity than those of the ocean when swept by the winds, raise waves more rough and dangerous than those of the sea, though not quite so mountainous, and they appeared to me to come in quicker succession. Unlike the storms on the ocean, where the billows strike the vessel on the bow, or diagonally, or on the sides, thus causing the ship to pitch or to rock, according to the direction of the wind, here they strike the boat under the bottom and actually lift her, producing a motion altogether novel and peculiar.

We passed at a distance the Pictured rocks, so called from their appearance, and they are an extraordinary natural curiosity, representing a great variety of forms, having numerous projections and indentations, and vast caverns, in which the penetrating waves cause a jarring and fearful sound. They form a wall-like perpendicular barrier, and extend for nearly twelve miles. They are on the south side of the lake, toward the east end. We were on the point of being wrecked on Stannard's rock. Finally, however, after several hours of hard and doubtful struggle against the infuriated elements, the captain, upon the advice of the officers, resolved to run for dear life. But where to go to? There were no harbors to be made, so the captain wisely issued the order to turn the *Ontario* toward the copper region to find some

shelter under Keewenaw Point, the most northern point of the peninsula of Michigan,* where we cast anchor.

It was a long and gloomy day, and the passengers tried to kill the time in the best way they could; but thanks to God, the storm commenced to abate, the rain ceased, and the waves rolled with less violence; nevertheless there was no hope as yet of venturing into the middle of the angry lake. A party was formed to go on shore in the afternoon and visit a few old houses belonging to the U. S. or State Government, occupied during summer by two or three families of fishermen of mixed Indian, Canadian, and Scotch blood, the only visible inhabitants of Keewenaw Point. The captain kindly gave one of the boats to carry the passengers; the purser offered to steer the boat, two sailors were given by the captain, and four passengers among the party joined the sailors in working the oars—less than six oars could not pull the boat to the shore, which was about one mile distant—and the wind was still blowing fresh. The party was composed of fourteen persons all told; among them a lady. They requested me several times to go with them, but I could not decide till I should see how they were to descend to the boat from the steamer. A rope was fastened to a yard of the steamer, and the party, one by one, holding the rope with both hands, were to slide into the boat. Now, both steamer and boat were tossing to and fro; each passenger, firmly holding the rope, was obliged to remain suspended in the air to catch the moment when he was perpendicular to the boat, and at once drop into it, or on any of the limbs of those who were already ensconced therein. As the rope was swinging, if the proper moment was missed.

* Michigan means "trout," or "fish-eater," as the Winnebago Indians called themselves.

he might drop into the lake, or strike on the gunwale of the boat. The lady was more gently handled. Perceiving this, and considering the difficulty of climbing on the steamer again, and then again on to, and from the shore, and reflecting that I might be seriously hurt, and thus be obliged to end the tour around the world just at the commencement of it, I declined to accompany the explorers. One of the two other priests went with them, as there might have been some need of him, because we had learned that the occupants of the shanties were Catholics.

The boat, heavily loaded with its human freight, the party adjusting themselves just like sardines in a box, left for the shore amid acclamations from the steamboat and mutual waving of handkerchiefs. From the deck of the *Ontario* we kept our eyes steadily on the boat, and now and then we could perceive some of the passengers shifting location either to give more room for working the oars, or to keep the skiff better trimmed. There we could observe a goodly-sized wave rolling and rolling, dash against the boat, and lo! a sheet of water covered the whole party. It is true the boat bravely reached the shore in less than two hours, but I doubt whether there was any portion of the garments of the passengers left dry.

Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water that has been discovered in any part of the earth. In length it measures 500 miles, and the circumference is estimated to be 1,700 miles. Its widest part is 190 miles. It is 900 feet deep, and its surface is 641 feet above the Atlantic. This is the most western of the chain of the five great lakes of North America. It receives more than thirty rivers. The only outlet to this lake is St. Mary's Strait, which extends to Lake Huron; others connect the other lakes; and the combined

waters of all, by the St. Lawrence, disembogue into the ocean. Yet the water discharged by the St. Lawrence is by no means proportioned to the amount of the waters received by the lakes. They spread over so great a surface that the evaporation from them is immense. The spring floods of hundreds of rivers that enter into them hardly affect them, nor cause any floods in their outlet. It was justly remarked by some author, that, like the ocean, these mighty inland seas seem to receive without increase, and to impart without diminution. The assertion of those declaring that these lakes have diurnal and septennial fluxes and refluxes is not an established fact; even if they exist, it is certain that they are irregular and inconsiderable. The waters of Lake Superior are very pure and transparent; their lower strata never rise to the temperature of summer, while the water only 100 feet below the surface of the lake is as cold as ice-water. This lake derives its water partly from the marshes and shallow lakes covered with wild rice, which supply also the upper waters of the Mississippi. They are unpalatable and slimy, but lose their swampy taste and acquire a great transparency when they become level, and undergo the action of the lake.

Late in the evening the party returned. They were obliged to come on board by climbing on ropes. The lady was allowed to remain in the boat, and was lifted up together with the boat, then was helped to leap on board. All were well and much pleased with their trip, and most willingly related their experience on shore; how they picked up flowers, berries, and such like; the visit they paid to the shanties, and the conversation held with two especial families. But they were not very communicative about having been ducked, or about their clothes having been wet and torn by bushes and

briers. You could perceive by their glances at their hands, and with their nails or teeth, trying to pull or pick some little bit of skin from the palm, that their hands were smarting or hurt in working at the oars, or in sliding on the ropes. "Cast a line!" all on a sudden was heard near the steamer from the lake. We rushed to look, and beheld two fishermen, having in their boat full baskets of large trout, white-fish, and blue-berries, which had been ordered by the purser when on shore. We rejoiced at their appearance, expecting at supper to participate of those delicious delicacies of Lake Superior.

These lakes, and especially Lake Superior, are famous for the abundance of trout, white-fish, and sturgeon. The trout is equal in size to the cod of Newfoundland banks, and the white-fish and sturgeon comparatively large. This lake, and the others also, abound with pike, pickerel, carp, bass, herring, and numerous species of fish. The average weight of the trout exceeds twelve pounds, and many weigh forty and even fifty pounds. Fishermen relate that last year they made three thousand dollars by their fish.

Next day, Sunday, the weather was fine, the morning being truly charming, and although the lake was not entirely calm, it had all the appearance of soon becoming still. We passed Gull Island light, then rounding Manitu Island (Island of the Spirits), the *Ontario* steered for Silver Island, and for several hours land was lost to sight.

The lake took the appearance of a looking-glass. The other two priests and myself said Mass privately in a state-room, where we were each provided with vestments and other necessaries for celebration. We soon sighted Isle Royale, the largest island in this lake; it is said to be one hundred miles long by forty broad; then rounding Passage Island, the *Ontario* steered for Silver

Islet, or rather for the small village on the north shore of the mainland, close and opposite to Silver Islet.

This small island—called Silver Island on account of a rich silver and lead mine—is so low, that it only rises a few feet above the level of the lake, and it is so small that five or six tiny houses and the mine works, cover its entire surface. At a very short distance to the north-west, on the mainland, there is a small village of Irish and Scotch settlers, who work at the mine, and labor at the mills, where the stones from the mine are transported in order to be crushed and the ore extracted. This Silver Island is so small that it has no capacity for a mill, hence the stones are conveyed by a tug-boat to be operated at the mills in this tiny village. As the people are nearly all Catholic, there is a church dedicated to St. Rose of Lima, a school-house, and a resident priest.

The *Ontario* stopped there only a very short time, and I availed myself of the stoppage to visit the black rocks denominated a village. No vegetation could be seen—nor was there room for it—except a few cabbages pitifully stuck to the slope of a ravine. The mail was changed, some freight landed, and the *Ontario* started for Prince Arthur Landing. It was a glorious day. The sky clear, the air perfectly still, the atmosphere mellow and charming, and in the smooth and crystalline waters of the lake were reflected, as in a mirror, the romantic images of the fantastic, bold, and colossal mountains of the north shore of this picturesque lake. The wild islands at the south side seemed to be proud of the grandeur of their form as mirrored in that extensive looking-glass, Lake Superior. The scenery was sublime above description; we thought we were in one of those enchanted and fascinating places, the mysterious abode of fairies.

The *Ontario* crossed Black Bay, a very appropriate name to that locality, from the sombre and bleak high mountains which surround it. Then we rounded Thunder Cape—a majestic and lofty rocky promontory boldly protruding into the lake. You could see this mountain, nearly perpendicular to the water, reflect its hoary crest, whose naked and rent sides told of the many thunder-storms and snow gales it had braved for centuries. The steamer entered the wild and savage-looking Thunder Bay and steered steadily north-west toward Prince Arthur's Landing, where we arrived a little after eleven A.M.

This is a small new village of about twelve hundred inhabitants, who are nearly all miners and hotel-keepers, that is, beer and rum-sellers. The houses are a little more than decent shanties, and every second house bears the pompous inscription in large capital letters, *Hotel, Boarding-house, United States Hotel, Shamrock House, Hotel d' Europe, Maison Doré, Ontario Hotel,* and such like. Yet none of the excursionists attempted to take a meal in any of them, except a few who went thither to work in the mines or on the railroad in course of construction toward Red River. The town was named in honor of Prince Arthur, who, on his visit to Lake Superior, made a landing at this place. Notwithstanding this, Prince Arthur Landing has got a bank! Whether there is any bottom to it or not, I can not tell.

The two priests and I immediately after landing went to the church. The bishop was there, and was preaching. I stopped to hear the sermon and the rest of the High Mass, which was being celebrated by a venerable, old-looking priest. The choir was formed by men, and was without any instrument. The church was no larger than that at Pleasant Point, Me., that is, very small,

and having the form of that belonging to the Indians at Lewis Island, but it has three aisles, which, however, were not entirely filled. The bishop was assisted by an old priest from Fort William.

After Mass I was introduced to his lordship, who invited me to dine with him, but I was obliged to excuse myself, because I was to return to the steamer. Yet I doubt whether there was any room for me, because the house is very small. It is a box divided into diminutive rooms. There was no kitchen; dinner had been prepared elsewhere, and brought thither by some ladies. You may imagine how the people were jammed in those two little rooms. They were obliged to pull themselves off by making use of their arms like oars. The house was being fixed. It was yet on runners, having been moved from some other locality. His lordship knew me by reputation, and also the other missionaries. We held some conference on the Indian languages. They had some copies of my Indian books, and I was thankful to learn from them some valuable observations on the language of the Chippewa and Ottawa Indians. The name of the bishop was John Francis Jamot, Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Canada.

At half-past three o'clock P.M. the *Ontario* sounded the whistle, and fifteen minutes after, we left for Fort William. There was a tug-boat which left with us for the same Fort, having on board the two passenger-priests, the old missionary who had sung Mass at Prince Arthur's Landing, and some freight and the mail. After four or five miles the captain pointed out to me the English flag displayed on the western shore of the lake. "That is Fort William," he said to me. "It is Sunday, therefore the British colors are flying on the fort. Fort William," continued he, "and Fort Garry are the principal posts of the Hudson Bay Com-

pany on the side of the United States. The Hudson Bay Company is doing good business. Last year the entire Company made a dividend of seventy-five per cent. per pound sterling." This Company has had the monopoly of the fur trade for many years. The people even of Canada, till lately, did not even know the way by land to Hudson Bay. It was a mystery known only to the few who had the monopoly of that organization. It is true that, in some measure, it was necessary, in order to prevent the employés at the Hudson Bay factories from running away to Canada, or to the United States. These workingmen spend solitary and monotonous lives in Hudson Bay, where, only once in the year, after the breaking of the ice, English vessels with fresh provisions can effect an entrance, and which are immediately loaded with furs and manufactured peltry, and return to England. The long and dreary winter of that inhospitable region sickens the employés, who would most willingly fly from that wilderness if they had only the means, and knew but the way.

The steamer now entered a narrow passage between the western shore and Pie Island (called so from the form of a colossal pie), a naked but picturesque rock rising abruptly from the lake. No human teeth can bite at that pie, no palate can relish it, nor does any human being want to taste it; yet the time is not far off when iron teeth will crush it, and many people long for it, not for the mouth, but to ornament their persons with the gold and precious stones contained therein. They have commenced to dig for minerals. Lake Superior has already gained a great reputation, not only for iron and copper, but on the northern shores and islands for gold, silver, and great variety of agates, amethysts, and moss-agates.

Now we passed close between the mainland and a

number of small islands, whose various fantastic and graceful shapes tend to form one of the most imposing beauties of Lake Superior. We sighted again Isle Royale, that is, the western shore of it, but at a distance, and soon came to the mouth of Arrow River, a small river on the western shore, yet it not only discharges the water of Arrow Lake, but also the waters of a chain of other small lakes. The *Ontario* now rounded two tiny promontories, between which stands the Hudson Bay Company's old fort Charlotte, and after another revolution of the earth, and many of the engine, we found ourselves between Beaver Bay village on the mainland, and the Apostles' Isles. The lake had now become narrow, which enabled us to enjoy the view of both shores. The steamer passed Burlington and Clifton villages without landing. They are two small but beautiful villages handsomely located on the western shore of the lake. The *Ontario* took the direction of Fond du Lac, and we landed at Duluth, in the State of Minnesota,* toward noon, again entering into the United States.

The customs officers came on board to inspect the baggage. They were very particular in examining it, and I missed the polite manners of the Canadian customs officers at Port Sarnia last week. The Canadians have inherited the French politeness from their mother country. In no country, Holland excepted, have I seen such rough customs officers as in the United States. It is true that Duluth is not a fair specimen of civilization. Being at the head of the lake, or rather at the tail of it, and the most of the year blockaded by ice and deep snow, it has little opportunity for civilization.

* Minnesota means "cloudy water," from a muddy river in that State.

Yet the location may be compared with that of Port Sarnia.

An officer came to inspect my baggage, which consisted only of a small trunk, a little valise, and a hat-case, wherein I had arranged all my effects for the tour around the world, hence I was opposed to having it upset. In vain I asserted that I came from the States and that I had nothing contraband with me. I was searched in a manner as if I was the first contrabandist in the country. Perhaps he wanted me to slide something into his hands. This I disdained to do. He first examined my little valise, where I had only some soiled linen, a Breviary and Ordo, an oil-stock, ritual, and stole, a shaving-case, a crucifix, some images, and a few articles for daily use. All these impediments were carefully examined; but oh! he grasped a little flask containing less than half a pint of brandy. I had purchased in Sarnia, a small bottle, lest I might need it on the lake; but I had used only a little. Less than half of that bottle was in the trunk, and only a little in the flask. He lifted the flask with the right hand, shook it two or three times, looking at my face in an ironical manner, as though satisfied that there was not much in that flask, replaced it, and made me a sign to close my valise.

Having locked it, I was compelled to unlock the trunk. Two Irishmen belonging to the boat, and who knew who I was, were always at my side, and helped me to unstrap and unlock the trunk. Here the officer pitched into it with all his strength and wisdom, and like a cat who had smelled a mouse, with both fore-paws was digging and scattering in every direction the contents. There he pulled that bottle (already referred to) less than half full of brandy. He shook it, and looking at me very angrily, said: "Here is more liquor! How much liquor have you?" "That is all," I said·

"it is the remains of what I used on the lake." He, shaking his head, replaced it. Perhaps he was angry because there was not brandy enough to make a case. However, he lost no courage. He continued with his fore-paws to dig down to the very bottom of the trunk. "Here is silk!" he cried out in triumph, pulling my church vestments. "Don't touch that, sir!" indignantly shouted one of those two Green Isle men, who knew that it was a chasuble, now contaminated by profane hands. "This is my vestment," I said; "I am a clergyman, and that is my dress." "This is a 'praist!'" cried again the same Irishman, who now with widely-opened and red eyes was looking at the officer. "If you examine it, sir," I replied, "you will find that it is not silk." The officer then with chalk marked the trunk and off he went. The Irishmen helped me to replace my effects, strap and lock my trunk, and to carry it with the rest of my baggage upon the wharf.

Duluth is a small and neat village, situated on the slope of a high hill, with parallel streets, one over the other. They looked to me as long steps to ascend the top of that hill; yet they do not reach it, for after the fourth or fifth tier, you find yourself in a wilderness. All the streets overlook the lake, and you can see Superior City, which is only on the other side of the head of the lake southward, and a little steamer—a kind of ferry-boat between Duluth and Superior, which is a city not any better than Duluth. I went to purchase a second-class ticket for San Francisco, but the ticket-master told me that he had only first-class and third-class tickets. So, against my will and pocket, I took a first-class ticket. The second-class is as good as the first, except that the first-class passengers have the privilege of occupying the bed-carriages at night by paying the extra fare, a privilege not allowed to the

second-class. To judge how much this privilege is valued, I remember on my way to San Francisco, that the keeper of the Pullman carriages nearly every night was offering it at half-price (even to the second-class), as the beds were nearly all empty. The passengers preferred a commodious seat in the large and well-ventilated cars to the narrow, inconvenient beds, the stifling atmosphere, and the nauseous smell of a most abominable dormitory. Although in the United States there is no distinction of classes on the railroads, the line to California makes an exception.

The line selected by me was St. Paul, Sioux City, Omaha, etc. As the train would not leave till the afternoon, I went to the church to say my Breviary. The church is a small and neat wooden building, located in a rather wild place between the third and fourth tier of streets, and it is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. I grew tired of Duluth, and with great anxiety sighed for the moment for leaving it.

CHAPTER III.

ST. PAUL—THE MISSISSIPPI—ST. ANTHONY AND MINNEAPOLIS—MINNESOTA—ST. PETER—SIOUX INDIANS—DAKOTA—SIOUX CITY—MISSOURI RIVER—ARRIVAL AT OMAHA.

AT Duluth, all my traveling companions left me. Some were returning by the same boat, but the larger section took the Northern Pacific Railroad* to the Red River, thence by boat to Piombina, Manitoba, etc., to work on the railroad; others to establish a printing office; others to farm, etc.; all seeking to make a fortune in that extensive and wild British territory, which in course of time, and when all its resources will be developed, promises to be a great and magnificent country. Here I was not very far from the little lake Itaska, the source of the grand and famous Mississippi River, discovered by my friend, the great and learned Dr. Schoolcraft. I remember with what pleasure, when in Washington, I listened to him relating his travels and discoveries in that wild Indian region. "How many long winter nights," he said, "I have passed in an Indian camp conjugating Indian verbs, and learning grammatical notices." When he was explaining to me the Indian language, he concluded thus: "We have not yet learned the language of the Indians; we have taken a large number of words, but the language we have not yet taken."

Early in the morning we arrived at St. Paul, a fine and

* The Northern Pacific Railroad is finished only near to Fort Clark, Dakota. The company failed.

growing city, on the Mississippi River, and the capital of the State of Minnesota. I had been here many years ago, and although the city has improved considerably, yet the progress was not such as I expected. I admired the fine and abundant fruit and vegetable market, which was far above my expectations, comparing as it does favorably with other markets of by far larger cities in the United States. There is a fine bridge across the Mississippi River. I visited the splendid cataract of this river at St. Anthony, about five miles from St. Paul. It is a grand sight to see this father of rivers precipitating over a wide slope of rocks of a perpendicularity of seventeen feet. Yet it can not compare with the majesty of the Niagara* Falls. I saw the elegant Minnehaha† Fall, which in one leap, plunges on a quantity of rocks, where boiling, it rushes still lower down. A short distance from St. Anthony, just across the Mississippi, is the fast-growing city of Minneapolis.‡ The Mississippi is not navigable (at least for large vessels) till it receives the St. Peter or Minnesota River, from the west, twelve miles above St. Anthony's Falls. The Mississippi § is the longest river in the world, yet the Missouri ‖ is much longer than the Mississippi before their junction, and has a much greater volume of water. The length of the Mississippi is 3,000 miles. The number of rivers that enter this great artery of the West is immense. Fourteen are navigable over 300 miles. It discharges its waters into the Gulf of Mexico by four divisions,

* Niagara means "fall of water."

† Minnehaha means "laughing water."

‡ Minneapolis means "laughing water city." The original word was Minnehapolis.

§ Mississippi means "all the waters," that is, the congregation of all the rivers.

‖ Missouri means "all mud."

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which form the four mouths of the Mississippi below New Orleans, besides some other outlets above this city. The muddy, yellowish waters of this river extend very far into the Gulf of Mexico, and their presence is perceived by the mariner long before he can discover land.

These localities are famous for the fur trade carried on by a company called "Columbian Fur Company," projected by three individuals thrown out of employ by the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Company. The traders extend their operations from this locality to the Missouri and Rocky Mountains, with carts and wagons drawn by dogs.

Toward the evening I started for Sioux City, traversing the country of that famous nation, which has been and is yet fighting the United States the most of the time, the United States troops coming out of battle the second best. It is not more than two years since Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Man-afraid-of-his horses, and other leaders of the different tribes of this Indian nation, had a regular pitched battle with the U. S. troops, who were so completely whipped that there hardly remained soldiers enough to relate the sad tale. The troops were the attacking party; the Indians were only on the defense. But why these hostilities of the Indians against the United States, which has spent so much money and taken so much pains to Christianize and civilize these barbarian inhabitants of the forest?

Before answering this question I want to give a brief sketch of the Sioux*—that great nation of brave war-

* *Sioux* is a French abbreviation for *Vaduessioux*, or *Naduessi*, and it means "grinders," or "one that scatters;" or from *Suisse*, pronounced by the French *Suis*, which is an erratic tribe of the Sioux nation living on the head-waters of the *Saskatchawan* (runs without obstacle) River.

riors through whose land, at least that which was originally theirs, I am now traveling.

The Sioux, considered in their respective dialects and geographical position, consist of four divisions. 1. The *Winnebagocs*,* numbering about four thousand. 2. The *Sioux* proper, or Naudowessies; a name given to them by the Algonquins† and French, but they called themselves *Dahcotas*,‡ and sometimes *Ochente Shakoans*.§ These embraced four tribes. The population was about six thousand. 3. The *Assiniboins*‖ estimated to be twenty-eight thousand, but by others only five thousand souls, yet this is considered to be underrated. This division comprehends several other tribes. 4. The *Osage*,¶ the most numerous and powerful of any of the neighboring tribes, and comprehending many other subdivisions. They numbered from five to eight thousand souls. The entire Sioux nation, including some erratic tribes, and in general all those who speak the Sioux language, may be computed at more than fifty thousand persons.

The Boston *Herald*** with great truth makes the following remarks: "Apart from any grievance which may be due to governmental mismanagement, there is a great deal in the surroundings of Indian tribes in our Western States and Territories which makes an Indian war at all times possible. The current belief that the red men under no circumstances are to be trusted, finds shape in the well-known trans-Mississippi proverb that the only safe Indian is a dead Indian. There may be

* Winnebago means "turbid-water people."
† Algonquin means "eaters of trees."
‡ Dahcota means "strikers."
§ Ochente Shakoans means "the seven fires."
‖ Assiniboin means "stone Indians." ¶ Osage means "strong."
** July 10, 1878.

benevolent men upon the plains, but their philanthropy rarely extends so far as to include the Indian. Ninety-nine white men can conceive no settlement of the Indian problem other than extermination. It is true that this theory is not put into practice, but it is, nevertheless, an opinion tenaciously held to, and it must in many ways influence their dealings with all Indians with whom they may happen to come in contact. Now we submit that this of itself might be sufficient to account for distrust and dislike of the white men on the part of the Indians. If any class of men in our midst were put under an implied condemnation of this kind, they would very quickly become little better than social outlaws, and would furnish numerous opportunities and excuses for giving effect to the judgment that had been pronounced upon them."

This infamous theory of a general extermination is so widely spread that, in 1876, Mr. Wendell Phillips, informed of the bloodthirsty policy attributed to General Sherman, which he nobly rebuked, sent a letter to this officer for information. Yet it is certain that this doctrine of a general extermination of the Indians has been ruthlessly advocated by such papers as the New York *Herald*.*

The cause of the whole trouble with the Sioux Indians can be traced from the interviews of the commissioner, Hoyt, with Spotted Tail and other Indian chiefs. The *Catholic Standard* gives a brief summary of the speech of Spotted Tail.† It is the following: "I went to the Great Father and saw him. He told me that there was no money to haul my goods and provisions.

* See New York *Tablet*, New Series, Vol. V., No. 14, Aug. 24, 1878.

† See Wendell Phillips' letter to General Sherman in the *Catholic Review*, Vol. X., No. 5, July 29, 1876.

He told me to come here and eat my food. That was the law my Great Father gave me, and I have stuck to it. My Great Father told me, 'When you go back, pick out a good country.' I have done so. I now want to move inside of ten days. That is what my Great Father told me, and that he would give me wagons and big horses so as to mow the grass. He said he would give us a big school-house, and I told him I wanted the Catholic priests, and you heard it, and Red Cloud said the same thing. These people here who are ringing the bells (Episcopalian clergymen on the reservation) are lying to me all the time; take them back; I don't want them. If you can't let me have the priests, I don't want any of them at all. I have picked out another place at the mouth of the White River to have my supplies unloaded near my agency. These are my wishes and those of my children. Tell my Great Father when you get back.

"The Catholic priests are the only ones I want to educate my children, so that they can read and write. My Great Father gave me Major Lee as father, but took him away and gave me another. I would like to have him for ten years (meaning Major William T. Pollack, the agent now in charge). I do not like to change agents after they know my ways. Look at us all, and see if we are not able to work. Hire forty or fifty of us and pay us; see if we can't work. How much will you pay us a month?"

"Here is a fair statement," continues the *Catholic Standard*, "of the whole trouble by Spotted Tail. The Government wishes the Indians to give up a roving, migratory life and become civilized. To make this practicable the Government promises certain things, and then, partly through remissness in making the necessary appropriations, and still more through the dis-

honesty of its own agents, it violates those promises. The Indians are willing to do what the Government, through its treaties with them, binds them to do, but it neglects to fulfill its own stipulations. Education and religion, both the Government and Indians agree, are indispensable to their attaining a civilized condition. The Indians are desirous to have schools and priests. The Government sends them teachers whom they can't respect, and ministers whom they don't want. When the Indians remonstrate the Commissioner replies, 'About religion and priests I have nothing to do.'"

This is simply an evasion, or rather it is what Spotted Tail, who uses plain Anglo-Saxon, says it is, a downright lie. If the United States Government has "nothing to do with religion," why has it been forcing Methodist and Episcopalian ministers upon the Indians? Why does it not abstain altogether from paying them salaries for services they don't perform and can not perform, because, apart from other reasons, the Indians detest and despise them? Why does it forbid Catholic priests—whom the Indians universally respect, and whom they welcome—from going, freely and without any restriction whatever, among them? If the United States Government will have nothing to do about religion, so much the better, so far as the Indians are concerned. The Christian religion is a necessity to the civilization of the Indians. They recognize it as such, and if the United States Government will cease to intermeddle with them on the subject of religion, the necessary provisions will be made by the Indians themselves, or by those in whom they have confidence, and whom they will listen to. Let the Indians simply have religious freedom. They ask it, and they have a right to it.

If, on the other hand, the United States Government

insists on providing religious instruction for the Indians, let it be that form and kind of religion which the Indians desire.

"The Catholic religion," continues the same *Catholic Standard*, "is not an illicit religion in the United States, though Protestant bigots would gladly make it so if they could. It has proved its power time and again to reclaim from barbarism uncivilized peoples—peoples who were far more savage than our Indians are, or ever were. It has shown its efficacy in improving and elevating our Indians wherever it has been allowed access to them."

Give, then, the Indians Catholic priests, whom they persistently ask for, or allow them free choice as between Protestant ministers and Catholic priests, and as regards school-teachers. Then fulfill the stipulations repeatedly made in treaties, and as repeatedly broken, and the whole trouble will speedily be ended.

Here I have to remark that Commissioner Hoyt told Spotted Tail that he could not go to the land which he had chosen. Spotted Tail was quite bitter at this, and replied: "Those bald-headed men (meaning Congressmen) have always fooled me, and kept me moving from agency to agency."*

It would not be out of place here to relate what a veteran Catholic missionary said, referring to the Modoc war.† The name of Captain Jack is familiar. He was hanged. Why? Because, in a moment of desperation, when every hope of obtaining justice from the Government of this republic had vanished, he shot one of its Generals. After Captain Jack's death, a famous Catholic missionary was asked if he knew him, and what he

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* Boston *Herald*, Monday morning, July 29, 1878.

† New York *Tablet*, New Series, Vol. III., No. 10, July 29, 1876.

thought of the Modoc chief. "Yes, I knew him," replied the priest, "and admired him. He was a wonderfully brave and honorable man. He would not lie, and he would never forgive a man who lied to him. I know that he bore outrages of the most awful character. The settlers attacked the squaws of his tribe often when they were on berrying excursions, and an indignity to his squaw is the deadliest crime against the free Indian who has not been contaminated by living near the cities, nor in the society of ruffianly whites. Yet Captain Jack did not enter on the war-path. Once he went to Fort Warner to complain of an outrage on a Modoc woman, and was met by a lieutenant, who, for some strange reason, slapped his face. Captain Jack fired at his assailant, but did not hit him; and after reaching his tribe, he afterward had very little intercourse with the whites. He would have become a Christian but that he hated Indian agents. He often said to me that 'if Indian agents had the opportunity to get into the happy hunting-grounds, he did not wish to go thither.'"

The war in 1876, which resulted in the defeat of Gen. Crook's army, and the annihilation of Custer's small force, evoked a great cry for revenge throughout the land, and a threat and hope of the speedy and utter extermination of the red man. Yet it was a regular drawn battle against armed men seeking their destruction that the Indians waged. Their hearts were embittered and their passions inflamed by the duplicity of the Federal Government, evidenced in scores of dishonored treaties, and by the cruelty of some of its officers who never hesitated to murder even their women and children. This war was brought on by the violation on our part of a solemn treaty entered into with the Sioux Indians in 1868. It was then, at the instance

FATHER DE SMET AS MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS.

of the United States Government, that great missionary, Father De Smet, in company with Gens. Sherman, Sheridan, Harney, Terry, Sinborn, and other members of a peace commission, went to meet the Indians in a grand council in order to conclude a treaty of peace that was to be honorable and lasting. But of all the savages that roam over the plains watered by the Upper Missouri, but few tribes were friendly and peaceful. Red Cloud and Spotted Tail could be relied upon, but those under the leadership of Sitting Bull, an Uncpapa chief, were avowedly hostile. The difficult task of reaching the hostile tribes, of coming to the council, and signing the treaty, was assigned to Father De Smet, who was empowered so to do by the Government. He traveled thither accompanied by Mr. Galpin, an Indian trader; visited those wild savages, and held many councils with them. He met Two Bears, chief of the Yancktons; Running Antelope, chief of the Uncpapas; Bear's Rib, The Log, Black-all-over, Spirit-Ghost, Little Dog, Sitting Raven, Crazy Horse, Other-Day, Red Iron, Hole-in-the-day, Standing Buffalo, Cut Nose, Lean Bear, White Dog, Rattling Runner, Black Moon, Four Horns, and many other brave chiefs.

Father De Smet extended words of peace to them, and proposed the articles of the treaty to be signed and stipulated by both parties.

I pass over the entire proceeding in bringing the Indians to make this treaty, which can be read in the *Catholic Review* (Vol. X., No. 4), but I can not refrain from recounting some of the remarks made by the Indian orators. Father De Smet, in waking from a long sleep, found in his tepee, Sitting Bull, Four Horns, Black Moon, and the Man-without-a-neck. Sitting Bull advanced and addressed him these words: "Black Robe, the blood of the whites is on my hands, and it rests on

me as a heavy burden. But the whites began the war. Their many acts of injustice toward us, their disgraceful treatment of our families, their most cruel butchery of six hundred of our wives, children, and gray-haired parents, have filled my veins with fire. I have seized the tomahawk and have sought revenge in every way possible. To-day you come into our camp, and my arms lie motionless beside me. I will listen to your proposals for peace, and as wicked as I have been toward the whites once, just so peaceable and good am I ready to become."

The meeting was held on June 21st, in a large field. The calumet was passed around, and each one present having smoked from it, Father De Smet being the first to receive it from Four Horns (who had opened the meeting). Father De Smet proceeded to make the proposals of peace. Many orators spoke. The oration of Black Moon will be sufficient as a specimen of all. Rising to his feet, the calumet in his hand, addressing his people, he said: "Lend your ears to my words." Then solemnly raising the pipe to heaven, and again pointing it toward the earth, as if to take heaven and earth to witness the truth of what he would say, he passed the pipe to Father De Smet, who touched it with his lips, took a few puffs, and passed it to the others, then Black Moon in a loud voice commenced: "The Black Robe has journeyed far to come among us; his presence here with us sends a thrill of joy through me, and with all my heart I bid him welcome to my country. The words that the Black Robe has addressed us are comprehensible, good, and full of truth. I shall carefully keep them in my memory. Nevertheless, our hearts are ulcered, and have received deep wounds, which still remain unhealed. A cruel war has desolated and impoverished our country. The desolating torch of war has

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not been lighted by us. It was the Sioux of the East and the Cheyennes in the South that struck the first blow, a blow of retaliation and of vengeance for the injustice and the cruelties of the whites. We have been forced to take part in it, for we also have been victims of their rapacity and their misdeeds. Now, when we pass over our plains, we find here and there the verdure spotted with blood. The spots are not of the red blood of the buffalo or the deer killed in the chase, but of the blood of our own comrades, or of whites immolated to our vengeance.

"The buffalo, the stag, and the antelope have quitted our immense plains, and can not be found but far asunder, and always in decreasing numbers. It is not the odor of human blood that has put them to flight! Against our wishes the whites intersect our country with their railroad and highways, with their routes for transport and for emigration; they build forts at different points, and surmount them with their thunder. They kill our animals out of all proportion to their wants. They are cruel to our people, they kill and maltreat them without cause, or for the least possible motive; everywhere they are looking for food, game, or roots for their children or their wives. They cut down our forests in face of our protest, and without giving us the value of them. In fine, they run us and our country. We are opposed to the railroad and highways that drive away the buffalo from our lands; it is our soil, and we are determined not to cede it. Here our fathers were born, and here their bones rest, and we their children desire to live here as they did, and that our bones repose in the same soil. We have been forced to hate the whites; let them treat us as brothers, and the war shall cease. Let them remain in their own country. We shall never trouble

them. The idea of seeing them coming and building their cabins among us, is revolting to us, and we are determined to oppose them or to die. As for thee, messenger of peace, thou givest us a vision of a better future. Well, be it so! Let us hope so! Let us stretch a veil over the past and forget it. One word more. In the presence of all my people, I express to thee here my gratitude for the good news thou hast brought us, and above all, for thy good counsel and advice."

It was the neglect on our part to fulfill this treaty that resulted in the unfortunate war against the Sioux, a war which proved fatal to the American troops. The Indians observed the whites taking possession of their land guaranteed to them by the Government, and being demoralized by Indian traders, who sold them fire-arms, ammunition, scalping-knives, and plenty of bad rum and whisky, they were in a kind of delirious despair. In vain they repeatedly appealed to the Government for redress; then they tried to expel by force the intruders who had taken possession of their land. Then General Custer was sent to chastise the Sioux, but he was chastised by them. This affair was styled *massacre*. Mr. Wendell Phillips wrote to the editor of the Boston *Transcript*:

"Will you please explain why even your columns talk of the '*Custer Massacre*'? The Sioux war, all confess, is one that our misconduct provoked. During such a war General Custer has fallen in a fair fight, simply because the enemy had more soldiery, skill, and strategy than Custer had. What kind of war is it when if we kill the enemy it is death; if he kill us, it is a massacre?" etc.

One of the causes of the so-called massacres of 1862–3 was the violation of the treaty with the Indians in 1852. They were entrapped to sell land for the purpose of

paying traders for real or pretended debts. These traders, knowing that the whites will purchase the lands, sell the Indians goods on credit, expecting to realize the money from the price paid by the Government. Their familiarity with the Indian language secures their instrumentality in the treaty. They coax the Indians, making them believe that by selling the land they would receive an immense amount of money, and that thenceforth they would live at ease, with plenty to eat and drink, plenty to wear, plenty of powder and lead, and anything else they shall request. After the treaty is agreed to, the amount of ready money is absorbed by the exorbitant demands of the traders, and by the expense of the removal of the Indians to their reservation. Thus the Indians remain without land, and get no price for it. About four hundred thousand dollars due to the Sioux under the treatises of 1851–52 was paid to the traders on old indebtedness.* So intense was the indignation of the Indians, that there was great fear of an attack upon the Government officials and traders. Here I relate an interview of *Red Iron*, principal chief of the *Sissetons*, and Governor Ramsey, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and one of the commissioners who made the treaties.†

The council was crowded with Indians and white men. Red Iron was brought in guarded by soldiers. He was clad in the half military and half Indian costume of the Dakota chiefs. His physiognomy beamed intelligence and displayed resolution. He was seated in the council-room without greeting or salutation from any one. In a few minutes the Governor, turning to the chief, and in the midst of a breathless silence, by

* See History of the Sioux War in 1862–63, by Isaac V. D. Heard. Chap. II.

† Ibidem.

the aid of an interpreter, opened the council by asking, "What excuse have you for not coming to the council when I sent for you?"

The Dakota chief rose to his feet with native grace and dignity, his blanket falling from his shoulders. Purposely dropping the pipe of peace, he stood erect before the Governor with his arms folded and right hand pressed upon the sheath of his scalping-knife. With the utmost coolness and prepossession, and a defiant smile playing upon his thin lips, while his eyes were sternly fixed upon his excellency, with firm voice he replied:

"I started to come, but your braves drove me back."

Governor. "What excuse have you for not coming the second time I sent for you?"

Red Iron. "No other excuse than I have given you."

Governor. "At the treaty I thought you a good man; but since, you have acted badly, and I am disposed to break you—I do break you."

Red Iron. "You break me! My people made me a chief. My people love me. I will still be their chief. I have done nothing wrong."

Governor. "Red Iron, why did you get your braves together and march around here for the purpose of intimidating other chiefs and prevent their coming to the council?"

Red Iron. "I did not get my braves together; they got together themselves to prevent boys going to council to be made chiefs, to sign papers; and to prevent single chiefs going to council at night to be bribed to sign papers for money we have never got. We have heard how the *M'dewakantons* were served at Mendota—that by secret councils you got their names on paper and took away their money. We don't want to be served so. My braves wanted to come to council in the daytime, when

the sun shines, and we want no councils in the dark. We want all our people to go to council together, so that we can all know what is done."

Governor. "Why did you attempt to come to council with your braves when I had forbidden your braves coming to council?"

Red Iron. "You invited the chiefs only, and would not let the braves come too. This is not the way we have been treated before; this is not according to our customs, for among Dakotas, chiefs and braves go to council together. When you first sent for us there were two or three chiefs here, and we wanted to wait till the rest would come, that we might all be in council together, and know what was done, and so that we might all understand the paper, and what we were signing. When we signed the treaty, the traders threw a blanket over our faces, and darkened our eyes, and made us sign papers which we did not understand, and which were not explained or read to us. We want our Great Father at Washington to know what has been done."

Governor. "Your Great Father has sent me to represent him, and what I say is what he says. He wants you to pay your old debts in accordance with the paper you signed when the treaty was made, and to leave that money in my hands to pay these debts. If you refuse to do that, I will take the money back."

Red Iron. "You can take the money back. We sold our land to you, and you promised to pay us. If you don't give us the money I will be glad, and all our people will be glad, for we will have our land back if you don't give us the money. That paper was not interpreted or explained to us. We are told it gives about 300 ($300,000) boxes of our money to some of the traders. We don't think we owe them so much. We want to pay all our debts. We want our Great Father

to send three good men here to tell us how much we do owe, and whatever they say we will pay, and (pointing to the Indians) that's what all these braves say. Our chiefs and all our people say this." All the Indians present responded, "Ho, ho."

Governor. "That can't be done. You owe more than your money will pay, and I am ready now to pay your annuity and no more, and when you are ready to receive it the agent will pay you."

Red Iron. "We will receive our annuity, but we will sign no papers for anything else. The snow is on the ground, and we have been waiting a long time to get our money. We are poor; you have plenty. Your fires are warm; your tepees keep out the cold. We have nothing to eat. We have been waiting a long time for our money. Our hunting-season is past. A great many of our people are sick for being hungry. We may die because you won't pay us. We may die, but if we do, we will leave our bones on the ground, that our Great Father may see where his Dakota children died. We are very poor. We have sold our hunting-grounds and the graves of our fathers. We have sold our own graves. We have no place to bury our dead, and you will not pay us the money of our lands."

The council was broken up, and Red Iron was sent to the guard-house, where he was kept till next day. The braves departed in sullen silence, headed by Lean Bear, to a spot not far off, and after having uttered a succession of yells, the gathering signal of the Dakotas, he being the principal brave of Red Iron's band, throwing his blanket from his shoulders, he grasped his scalping-knife, and, brandishing it in his right hand, he recounted to his comrades the warlike deed of their imprisoned chief, Red Iron (Maza-sha), to which they all responded, "Ho, ho," many times, and in their most earnest

tones. Then he addressed them in a war-talk: "Dakotas," said he, "the big men are here, they have got *Maza-sha* (Red Iron) in a pen like a wolf. They mean to kill him for not letting the big men cheat us out of our lands and the money our Great Father sent us. Dakotas, must we starve like buffaloes in the snow? Shall we let our blood freeze like the little streams? Or shall we make the snow red with the blood of the white braves?" etc., exhorting them to battle.

I finish this subject by quoting a few lines from a letter of Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota*: "The nation has heard of the most fearful Indian massacre in history; but those who live remote from the border can have no idea of the awful horrors which have accompanied the desolation of two hundred miles of the fairest country on the earth. Many of these victims of savage ferocity were my friends. They had mingled their voices with mine in prayer; they had given such hospitality as can only be found in the log-cabin of the frontier. It fills my heart with grief and blinds my eyes with tears whenever I think of their nameless graves. . . . . There is not a man in America who ever gave an hour's calm reflection to this subject, who does not know that our Indian system is an organized system of robbery, and has been for years a disgrace to the nation. It has left savage men without governmental control; it has looked on unconcerned at every crime against the law of God and man; it has fostered savage life by wasting thousands of dollars in the purchase of paint, beads, scalping-knives, and tomahawks;† it has fostered a sys-

* This letter can be found at the end of the above-quoted History of the Sioux War.

† In the advertisement for Indian supplies during the autumn of the Sioux massacre were 100 doz. scalping-knives, 600 lbs. of beads, 100 doz. butcher-knives, 150 lbs. of paint.

tem of trade which robbed the thrifty and virtuous to pay the debts of the indolent and vicious; it has squandered the funds of civilization and schools; it has connived at theft; it has winked at murder; and, at last, after dragging the savage down to a brutishness unknown to his fathers, it has brought a harvest of blood to our own door.

". . . . There is not to-day an old citizen of Minnesota who will not shrug his shoulders as he speaks of the dishonesty which accompanied the purchases of the lands of the Sioux. It left in savage minds a deep sense of injustice. . . . . The people here on the border, and the rulers at Washington, know how that faith has been broken. The constant irritation of such a system would in time have secured an Indian massacre. It was hastened and precipitated by the sale of nearly 800,000 acres of land, for which they never received one farthing, for it was all absorbed in claims. Then came the story (and it was true) that half of their annuity money had also been taken for claims. They waited two months, mad, exasperated, hungry—the agent utterly powerless to undo the wrong committed at Washington—and they resolved on savage vengeance. For every dollar of which they have been defrauded we shall pay ten dollars in the cost of this war." . . . .

Late in the afternoon we arrived at St. Peter, a small but flourishing old city, once the stopping-place of the fur-traders, coming with goods from St. Louis and from New York. This city is named after a river of the same name, but its real designation is Minnesota River, from which the State of Minnesota derived its nomenclature. This large river, so famous in the annals of the Sioux Indians, issues from Big Stone Lake, and after a long course south-east, at South Bend forms a very sharp angle and changes its course north-east,

and after another long run in that direction discharges its waters into the Mississippi, twelve miles above St. Anthony's Falls.

At the break of day we entered Sioux City, a small new city, but its name is connected with the bloody wars of that warlike nation. There we took some tolerable refreshment, expecting to breakfast at Omaha. Near Dakota City the Big Sioux River enters the Missouri, which is one of the largest rivers in America, and which unites with the Mississippi a little below latitude 30. It rises in the Rocky Mountains in three branches, which, uniting together, take the name of Missouri. The spring sources of this river, and those of the Columbia, which run west into the Pacific, are within one mile of each other. The length of the Missouri is 3,100 miles above its junction with the Mississippi, and 1,300 miles from its mouth to the Gulf of Mexico, which makes the total of 4,400 miles. Many consider the Missouri to be the principal, and the Mississippi only a branch of it; and in reality at the junction of these two mighty rivers, the Missouri carries more waters than the Mississippi, because it receives a greater number and larger rivers than the latter. It receives the Yellow Stone, the Dakota, the Platte or Nebraska, the Osage, the Kansas, etc. The White River is navigable for 600 miles. The Missouri is very rapid and turbid, and narrower than the Mississippi, and it would be navigable for very large vessels to the three spring sources, which are also navigable for a considerable distance before their junction, if it were not for the Rocky Mountains. The scenery of the Missouri at the place where it makes its escape from the Rocky Mountains is truly sublime. For nearly six miles the rocks rise perpendicularly from the water's edge, 1,200 feet. The river is compressed to a narrow width, and rushes

through these gates of the Rocky Mountains. The magnificent cataracts of the Missouri are 110 miles from this chasm. The greatest cascade is 87 feet in the perpendicular, and the next is 47. The river descends 357 feet within the space of 18 miles, flowing swiftly and turbidly, for the most part, through a flat prairie country.

Dakota City is a small, new, and out-of-the-way place. It is in the State of Nebraska. The land of this State and of Dakota, did not strike me as being very rich. It appeared to me to be poor, swampy, flat, and without wood. Of course, there are prairies, but it is well known that a great extent of the land, especially west of the Upper Missouri, is nothing but moving sand. The countless buffaloes, elk, and other animals, even the prairie-chickens, that were grazing on these prairies, have almost disappeared, and Dakota State, especially, is left a waste. I observed in the fields a great quantity of sun-flowers, growing like weeds, and which, if not removed, will fill and destroy that land.

In these States of Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa,* and Nebraska†, I observed the desolation caused by the so-called *grasshoppers*, which have also ruined a great part of Kansas.‡ They had eaten up all the crops and grass in the fields, so that as far as the eye could reach you could not discover a single blade of verdure. These locusts do not belong to that class which make their appearance in the United States every seventeen years, and emerge from the ground during the night, about the end of April, and do no harm to vegetation, except the damage done by the female in depositing the eggs, and which are considered by the Indians as a very delicate food.

* Iowa means "gray snow."

† Nebraska means "flat, or shallow river.

‡ Kansas means "smoky water."

These locusts belong to that class which so often have desolated Syria and Egypt. They travel in legions, which darken the air by their number, and in a few hours change the most fertile provinces into barren deserts. The female deposits her eggs in the earth, and the young survive the winter in the larvæ state, concealed among the decaying vegetation. It is stated that more than once when they visited some parts of New England, they not only ate up all the grass in the fields, but actually attacked clothing and fences to appease their great hunger. Even dead they are still productive of evil consequences, because the putrefaction arising from their immense number is considered to be the cause of desolating pestilences. The locusts, when migrating, are said to have a leader, whose flight they observe, and to whose movements they pay a strict regard.

We soon passed by the Council Bluffs, so called because these isolated, circular hills in former times were the *rendezvous* of many Indian tribes, where they held their councils and deliberated upon the affairs of the entire nation. Here also the traders and the agents of the Government were in the habit of meeting the Indians. At this point we crossed the Missouri River, and entered Omaha* about ten A.M.

The width at Council Bluffs is about 2,500 feet; to cross which, for Omaha, an iron viaduct, on eleven spans, was opened in 1872.

* Omaha means "snow."

CHAPTER IV.

OMAHA — RE-CHECKING OF BAGGAGE FOR SAN FRANCISCO — UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—PRAIRIE DOG CITY—SALT LAKE CITY—MORMONS —DOM PEDRO, EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

THIS city derives its name from the Omaha or *Mahas* tribe of Indians belonging to the great and powerful Sioux nation. It lies on the right bank of the Missouri. It is the new capital of the State of Nebraska. The population at present numbers only 25,000 souls. Although Omaha was founded in 1852, it was not till 1862 that it took a sudden start and grew like magic, when Congress determined on the Pacific route. The Union Pacific received a subsidy of $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, according to the nature of the ground, and grants of land ten miles wide along the route. The work began in January, 1866. Simultaneously the Central Pacific from San Francisco started eastward, on which side 10,000 Chinamen were employed. Both lines are single for the most part. The route was opened by the formal junction of the two lines at Promontory Point, near Ogden, on the 10th of May, 1869. The official connection was completed at Union Junction, six miles west of Ogden, by driving in a gold spike with a silver hammer, and the first English mail went through it, reaching Sydney, Australia, in two months from San Francisco. It is nearly half-way from New York to San Francisco; the time from Omaha to San Francisco is four and a half days. The entire time from New York to San Francisco is eight days. Yet in the Centennial

year of this Republic, 1876, the entire journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, was performed in eighty-two hours by a special train.

We were obliged to stop till twelve o'clock, as the Union Pacific Railroad has only one line and one through train, but two hours are just sufficient to take refreshments and attend to the baggage, which here must be re-checked. This tedious and troublesome operation can not be performed till all the trains on all the lines of railways of the different companies and from other points arrive. These are nearly all due about ten o'clock. I counted five lines. Then, at a given signal, all passengers must assemble in a very extensive room, divided by a long table, which keeps the passengers from rushing into the baggage-room. Then wagon after wagon deposits the baggage at the door of the baggage-room. There a man pulls from the wagon one by one every piece, reads the number of the check and the line of railroad, and in handing the luggage to the baggage-master, names to him the number and line. The baggage-master holding the luggage, with loud and clear voice calls first the line, then the number. The owner of the luggage answers, then another baggage officer approaches the passenger from the table, receives the check, and asks the place of destination. He weighs it, and if the number of pounds is above what is allowed free, mentions the rate, which he receives, and then delivers the other check. If the owner does not answer at a second call, the luggage is put aside.

This operation requires considerable time, and as the weather was extremely hot and sultry, and the place suffocating, you may think how anxious we were to emerge from that foul-smelling room. My baggage was found not to exceed the weight allowed free, and I was handed the check without any extra charge. I wanted

to check a small valise weighing hardly three pounds. I gave it to the baggage officer, but instead of weighing it apart, he made me return the check, and putting it together with the rest of my baggage, weighed again the whole, and found it to exceed the free amount of weight by many pounds, for which I was charged four dollars and sixty cents. My fellow companions were extremely astonished, and looked at me to see what I would do. I was obliged to pay double the price of what that valise was worth. To several of the passengers who were indignant at the baggage-master, I explained that there was some mistake in the first weight, because I had perceived that one corner of my trunk was not lying on the scale, but on the floor. Although I smiled myself at a passenger who remarked to me that I should not have returned the check, which once given, could not be requested back, no doubt I felt somewhat indignant.

I took some refreshment, and following the example of others, I provided myself with luncheon, which is needed on the Union Pacific Railroad. At twelve o'clock we started. The railroad runs the whole length of the State of Nebraska, and continuously to the left of the River Plata. At Fremont, the train stops for dinner. The meals are now no longer taken in the dining-room once provided on the train for passengers. It was found to be inconvenient on account of the dust and smoke entering into the cars and spoiling the food. Here we were 1,120 feet above the sea. The Union Pacific line follows the valley of the Platte and the former wagon-road up to the Rocky Mountains.

The country presents nothing interesting. The level, barren prairies, look like a desert, and were I to give a name to this valley of the Platte, I would call it North America Desert. At Kearney, an old fortified

town on the former mail route, we are 2,789 feet above the sea. Here the Central Branch line from Kansas City joins the Union Pacific Railroad. At North Platte City, where we took our meals, we crossed the North Platte River just at the junction of the North and South forks of this river. At Sidney we had the first view of the Rocky Mountains, which were just in front of us. About 22 or 23 miles from Sidney we enter the Prairie-Dog City. The railroad passes through this village, which extends for miles. It was an exciting sight in this barren desert of level prairie, at the extremity of the Valley of the Platte, to observe a large extension of mounds of different sizes, resembling high palaces, or blocks of palaces, separated by circuitous broad avenues, the dwellings of these famous prairie-dogs! You could see some of these dogs seated on the mounds, their broad tails erect like those of squirrels, the forefeet up, but gently bending at the toes, basking in the sun near their burrows; and others walking leisurely among the warrens. When frightened, each gave a sudden and quick glance at the cars, and ran for its life. Those near the warren merely stepped into their holes, but those residing at a distance sprang with long leaps toward their burrows.

The celebrated prairie-dogs of America are a superior kind of marmots, called dog because they bark like a dog. They live in large communities, which are termed "villages" by the hunters. They can be tamed, and when fat they are good for food. When these animals are eating they post a sentinel, who, if he perceives any danger, gives a shrill whistle, when all retire into their burrows. They become torpid during the winter, and to protect themselves against the rigor of the season they close the mouth of the hole, and at the bottom of it they construct a cell of fine, dry grass, very com-

pactly pressed together in order to render it comfortable. The entrance to each burrow is at the summit of the mound of earth thrown up during the progress of excavation. The hole descends perpendicularly for one or two feet, then it continues in an oblique direction. The size of a prairie-dog is that of a large rabbit, and the color is grayish, approaching to brown toward the head.

At Cheyenne,* 6,041 feet above the level of the sea, we were under the Rocky Mountains. Here a connection is made with the line to Denver, Golden City, Santa Fé, etc. The population is not over 3,000. The road ascends rapidly to the summit of the Rockys. We were now in Wyoming, and, properly speaking, in the Black Hills, and could perceive some ragged and half-starved Indians; but we could observe no lodges of hostiles fighting the United States troops, notwithstanding that it was reported in the newspapers that the Black Hills are fields of braves. The air is so dry and rarified as to render respiration rather difficult. The great transparency of the atmosphere is such that the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, ravines, and valleys can be seen for a long distance. The two peaks—Long Peak and Pike's Peak—the former 70 and the latter 160 miles distant, appear close at hand. Now the road passes through the Granite Canyon, 7,298 feet high, so called from the Spanish word *Cañon*, for a pass in the mountains. We observed no snow, except a few spots on the defiles of some mountains. We struck Sherman, the highest elevation, 8,242. Here the scenery is savage, grand, and wild, especially in crossing the Dale Creek bridge of frame-work timber, standing 126 feet high over a ravine.

* Cheyenne means "rock."

All along this road we observed towns built of wooden planks, but deserted. They sprang up during the construction of the railroad, grew to a considerable size, and disappeared when the road was finished. These mournful agglomerations of abandoned homes are now the resorts of wild beasts. We reached Laramie. This is the great dividing range on the west side of America, traversing it from north to south, down through Mexico, and in line with the Andes in South America. This plateau, 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea and 1,000 miles wide, is crossed by the railroad between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada toward San Francisco. The first section across the Laramie Plains, 60 miles long, yields some pasture, but the water is very scarce; the rest is nothing but a rugged, barren soil. The night was very cold, rendering a fire desirable. After crossing North Platte River, and a continuation of a mountainous territory, and sage-brush and rolling desert, we arrived at Bitter Creek, an inconsiderable station—a decided misnomer, since there is not the vestige of a creek. From Laramie to Ogden, a space of 460 miles, there is no place or town of any note, although many localities bear the names of cities. The country is nothing but a barren, rugged desert, very justly denominated the continental backbone desert, and it continues so even after crossing Green River, or rather to Aspen, the second highest mountain on the line, 7,540 feet high. At Aspen, Utah Territory, the line passes the highest defile of the Wahsatch Mountains among rugged hills. The view is savage, yet grand. The road goes through a tunnel of 770 feet, the longest on the line. Here are long snow-sheds and fences to protect the line from snow-drifts. The Echo Cañon contains the remarkable Castle and Hanging Rocks, 2,000 to 2,500 feet above the valley, and the Pulpit Rock, so called from its pulpit

form. At Echo City we took our meals, consisting of the usual antelope meat, one or two sweet dishes, and coffee. Although thirty minutes are allowed for each meal, after ten, every man has finished, and has rushed off to the bar-room, where he has hardly settled down when the conductor cries loudly, "All aboard, gentlemen!"

The descent to the Salt Lake is done without steam; the weight of the carriages is sufficient to move the train, and although the brake is put on the wheels, we go down at a frightful pace, which renders the descent alarming on account of the curves, which are sharp and numerous, and overhanging fearful precipices. We enjoy here the romantic view of the pass called *Weber Cañon*. We saw the solitary pine called the *Thousand Mile Tree*, so called because it stands 1,000 miles from Omaha; the *Finger Rock*, and the *Devil's Slide*, a gutter, 100 feet wide, sloping down a hill, between two serrated granite ridges, 50 to 200 feet high. It is also designated the *Devil's Gate*. About 5 P.M. we arrived at Ogden on the territory of the Mormons, that is, of the Saints, as they call themselves. Here there is a branch road, built by Brigham Young, to Salt Lake City, and as it was Friday, I wanted to spend Sunday in this city, so I took the train thither. I inquired of the conductor of this branch road which was the best hotel in the City of the Saints. The conductor, who was a Mormon, told me that there were two good hotels, one kept by a Mormon and one by a Gentile, and he advised me to take lodging at the Valley House, kept by the Gentile. The train took two hours to make thirty-seven miles, which is the distance that separates Ogden from Salt Lake City, the Mormon capital. The railway follows the line of the Salt Lake, and stops at many insignificant hamlets and isolated farms. The

train arrived at the station about 8.30 P.M. I found the Valley House to be both good and comfortable.

After a refreshing rest, in the morning I took a walk around the Tabernacle and Brigham Young's Harem, which was surrounded by a strong, high stone wall. The day was very warm, and the sun very strong, and as there was not much shade outside of the Tabernacle, where they are building, or rather they try to build, the new Tabernacle of cut stone, I turned my attention to find the Catholic church, and after nearly one hour's strolling through the city, which is regularly built, but monotonous, in single or one story and a half houses, now walking under the shade of acacia-trees, which line the side-walks, now under the shade of my umbrella, I perceived a cross rising from a modest, but neat, building. On inquiry, I learned it to be the Catholic church, and I soon found the way to the house of the pastor, the Rev. Lawrence Scanlon, who had just returned from a long excursion through the Utah Territory. This zealous and indefatigable missionary, with only one assistant, Rev. Denis D. Keily, has to attend the entire Utah Territory, which, because rejected by some other dioceses, is abnormally, but only temporarily, under the administration of the Archbishop of San Francisco, 900 miles distant.

Father Scanlon very kindly offered to me the hospitality of his modest house, which I could not accept, because I had made a contract with the proprietor of the Valley House, but I was obliged to dine with him. He is young, but his color, countenance, and a kind of prostration bespeak the overworked servant in the vineyard. He invited me to preach at the High Mass next Sunday; he was too fatigued, and needed rest. "I will not only preach," I replied, "but I will do anything else to help you." "I would like you to say Mass for

the Sisters," said he. While I was drinking a glass of that sparkling and foaming California wine, the door opened, and Mr. D. C. McGlynn, brother of Rev. Mr. McGlynn, D.D., of New York, entered, with his usual cheerful countenance, holding some fine and large bunches of California grapes which had just arrived by rail. After the most cordial salutations, we sat down and did the full justice to those grapes, which their merits demanded, and I remembered Italy, where in days of yore I had enjoyed so great an abundance of that description of fruit. After having refreshed ourselves with a delicious luncheon, Mr. McGlynn got up. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am going to the sulphur springs, and to take a bath. Father Vetromile, it will do you good after a long travel; and you, Father Scanlon, after returning from your weary excursion, will feel refreshed and all the better for it." We judged the proposition to be a good one, and prepared to avail ourselves of it. They related to me how the proprietor of the establishment was a physician (who was not a Mormon), and how about two years ago he had a very late professional night call. That was the last seen of him! People suspect, with good reason, that he was assassinated by the Mormons, perhaps because he might have delivered opinions against Mormonism, or that he was considered to be of no advantage to the impostures of Brigham Young. In a short time, by horse-cars, we arrived at the sulphur springs; where, besides the large tank, where many can bathe and swim together, there are several small, private bathing rooms, but we preferred the large hall, where we could swim in each other's company. The hall was kept for us only; each had a dressing-room. The sulphur-water at first was too warm, but soon I found it very comfortable; near the steps it was only breast-deep, but out further it was many feet in

depth, and where only swimmers could venture. The spring was but a short distance outside of the hall. The water was conveyed to this tank by a pipe, which was always left open to allow it to run in continually, while another opening at the other extremity was letting out the same quantity of water. A douche of fresh cold water was situated in a corner, and every one could use it after bathing, in order to remove any sulphuric remains from his body. When we all met again outside, we returned by horse-car to Salt Lake City, where we took dinner, after which we walked about to see the city.

Salt Lake City, the Mormon capital of Utah Territory, was founded in 1847, after the expulsion of the Mormons from Illinois. Brigham Young knew the valuable minerals inclosed in the Black Hills and other localities in Utah, their resources, and how far the land could be improved. All this he had learned from official observations, made by scientists employed to survey this wilderness. He selected Utah (then belonging to Mexico) as the future residence of his followers, and in 1847 laid the foundation of this city between the great Salt Lake and Utah Lake (fresh). The population is about 26,000.

In the evening I made the acquaintance of Mr. ——, the lawyer employed by Ann Alice, one of Mr. Brigham Young's wives, who has sued him for a divorce; and although the United States Court has not yet delivered a sentence, has condemned him to pay several thousand dollars a year to Ann Alice for alimony, which has never yet been paid. "All his movable property," said Mr. ——, "is attached, and next Monday, all, including his horses and his carriages, will be sold at auction in favor of Ann Alice." "Why do you not sell some of his farms or houses?" I asked. "No," said he, "we can place no trust on the

deeds, because after selling a portion of land or any immovable property, some Mormon will come forth with some deed claiming property, and the purchaser loses it. So you see that it is difficult to sell Mormon immovable property until the present state of things comes to be changed." "But why did she marry him?" I remarked. "She knew him, and the state of affairs amongst the Mormons!" "She could not refuse!" was the answer. "It would have cost her her life."

Mormonism is now played out. The opening of the railroad, and Camp Douglas, with six companies of artillery and one hundred guns gaping on Salt Lake City, have brought the Mormons to their little senses. It is true they are not capable of much. They are ignorant and without education. As for religious instruction, they have none. To this, adding the long slavery in which they have been living—all being slaves of Brigham Young, who is the master of their souls and bodies—you may judge of the low condition of their minds.

Several instances of secret assassinations and executions were related to me. Numerous bands of emigrants on their way to the mines were treacherously massacred by Mormons disguised as Indians. It is not long ago that a number of emigrants passed through Salt Lake City on their way to the Black Hills. The Mormons persuaded them to accept a force of armed men, in order to protect them from the Indians. When about fifteen miles on the road, the Mormons ordered the emigrants to lay down their arms, otherwise the Indians suspecting them would murder them. The emigrants laid down their arms, and the Mormons massacred every one of them, except a boy, who fled and revealed the whole affair. It was proved that this massacre was executed by direction of Brigham Young and by order of

the bishops. This boy is kept to appear as testimony on the trial that is to take place.

The *New York Weekly Herald*, March 31, 1877, says that the Mormons have for thirty or forty years defied law, practiced adultery, bigamy, murder, tyranny, and blasphemy under the mask of religion. It is necessary to root them out.

The same paper, June 9, 1877, says: "Two attempts within the last fortnight to assassinate our correspondent at Salt Lake City were made. . . . . On Saturday, the 26th ult., as Mr. Stillson was returning to the Lion House from a drive, he was shot at by a stealthy miscreant, who had concealed himself behind a tree at a distance of fifty feet from the point where the buggy was passing. The intending assassin missed his aim and fled. On Thursday last, the same individual, or another, gained access to Mr. Stillson's room at the hotel, and under a pretense of delivering a paper, stabbed at him with a knife, failing of his purpose by the interposition of a portemonnaie, two photographs, and a suspender-buckle between the knife and the breast of the correspondent. . . . . His letters and telegrams from Utah have been extremely offensive to the Mormon chiefs, and a Sunday or two since were made the topic of an indecent, vulgar, and infuriated harangue in the Mormon Temple. The attempt on his life, of course, is a consequence of his exposures and the indignant commotion they have stirred up among the 'Saints.' . . . . Having tried to win his favorable opinion by courtesies and blandishments on his first arrival, and failed, they now resort to terror."

The United States Court had tried several bishops and Brigham Young himself for murder; but witnesses were afraid to testify, and the judges feared to pass sentence. Then, who would execute the sentence?

Washington was notified that the judges did not dare to put the trials through. The little force at Camp Douglas was insufficient to execute the law and to protect the officers from assassination. The United States Government sent an army, and while this was on the way, Brigham Young armed the militia and had it ready to attack the United States troops. Brigham Young sent messengers to the General of the American Army, commanding him not to cross the Jordan (a small river near Salt Lake), and that in the event of crossing he would be attacked by the militia. The General bravely replied that he would cross the Jordan. So he did; and planted a battery at Camp Douglas. In this manner the United States Court continued the work. Some bishops were tried and condemned. Brigham Young was summoned to appear and answer to several charges of murder. He fled to distant parts of Utah, excusing himself by pleading sickness. This and other trials were postponed, and thus the affairs remain for the present.

The Mormons are not now strong believers in Mormonism. Few go to the Tabernacle; many do not pay the tithes to the Church, nor can they be enforced, while the Gentiles* can do what they please and go and stay where they please, only they must be on their guard against assassination.

The Mormon doctrine is blasphemous: "God is a person of flesh and blood like man; He is perfect in everything, and has the passions of a man. Jesus Christ was created by Him in an ordinary way. The Father and the Son are alike, but the Father looks older. Man was not created by God, but existed from eternity. He is not born in sin, but is responsible for his own actions.

* The Mormons call all people Gentiles who do not profess Mormonism.

He sanctifies himself by marriage. There are angels and other spirits. God is in direct communication with the Prophet and the Bishops, but not so much with the latter. Gentiles are not necessarily damned." These are the blasphemies of that old reprobate impostor, Joe Smith; yet he never sanctioned polygamy. It was the second impostor, Brigham Young, who pretended to have received a revelation from God to have a plurality of wives; and in order to stifle any opposition, he produced a feigned revelation, which Joe Smith had received one year before his death. The widow and children of Joe Smith declare that this prophecy is apocryphal. Thus polygamy was established. Brigham Young at the present time has sixteen wives in Salt Lake City, and throughout Utah Territory, ninety. It is true that many are called by him *sealed* wives, but what he means by *sealed* wife, he does not explain clearly, nor do I care to understand it. The higher one is in holiness the more wives he gets. None have less than three. No one is allowed to have more wives than he can maintain; yet in reality the wives very often maintain their husbands by their work.

You must not think that the proselytes made by the so-called Mormon missionaries are people of education, wealth, learning, and sanctity. No such thing. They are simply men who find themselves in a state of utter destitution, and want to get out of it. They are from the ignorant population of Wales, from the worst quarters of London, from the dockyards of Liverpool, and very few from any other quarter of the world. The European emigrant has no means of defense. Destitute, ignorant, and debased, by declaring himself a Mormon he becomes a believer; that is, a believer in Brigham Young. He seeks for no arguments against errors of what he professed, nor for what he will become. He

shuts his eyes and gives himself up soul and body to Brigham Young. The Welsh women, who form the great majority of the immigrants of their sex, are peculiarly ignorant and superstitious; they push their husbands to Mormonism, and keep them up to it. The men are attracted by the promise of the goods of this world, by the possibility of becoming rich, by the enjoyment

THE MORMON TABERNACLE.

of the young girls of the desert, and the continuation in another world with a God who is like themselves. Brigham Young gives them a farm, tools, and other means, but they have to pay for all else, besides the interest. There is hardly a Mormon who has succeeded in clearing what he owes to Brigham Young, and all struggle through their whole lives under the worst kind of slavery.

On Sunday I went to the Sisters, where I said Mass and gave them the Communion. I took breakfast there, and afterward I went to the church, and at High Mass, celebrated by Father Scanlon, I delivered a sermon from the pulpit. After Mass several ladies and officers from Camp Douglas, who were at church, were introduced to me. They invited me and party to visit the camp, and we promised to do so during the afternoon. We accepted an invitation to dine at Mr. Doyle's, a very respectable gentleman of the city. Mr. McGlynn took me to see the Tabernacle. It is a long, low hall, entirely bare and destitute of religious emblems, covered by a heavy oval cupola. At one end there is a raised daïs, on which are placed arm-chairs for the so-called Prophet and for the Bishops. I got tired of it, and I requested Mr. McGlynn to leave. As for Brigham Young, I had no desire to see him, nor did I.

We went to the Sisters and gave the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in their chapel. Afterward we went to Mr. Doyle's, where we were kindly entertained by his lady and children. After dinner we found that the carriage was waiting at the door for us; when the entire party, Mr. Doyle included, rode to Camp Douglas, where we arrived at sunset, while the band was performing. The ladies were much alarmed about their husbands, who were at the Black Hills fighting the Indians. Of six companies stationed at this camp, only one was left to take care of the Mormons; the five others had gone to the Black Hills; but the families of the absent officers were here. We remained a couple of hours to visit the several officers and families at the camp; and having inspected the new quarters, we bade adieu, riding back to Mr. Doyle's house, where we partook of a well-prepared supper. Father Scanlon insisted that I should stop with him for the night. Mr.

McGlynn took the carriage and we drove to the hotel; there I seized my impediments and then rode to Father Scanlon's residence, where I had the pleasure of finding Rev. Denis Keily, who was returning from his mission, and who is an assistant to Father Scanlon.

I listened with pleasure to Father Scanlon's relation of the circumstances of the visit of his Imperial Majesty Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, circumstances not mentioned by newspapers, but which should not be passed over in silence. His Imperial Majesty refused to put up at the Mormon Hotel kept by Mr. Townsend, but stopped at the Valley House. It was Saturday evening, in the month of April, that the Emperor arrived at Salt Lake City. Sunday morning Brigham Young sent his state carriage to the Valley House for the Emperor, and two other carriages for his suite. "Mr. Brigham Young welcomes your Majesty to the City of the Saints; he sends you his carriage and expects to see you at the Tabernacle." The Emperor, with his truly republican freedom, answered, "I thank Mr. Brigham Young for his kindness. I return the carriages; I can carry my own valise myself." He sent back the carriages, and at church time the Emperor with his suite in three carriages, drove to the Catholic church, and kneeling at the railings, blessed himself, and commenced prayers. His Majesty then sat down on the front bench, which had no kneeling-bench. Father Scanlon, who had not received any intimation of the Imperial visit, had prepared nothing suitable for the Emperor, but he immediately sent a comfortable arm-chair, and approaching, requested the Emperor to be seated, but his Majesty replied, "A bench is just as good for me as for any other person to sit upon at church," and remaining on the bench, he pulled from his pocket a set of beads, and commenced to

tell them. "It was very edifying," observed Father Scanlon, "to see that old gentleman, remarkable for his high dignity and learning, seated on a bench, or kneeling on a bare step, saying his prayers with such great devotion and piety."

After church, the Emperor paid his compliments to Father Scanlon, who apologized for not having prepared a suitable place for him, because he had received no intimation. Dom Pedro rode to the Valley House, and soon after went to Ogden, leaving the same day for San Francisco, and taking no notice of the Tabernacle nor of Brigham Young, thus giving a striking lesson of good sense, religion, and morality to those who thought it a great thing and honor to see a Yankee impostor of no education and religion, who has disgraced his country and Christianity, by the introduction of polygamy, the stain of which even the Indians feel ashamed —a Yankee of Vermont, who does not blush to keep ninety women, whom he styles wives, or what he calls wives *sealed* for heaven, or spiritual wives—an impious blasphemer, who dares to call himself *Prophet!!!*

Very early next day Mr. McGlynn came with the carriage to take us to the station. He gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Oliver at San Francisco, requesting that gentleman to show me all that was worthy of being seen. He had already sent him a letter in advance. At the depot I took a cordial leave of Mr. McGlynn, and in company with Father Scanlon, at eight A.M. left for Ogden. Brigham Young was in the same train with us, in a separate car, but I had no desire to see him. Nobody seemed to take notice of him. As he has wives everywhere he goes, he does not trouble himself to take any with him. We now could see the full extension of Salt Lake, and beyond it the river Jordan, a name given to it by the Mormons.

CHAPTER V.

OGDEN—SIERRA NEVADA—SUMMIT STATION—CAPE HORN STATION—SACRAMENTO—SAN FRANCISCO—THE CHINESE—DEPARTURE FOR THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

THE train for San Francisco did not leave till six P.M., so I had ample time to see Ogden. It is a new place, and as the wind blew fresh, it rendered my stay very unpleasant on account of the clouds of sand and dust, for which Ogden is so remarkable. This small city of about 6,000 souls is built near a cañon, and is 4,301 feet above the sea. It stands at the junction of the Union Pacific with the last link of the overland chain—the Central Pacific—which strikes off for San Francisco. Here are situated the depots of the two companies.

Just at six P.M. the Central Pacific train started for California. The line here winds round the dark waters of Salt Lake, and now and then we could perceive the full extent of it. While conversing with an English gentleman, who was going to Australia, I felt a rap on my shoulder. "Ticket!" a hoarse, loud voice halloed. Do not wonder at the stout, and sometimes rough-looking conductors, with tanned, weather-beaten faces and brawny color, that are generally employed on this line; they have to deal and contend with many hard cases in this part of the country. I was lucky in meeting with very good company. Another English gentleman who was seated by me, remarked: "Sir, yesterday one of these men in the cars asked me to

play at cards. 'No, sir,' I told him, 'it is Sunday.' 'But,' replied the other, 'there is no church, and we must kill our time.' 'If we can not go to church, we must, however, respect the Lord's Day. No, sir; I never play at cards on Sunday.' He left me alone." Continuing our conversation about the obligation of keeping Sunday holy, I felt a hand on my hat. Lifting my head, I beheld the same conductor thrusting something into my hat. It was his portion of the R.R. line ticket that he was inserting in the ribbon of my hat. At the next station we all alighted to take a meal, the usual antelope, sweetmeats, and coffee. Returning to the cars, and while ascending the platform, two ladies from above very kindly gave me their hands to help me to the platform. Lifting my head, I beheld Mrs. —— and Miss ——, two of my friends, whom I had not had the pleasure of seeing for several years. After a cordial shaking of hands, I said: "How could I have ever dreamed to meet two of my best friends in this desert of America?" "We live now in San Francisco," they said, "and we have been to New York; now we return to San Francisco."

We sat together in the cars, and they made me partake of some fine pears, which I found very refreshing. We conversed for a long time upon several subjects, but principally about San Francisco and the Chinese people. After a little while the conductor came to see the tickets. I looked for my check; lo! it was gone. "Where is the check?" the conductor asked in a bold and rather angry tone. "I can't find it," I replied; "it must have dropped from my hat." "Find it," he replied in the same tone of voice, "I want my check." "If I find it, I will give it." He passed to the next car. I made a diligent search, but no check could be found.

I remarked to the English gentleman that I held my *ticket through* to San Francisco; as for his "check, I never asked, nor did he ever give it to me, but he put it on my hat; perhaps he did not stick it well enough." The gentleman observed to me, that the conductor could not force me to pay again for that section of the line of which he was the conductor, and for which alone, and only for that day the check was good, as they change checks every day and in every section, so that a finder could not avail himself of the ticket, and no harm could follow to the company; besides, he added, "You can deny having received it, he never gave it to you, you never saw it." The conductor passed again, and I told him that I could not find his check. When his section of the line was through, he came to collect his checks, but he passed me over without saying one word.

The line crosses Nevada Territory from end to end. That part which forms the boundary of Utah is the great sandy American desert, marked by an isolated rock of about 3,000 feet above the sand of the desert, and called by the emigrants the "*Pilot*," because it points to the Humboldt River, where they can find drinkable water. It is succeeded westward by several fine valleys, with high grasses on the south of the road. On the north of the road there is the so-called Thousand Spring Valley, Palisades, or *Twelve Mile Cañon*, a small town or station, in a pass truly wild and savage between cliffs 1,000 feet high. Here we met a branch railway to mining districts and to Callville. We came down into the Humboldt River valley, and felt the unpleasant effect of those green waters and fine alkaline dust. The country is now a barren, volcanic ground between high mountains and peaks. At Winnemucca, we saw the towering high peak of that name. Here we

got weary and tired. At Humboldt Bridge we crossed this large river, which now enters the so-called sink of the Humboldt, and we were in the forty-miles desert. I asked the conductor, "Are there two days still to San Francisco?" "Yes," he replied in a rough loud voice, "two more days." "Two days and two nights?" I asked again. "Two days, and two nights," he continued in the same tone of voice, "and twenty-four hours each day!" and he went away. This reply caused a burst of hearty laughter from all the passengers, which was something of a treat in that monotonous desert, breathing as it did, suffocating volcanic dust. The line now follows a dreary plain about 4,000 feet. At Mirage the road commences to ascend, and at about twenty-five miles westward at Wadsworth, on the river Truckee, near the Pyramid Lake. At Reno there is a branch rail by Washoe to Virginia City, Gold Hill, Carson Falls, and Carson City. Silver and gold mines are in this barren country. At the station called *Verdi*, in honor of my countryman, the great master of music, the railroad enters the State of California, continually ascending the Sierra Nevada. The picturesqueness and beauty of this spot is equaled only by the Alpine Passes. To overcome the immense difficulty of this road required the greatest skill of the engineers. After crossing and re-crossing, and nearly riding over the great Truckee River, at the town and station of this name, we lost it, as it discharges its waters twelve miles south into lake Tahoe, twenty-two miles long. This lake is to be tapped in order to supply Sacramento valley and San Francisco with its pure waters. The picturesque *Donner Lake* is only three miles from here; it is a crater of an extinct volcano. It derives its name from a German family, who unfortunately were caught and perished in the winter's snow. From here to the next station

(Summit), a distance of only fourteen miles, the railway climbs up 7,017 feet by short and sharp curves and quick ascents, following the sinuosities of the mountains and plunging headlong into the forest, till it reaches the very crest of the Sierra Nevada, where the station stands. *Summit* is the highest point of this line, 7,017 feet above the sea. The view here is eminently grand. We were on the very top of Strong's Cañon. The snow-capped peaks of the Sierra display the most romantic panorama of the wildest and most beautiful views. *Castle Peak* on the right, and *Crested Peak* on the left, rise like enormous giants over all other high granite peaks, whose crenellated tops resemble a fortified wall, with slopes covered by magnificent pine-trees.

Here the line passes through several tunnels, one 1,659 feet long, the train gliding swiftly through galleries of timber erected to protect the track from snow, and bringing the traveler into a new climate. He breathes here a wonderfully fresh, beautiful, and invigorating air —the California atmosphere! The line begins to descend, and, after a distance of six miles, opens to a fine view of the *Cascade*, so called from a fall on the Truckee. Descending still further, we pass the charming towns, gardens, and mining populations of *Emigrant Gap*, *Blue Cañon*, *Chinese Ranch* (so called from the Chinese workmen), *Alta*, near the Great American Cañon, the finest pass on the line, *Dutch Flat*, and *Gold Run*. Here the line suddenly passes round *Cape Horn*, on a mere ledge cut in the side of a cañon, and we found ourselves suspended over a chasm 2,000 feet deep, and then descending very rapidly to a bridge, 878 feet long, over the stream. This spot is enchanting both for its picturesque beauty, and its terrors in consequence of the fearful speed of the train, because it depends less on the will of the engineer, who directs the train, than on the

weight of the cars. We pass Hydraulic works, through which, from the top of the mountains, great bodies of water are brought to bear upon mineral strata, large rocks and clay being detached from their original beds, and the deposits of gold and silver carried in the so-called *flumes*, from which the precious metal is subsequently picked up.

We still continued to descend very rapidly through deep cañons, high ridges, and tall pine-trees, and to enter into a garden of flowers, and trees loaded with fruits, vineyards and rich pastures, and orchards. At the several stations we were refreshed with delicious grapes, luscious pears, and a variety of other fruits, brought by men, women, and children, who surrounded the cars to sell them.

Amidst this garden of gardens we reached Sacramento on the river of the same name. It is the State and mining capital of California. This city was founded in 1848, when gold was first discovered on the estate of Capt. Suter, at Coloma, by J. Marshall, on the 19th of January, 1848. Sacramento then had only four houses; though often burnt or inundated, it now counts 30,000 inhabitants. It stands low, only 30 to 50 feet above the sea. Here is a branch road to *Folsom*, *Placerville* on the American Fork River, in *El Dorado*, where gold was discovered. Another branch of railway passes up to Sacramento. Steamers run on the river to the Bay of San Francisco, into which it falls.

At Galt station there is a coach for the *Calaveras Big Trees*, 70 miles distant, a grove of enormous trees on the slope of the Sierra Nevada. These trees are from 250 to 320 feet high, and from 60 to 95 feet round. At the Exposition held at Philadelphia in 1876, there was on exhibition a section of the *Father of the Forest*, the largest of these trees, 435 feet long and 110 feet round;

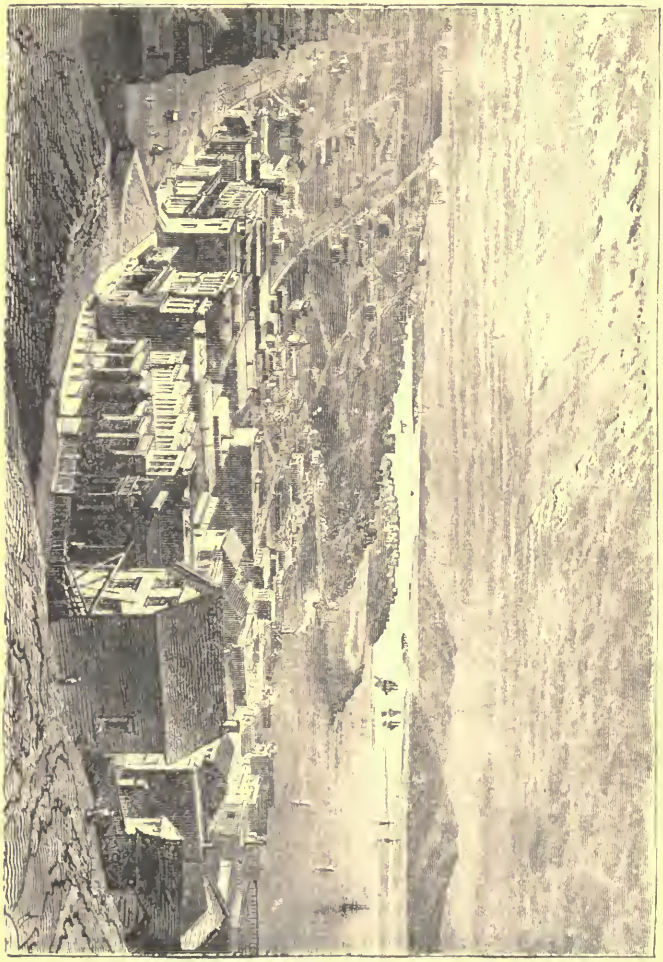
a tree that had fallen to the ground some years ago. There are ten groves of these gigantic trees, besides the famous Mariposa big trees. But the nearest station for the Calaveras big trees is *Stockton*, on the San Joaquin (pronounced "Wau-keen"), which falls into the north branch of the San Francisco Bay.

Many theories have been advanced to explain the existence of these colossal trees. If I were allowed to venture an opinion I would declare them to be reproductions of stumps or seeds of trees belonging to the period of the middle and later tertiary epochs, called by geologists *miocene* and *pliocene*, when vegetable and animal life was of a higher scale than at present. Now and then we discover gigantic remains of species at present extinct.

We could now perceive the middle chain of mountains which traverses the whole length of California. At Midway we passed through the tunnel in the Livermore Cañon, 1,116 feet long, then to Niles, where there is the South-branch line to San Jose (pron. "Oza"), by which you may go also to San Francisco. The land here is so productive that carrots grow to three feet long, and pears three and a half to a pound. Oakland is the last station. It is opposite to San Francisco, across the bay. We quitted the cars and crossed the bay in a big ferry-boat of the company. At San Francisco I rode to the great Occidental Hotel.

Next day I went to see my banker, and afterward I visited the office of the Pacific Steamship Company. During my absence from the hotel I received a call from my friend, Col. Black, who was so kind as to call over and over again, when I was always unluckily absent, but he left his card and direction. On the following day I said Mass at the cathedral, and breakfasted with his lordship, the archbishop, Rt. Rev. Joseph Sadoc Alemany, who gave

me a general invitation, but I excused myself on the ground that I would prefer to spend the two or three



GOLDEN GATE—CALIFORNIA.

weeks of my residence in San Francisco in seeing the city and other places of the State.

It is not my intention to present a full narrative of San Francisco. The description of this city has been given many and many times by accomplished writers. Yet to say nothing about it would be an injustice; I will therefore limit myself to some of the principal things that have fallen under my observation, and thus hope not to task the patience of the reader.

The origin of this now *Queen City* is due to the Spaniards, who in 1776 began a *Presidio* and mission called *Yerba Buena*, from a medicinal plant of great value found on an island in the bay. The name was changed in 1849, after the Mexican war, when the States of New Mexico, Arizona, and California were ceded to the United States. As the mission was attended by the Fathers of St. Francis, the place where the mission was held was afterward named San Francisco. It is amusing to read in some books printed in England, that the Americans call San Francisco *Frisco*, for the sake of brevity. No American dreams, or ever dreamed, of calling that city by the English nickname of *Frisco*. On board of the *City of New York*, an American steamer of the Australian line, an Australian gentleman returning to Australia by this line, was saying in a laughing manner, "I do not know how in England people say that in America *San Francisco* is called Frisco! I have never heard such a name in America. In San Francisco I often took a walk out of the city, and in returning, fearing to have mistaken the road, I inquired from passers-by, 'Is this the road to Frisco?' They were looking at me with amazement, saying, 'There is no such place around here.' I replied, 'I mean San Francisco.' 'Oh, yes, San Francisco; but you said *Frisco*.' 'Do you not call San Francisco *Frisco?*' 'No, sir; this is the first time I ever heard it. Nobody calls it so. The name of the city is San Francisco.'"

The city stands on a narrow neck between the Pacific and the bay, on the south side of the Golden Gate, or inlet of the bay, the only opening to one of the most splendid land-locked harbors of the world, eight miles wide, and sixty miles long, and accessible to the largest ships of the ocean. Francis Drake was the first to cross its threshold. The distance from the city to the ocean is not more than five or six miles, yet in spite of its vicinity, the ocean remains invisible. The population is about 170,000, including several thousands of Chinamen residing in the Chinese quarter. When ceded to the United States, it had only four or five buildings which could be called houses, but soon, as if by magic, it sprang into a canvas town; the harbor, which was rarely plowed, save only by some solitary Mexican cutter, was crowded with shipping, and from that date the city has been constantly growing in wealth and importance. Like Rome, the most part of the primitive inhabitants of San Francisco (the Indians and Mexicans excepted), as a general rule, were vagabonds; the scum of nearly every nation ran thither as adventurers, after the discovery of the gold. They fought with each other as much as with the wild beasts for the soil. Incessant struggles and daily strifes form the history of the first five or six years of the existence of this new town, which consisted of but two streets, lined with huts of wood and canvas; gambling tables, houses of bad fame without end, and three or four larger buildings used for stores. While there existed but four or five inns or public houses, perpetual orgies in the mines, strife, murders, and assassinations were the order of the day. Blood flowed on all sides. Imprecations, oaths, the most profane and sacrilegious swearing, shocked the very rocks of that virgin country. In a word, it was a hell upon earth. During this period a good number of decent people, especially from the

Northern States, had emigrated thither. These people determined to put a stop to this devilish anarchy, and with a view to the good work, established the famous *Vigilance Committee*. Every man who had committed a murder was brought before the Committee, and hanged on the first tree. This warning acted like magic with the desperadoes. The Committee proved to be a good medicine, and San Francisco after a little, became a perfectly quiet, respectable town. The members of the Vigilance Committee dissolved themselves to give place to regularly constituted tribunals.

The climate is dry and healthy, with a moderate temperature. The coast breeze begins at eleven A.M. One drawback is the frequent earthquakes. A sea wall sixty-five feet wide has been constructed at a cost of three millions of dollars. Market Street cuts the town in two, the best houses lying toward Mission Bay, on the south. Half of the town is perched on the flank of the mountain—that is, on the steep incline of a granite rock covered with a thick bed of gravel and sand, which when stirred by winds, render the city almost unbearable on account of the dust. The houses, with very few exceptions, are all built of wood. There are many large warehouses, stores, theaters (two Chinese), drinking-saloons, and music-halls. One evening strolling alone through a principal street, I heard some music, and reading in large letters over the door of the building the words, "Music Hall," I imagined I was to witness a fine performance. I entered the building; no ticket was requested. The very thin audience appeared to me very strange, and their behavior still stranger till I took a seat. A fancy girl placed a chair next to mine, as if to keep me company. Shortly after, she requested me to take a drink with her. At once I understood that I was in a wrong pew, and I left her, intensely disgusted

There are from forty to fifty churches, fifteen of them Catholic, and two joss-houses. Sixty newspapers (eight daily). Good markets, with abundant fruits and vegetables. The native wines are excellent, strong, spark-

MISSION CHURCH—SAN FRANCISCO.

ling, and cheap, except at the hotels, where the charges are very high. This extortion I have found in nearly every hotel everywhere, especially if you call for foreign wines. The hotels at San Francisco are good and rea-

sonable. At the very best you pay three gold dollars, everything included; there is no extra charge of any kind, except for wines and liquors. For this they give you an excellent room, food of the very best quality and well cooked. This I paid at the Occidental Hotel. For five dollars you may have a magnificent apartment with a drawing-room, well warmed. Miners and people not very particular about elegance, find excellent board and lodging for half a dollar a day.

With Cols. Black and Tobin, and other friends, I visited the city, making a special inspection of every department of the Mint, where I found the officers very obliging in explaining the process of purifying, melting, and weighing the gold; how it was made in bars, and subsequently manufactured into coins. I was invited to celebrate Mass in several churches, and to visit several institutions. I admired very much St. Ignatius College, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, where I dined several times; but I could not accept all their hospitality because I had many other friends at the Occidental Hotel who were to be my companions in my voyage through the Pacific Ocean, Oceanica, and Polynesia. I was very anxious to see the venerable old missionary, Rev. M. R. Accolti, S. J., the founder of St. Ignatius College in this city.

With regard to the Chinese, they are a class of hard-working people, industrious, excellent gardeners, and faithful servants. The cause of the extraordinary hatred against them is nothing but a question of dollars and cents. The Chinamen are content with less wages than the lower class of other nations, and are better workmen. All those in want of hands naturally employ them, for they work for half the wages demanded by other help. They are very intelligent and possess some degree of education. On board the steamers of the Pacific Steamship Company, the sailors, and oftentimes

the cooks and waiters, are Chinese. I have more than once gone through the Chinese quarter in San Francisco without any danger, and without observing any strife, although late in the evening and alone. With regard to the houses of ill-fame, the streets where these unfortunates live are occupied not only by Chinese, but also by Canadians and English-speaking people.

I secured one of the best state-rooms on the *City of New York*—a large, fine American steamer of the Australian line. This is a new four-week mail service of the Pacific Mail Company. The fare for cabin passengers is $200 gold, all included, except wines. These steamers, for size, comfort, and elegance, are by far superior to those that cross the Atlantic. The ships of the Australian line, which, for thousands of miles, have to sail through the tropics, are built expressly for the navigation of warm climates, having regard for ventilation not only in the cabin, but also for each state-room. In the passage-ticket there is this express agreement, that if some contagious disease breaks out during the voyage, the passenger or passengers so attacked must be left at the first stopping-place at the passenger's expense, the voyage to be resumed in one of the company's vessels. Time, 25 days to New Zealand, 28 to Sydney. Distance to Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands, 2,200 miles; to the Fiji Islands, 2,900 miles; to Sydney, Australia, 2,100; total distance from San Francisco to Sydney, 7,200 miles; to Auckland, New Zealand, via Fiji Islands, 6,000 miles; to Port Chalmers, via Auckland, in New Zealand, 31 days; average speed, 11 knots.

At San Francisco, in addition to this line, there is a semi-monthly steamer for Japan and Hong-Kong, and another semi-monthly for Panama and the Mexican coast. Steamers also sail for British Columbia and Alaska.

I made my last visit to the Jesuit College. I took leave of my old, good friend Father Accolti,* who, having spent many years among the Indians of Oregon, went to California and laid the foundations of the colleges in that State at Santa Clara and San Francisco.

I sent my luggage to the steamer on the eve of our departure, and we were notified that the *New York* would sail at 9 A.M. The next day, Wednesday, the 13th of September, I was on board the *New York* at an early hour, in company with several Australian and English gentlemen who were with me at the Occidental Hotel, and with whom I was already on terms of comparative intimacy. From the deck we could perceive the activity of the crew hurrying up the passengers' luggage, the officers and first-class passengers arranging their state-rooms, valises, and traveling-bags. The steward and other subordinate officers busy with the steerage passengers. The smoke from the steamer's funnel told us that the hour of departure was approaching. On the wharf the scene was most interesting. An immense and thick crowd, not of idlers and vacant spectators, but of relations and friends of the passengers, thronged around the gangway. You could see warm tears flowing from red and sparkling eyes, hand clasping hand; all this mingled with good wishes, "safe passage," "God speed," and such like expressions, and all tending to increase the solemnity of the embarkation on so long and so distant a voyage. "*The Mail!*" Piles of mail-bags were brought in a number of double-team wagons. The bags were marked, *Sandwich Islands* (Honolulu), *Samoa*, *Fidjii*, *New Zealand*, *Van Dieman's Land*, *Sydney*, etc.

* This eminent and laborious missionary died at San Francisco on the 4th of November, 1878.

THE EMBARKATION.

Here the scene took a new and increased animation. Clasps of hands, kisses, good-byes, and white handkerchiefs wiping tears. Just at 9 A.M. the mail was got in. "All aboard!" cried an officer in a distinct, loud voice. The cables were ordered off from the moorings. While some of the crew were pulling on board the steps, platforms, "*Hold on! hold on!*" was heard from the wharf in a stout, clamorous tone. "*Hold on!* A basket easy deck-chair for his excellency Mr. King, Prime Minister of Honolulu." A tall, slab-sided man, holding with both hands, over his head, a long basket-chair, was hurrying his way to the wharf through an immense crowd. From hand to hand the chair flew on deck, and the *New York*, having fired a cannon, left the Pacific Mail Company's pier amid acclamations and the waving of the handkerchiefs of the multitude on land, and of the passengers and crew on board.

The sky was clear, which afforded us a fine opportunity of enjoying a full view of the bay; and we flattered ourselves that we were about to have a pleasant passage. In one hour we were crossing the *Golden Gate*, and I commenced to feel the effect of the undulation of the waves, indicating a rough sea outside. Thick, heavy clouds, shrouding the tops of the mountains, announced a battle with the elements. To this gloom add the sandy hills rising nearly perpendicularly from the sea, and the brown wooden houses. The melancholy feelings at my heart were on the increase. San Francisco, as viewed from the sea, offers no charming or flattering aspect. The Cliff House, over whose three rocks birds and seals find a favorite sporting ground, was the last point of land visible: but long before it had sunk on the horizon, I had disappeared from the deck. I was very sick from my old complaint—the sea-sickness—so I went to bed.

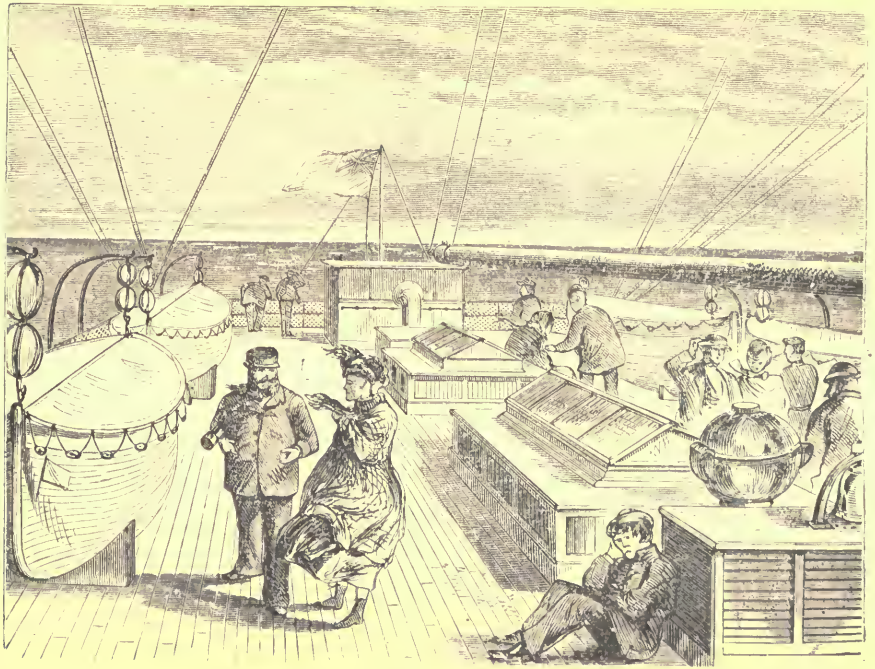
The billows gradually swelled to mountains; the steamer commenced to pitch tremendously; nearly all the passengers silently retired to their state-rooms. I could plainly hear the efforts of the sea-sick passengers as they paid unwilling tribute to Neptune; and soon, but against my consent, I was obliged to join in this very disagreeable and painful operation and its deathlike pangs. No person can understand the feelings of the unfortunate sea-sick wretch, except those who have experienced it. He becomes indifferent, entirely apathetic, unconcerned, even if the boat was going to sink to the bottom, and what is worse, he finds no sympathy. They say "it is nothing, only sea-sickness," and sometimes they even laugh at him. I sent for the second steward, a fine and obliging Irishman, who offered to do anything for me, but nothing could help me. I had no desire for anything. Everything increased my nausea.

The *New York* had a covered corridor all round the vessel outside the state-rooms, with the view to ventilating them by the windows, which opened on it. In the first sleepless night I went to the end of this corridor, but I could not stand on my feet, and I tried to hurry back, crawling on all-fours terribly sea-sick the while. Through mistake and in the darkness, I went into a wrong state-room, and crept into a berth, which I found occupied, but I insisted that it was mine, and claimed it, too soon to discover my mistake. I apologized, and crawled to my own state-room, moving on hands and feet, and miserably ill all the time. In the morning I discovered that I had put on some of the clothing belonging to the gentleman of the other state-room, into which I had gone by mistake, while he retained some of my wearing apparel. I also exchanged one shoe.

During the long, sleepless night I was in torture. I began to ask myself, How can I possibly bear these pangs of death for one month? I was angry against myself that in an evil hour I had consented to undertake such a long sea-voyage, knowing how bad a sailor I was. But I was under the impression, that this being the Pacific Ocean, it was not liable to those storms which render the Atlantic a continuation of storms and heavy swells. Reflecting upon this subject, despite my respect due to that famous Portuguese navigator, Fernando Magellan, I was vexed against him for having given the name of *Pacific* to this ocean, so remarkable for the fury of its storms and the agitation of its waters. It is true that Magellan had experienced a prevalence of calms, and on account of this circumstance styled it the Pacific Ocean, but by no means does it deserve this title.

Thinking that I could not survive the nausea of such a long sea-voyage, I resolved to stop at Honolulu, which we were to reach in eight days, and return to San Francisco by the steamer expected back from *Kandawa* (Fiji Islands). While revolving this happy thought in my mind, I went to sleep, and in the morning I felt better and refreshed. The sea had abated; the wind had changed. I was informed that yesterday we had met the end of a north-east monsoon. We had reached longitude 127°, 52′, west; latitude 35°, 11′, running 290 miles. Having taken some refreshment in my bed, I dressed and went on deck; from thence I scanned, as far as the eye could reach, the extensive Pacific Ocean, whose crisp and dying waves were intensely blue. Not only did large-sized gulls follow the wake of the ship, dashing to the water to pick up some refuse of food thrown away by the cook, but they fluttered above the deck.

The next day the weather was beautiful; we felt comfortable, and had leisure to become acquainted with each other. The name of the captain was J. M. Caverly, an accomplished gentleman and navigator, a native of Belfast in the State of Maine, U. S. A., and the other officers were equally competent and gentlemanlike. The crew were all Chinese, but the servants, cooks, and waiters were Americans and Europeans. But what a fine company of first-class passengers! There were Italians, Germans, Russians, Englishmen, Australians, New Zealanders, and Sandwich Islanders, besides the Americans. The first-class passengers were eighty-six, including a good number of ladies. There were merchants, land-owners, journalists, circus agents, musicians, and two opera companies. You may imagine what a fine time we had. Every evening there was a concert, and among the tropics under a tropical sky, either shining with a moonlight, or brightened by the *Southern Cross*, the *Ship*, and other antarctic constellations, we enjoyed the exquisite singing and music, which on deck had a peculiarly magical effect from its reverberations over a calm ocean. Our daily routine was, early in the morning, a bath, at least for those who desired it; then a cup of coffee, and a walk in *déshabillé* on deck, in order to take the morning fresh air, which is very necessary, and thoroughly appreciated in a tropical climate. Dress at nine for breakfast. After breakfast, chatting, walking, reading, and such like. Nearly every day I had a number of passengers around me, requesting explanations upon some point of the Catholic religion, generally some dogma; sometimes my explanations taking the form of a lecture lasting for one and occasionally two hours, when I admired the patience and earnestness with which my audience listened, and at least appeared convinced at my arguments, especially



QUARTER-DECK AT SEA.

when the subject was some controversy. Many assured me of their desire of embracing the Catholic religion. This naturally afforded me a good appetite for the luncheon which was ready at one P.M. After lunch we spent these very hot parts of the day in reading under double awnings, or taking a *siesta*, or reading in the state-room. Dinner at six P.M., then recreation in the hall, or on deck, but nearly every night there was a free concert, sometimes in costume, either in the recreation hall or on deck.

CHAPTER VI.

SANDWICH ISLANDS—HONOLULU—FIRE ALARM—CROSSING THE LINE—CROSSING THE SUN—NAVIGATORS' ISLANDS—MEETING STEAMER "CITY OF SYDNEY"—KANDAWA—FIJI ISLANDS—AUSTRALIA.

EXCEPT the first day, the weather was beautiful, and we enjoyed the passage immensely in the company of such social and jovial passengers. One of these was very talkative and frantic on the subject of temperance, that kind of temperance forced by the so-called Maine Liquor Law. He was an Englishman. He had been some time in Salt Lake City, and was said to be agent of a large Society endeavoring to purchase an extensive tract of land for the Society. He was suspected of being a Mormon agent anxious to acquire some island or part of one, to be settled by the Mormons. His destination was New Zealand. A number of passengers in jest asked the captain to persuade this temperance apostle to deliver a lecture. This request was complied with. Although nearly all the first-class passengers made use of wines or ale at meal-time, yet all were very temperate, in the proper meaning of temperance. The subject of the lecture was not popular, and as he delivered it (the evening before our arrival at Honolulu), many of the younger and more jovial passengers were engaged in drinking champagne, wine, and ale for show. The lecturer saw the fun, but too late, and scarcely relished it.

We expected to see land early in the morning of the 21st of September, and at two A.M. we were in sight of one of the Sandwich Islands, but as the shades of night

were upon us, we could not well observe the promised land. At five A.M. we were in the harbor of Honolulu. As the entrance is very intricate, it is necessary to take a pilot several miles from land. The pilot came in a catamaran, a kind of canoe or float made of three pieces of wood lashed together. After our long voyage the Sandwich Islands presented an enchanting scene. The variety of tropical trees, the luxuriant vegetation, either in the gardens or in the fields, and the beauty of the flower-gardens so tastefully arranged, gave me the impression that I was in the land of fairies. At the wharf a large crowd of Honolulans assembled to tender a respectful and hearty reception to Hon. Mr. King, the Honolulan minister, who, with his wife, a native of this island and a near relation (a daughter, I think) of King Kalakaua, was returning from Washington, D. C., where he had concluded a treaty of commerce between America and the Sandwich Islands. The King had sent his state carriage for the conveyance of the distinguished passengers, who, followed by an enormous crowd, drove into the city. This occasion afforded me a favorable opportunity of seeing the natives and their costumes, which are like the Europeans, or, I should rather say, like the North American Indians dressed like the Europeans, except that the women, without exception, wear a loose light gown resembling a chemise. Although this is not a graceful manner of dressing, it seems admirably adapted to the warm climate. They were all bareheaded.

The real name of the Sandwich Islands is *Hawaiian Islands*, but they were named *Sandwich* after Lord Sandwich, who invented that pleasant combination of bread, mustard, and ham—called after his name. This group or chain of fifteen islands, connected by coral banks, were discovered by Captain Cook, in 1778. The

population at that time was estimated to be 400,000, but at present it hardly reaches 63,000, including Americans, English, Portuguese, Chinese, etc. The diminution is owing partly to the desolating wars of Tamehameha's reign, partly to pestilences brought in by foreign vessels, but still more to the bad management of English Protestant missionaries, who exact unreasonable strait-lacedness from the inhabitants. They forbid them to sing, play, dance, or to enjoy other native innocent amusements sweet to their nature as the breath of life. The islanders were put under such restraint that they became melancholy and discontented. This with other causes made them pine away very rapidly. Some natives of the Fiji Islands when I was in Kandaua, answering to my questions said: "We are dying away very fast; unless these missionaries go away (meaning the same kind of English Protestants) we will soon die. We are not allowed to sing, dance, play, or take any recreation. We can not live without these things . . . . ." etc. And indeed as soon as those missionaries were expelled or went away, and Catholic missionaries took their place, the native population of the Sandwich Islands increased very considerably. Extending between lat. 18° 50′ to 22° 20′ N., the climate is warm, but healthy. The winter is marked only by the prevalence of heavy rains between December and March. The total superficial extent is about 6,000 square miles, lying about one-third of the distance between Mexico and China. Most of these islands as well as of the Polynesian Islands, which stud the Pacific, are volcanic or coral in their origin, or both together; that is, a lofty volcano springs up from the bottom, and a coral reef is gradually built round it. In the Sandwich Islands some volcanoes are in activity. Several of the summits are of great height. Mount Mouna Roa, and

Mount Mouna Kea, are the loftiest, and estimated to be about 15,000 feet high. However, some estimate the volcano Mauna Roa (or Loa), at 13,120 feet.

Capt. Cook found no animals except a small species of hog, dog, and a sort of rat; but this human discoverer introduced goats, hogs, poultry, and a great variety of fruits, which have since multiplied over the Pacific Islands. He has rendered the Sandwich Islands very convenient to whalers, where a great quantity and variety of provisions are always to be found—sugar, coffee, rice, pork, hides, tallow, wool, salt, cocoanut oil, limes, pumpkins, arrowroot, yams, sweet potatoes, bread-fruit, plantains, etc. The favorite fruit of the natives is the *taro* root, which when used is baked. Pearl-shells are also found in these waters.

Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands and the residence of the King, is on Woahoo (or Oahu) Island, and contains 14,850 inhabitants, including all foreigners. It lays under the Oahu volcano, a convenient place for whalers and other vessels. The streets are narrow, crooked, and unpaved. Except the Government house, the King's palace, one hotel, and a few exceptions, the other houses are but one story, and by no means elegant in architecture, except in the suburbs, which have neat and imposing villas, ornamented with fine walks, sided by bright flowers and shade-trees.

While others of the party went in carriages through the country, and to the volcano Oahu, I went to see the bishop, Rt. Rev. Louis Maigret –a saintly, venerable-looking man, who had passed over twenty-five years on these islands. Although in the seventy-second year of his age, he was just returning from an island of this group, where he had administered the sacrament of confirmation to a number of lepers, who are confined exclusively there, and where no other people are allowed

to reside. A French priest has sacrificed himself by residing on the island in order to administer to the afflicted outcasts there.

The saintly bishop wanted me to say Mass and stop with him, but I was obliged to decline the kindly invitation. I was not fasting, and I wanted to see the city. I received from him much valuable information about the natives, their habits, language, and religion. He brought me to the church, where I was very much edified to see one of the missionaries explaining in their language the *catechism* to some three or four hundred native children, boys and girls, who squatted on the floor, and who, with great attention and respect, were answering the questions of the missionary. There are seventy Catholic churches and twenty-four priests in the Sandwich Islands. There are also some Sisters conducting schools amongst the natives.

The largest island of this group is Owyhee (or Huahai or Hawaii), to the south-east, a beautiful island of lava, 4,000 square miles in extent. In Katakokooa Bay (Captain Cook's Bay), on this island, the famous geographer was murdered on his second visit and third voyage, 14th of February, 1779. He was in the act of commanding his men, engaged in battle with the natives, to return to the ship, and having his back turned to the hostiles, an arrow wounded him mortally; they took away his body, but were subsequently forced to surrender it. Next to this is Maui (Mowee) Island, 600 square miles; Oahu (Woahoo), 520 square miles, where Honolulu is; Tauai (Atooi), 525 square miles. The others are smaller. There are no poisonous reptiles excepting a few small centipedes.

I visited the Parliament House, ornamented with the life-size portraits of *Kamehameha* (or Tamehameha), and of the king *Rihoriho* with his queen, dressed as En-

glish sovereigns. They both died in England. The likeness of his brother, *Kauikeaouli*, and that of the regent queen-mother, *Kaaumanu*. There is a good museum and library, which, with great courtesy, is shown to strangers. I entered several houses of the natives, whom I found kind, and of an open countenance. They took me to their plantations, explaining the manner of cultivation and irrigation. The favorite *taro* plant was raised very extensively. It has leaves like the water-lily, and large, thick, oblong roots, which require constant irrigation.

It was very warm. Cold drinks could not be had. There was no ice, and the machine for making it was out of order. Soda-water, without ice, soon became disgusting. A gentleman gave me orange-cider, that is, cider made from oranges, which are very abundant in this region, but I found it anything but agreeable. Meeting a German gentleman and a Russian lady, my fellow-passengers, exhausted from the heat, the lady somewhat sun-struck, I took them to the nearest kind of a saloon, but failed to obtain any sort of refreshment for them.

The natives, in general, are well-formed, and above the middle stature, with fine muscular limbs and open countenances, inquisitive and intelligent. Their disposition is mild and gentle, although previously to the abolition of their idolatrous religion, the practice of sacrificing human victims prevailed amongst them. Their color is reddish-olive, and their hair black; they much resemble our northern native Americans. Their language is a dialect of the language spoken by the inhabitants of the Society Islands, and I think generally by the South Pacific Islands, and I believe it has somewhat of an affinity with our Indian languages. I found several words similar to the Algonquin. I left the

Sandwich Islands with a very favorable impression of the people and their country.

The Honolulu Minister had brought the United States ratification of the commercial treaty. A great feast was proclaimed for that evening. A grand procession and illumination was to take place, then speeches and supper at the Hall. An English man-of-war was in port, and all the officers and crew were invited to join in the procession and grand demonstration, while the band was to accompany them. Of course we were all invited, but Captain Caverly had already fixed the hour of sailing at 5 P.M., and punctually at that moment the *New York* left the wharf of Honolulu.

We were now navigating toward the southern hemisphere, and the heat was increasing in proportion as we approached the line, but, thanks to the trade-winds which fanned us, we did not experience that stifling, sultry atmosphere so much dreaded by navigators of the torrid zone. We had been four days out of Honolulu, and were rapidly approaching the line, lat. 3° 3′ N., long. 165° 43′ W. After luncheon, about 3 P.M., the hottest part of the day, when many of the passengers had retired for a *siesta*, while others were reading in a cool corner of the cabin, a loud and long shrieking whistle of the engine was heard, which brought nearly all the passengers to the door of their state-rooms, anxiously demanding, "What is that? What is the matter?" "Fire-alarm!!" was the reply. This was enough to hurry everybody on deck, where we found all the pumps at work, and floods of water rushing in every direction, while the officers and crew were taking their position near the eight life-boats, to which the stewards were carrying provisions. There was no confusion. The captain, standing very coolly at his post, gave the sign to lower and man the boats, which was

done in a moment. We affrightedly demanded, "Where is the fire?" "There is no fire," was the reply from an officer; "it is only a practice." This changed our terror into laughter.

Next day we expected to cross the line. The steerage passengers requested the captain to give them permission to go through that famous old-fashioned performance, which once was so strictly observed when a ship crossed the line. The captain consented to their request, provided that nobody would take umbrage at the horse play. Even among the first-class passengers there was an idea entertained of performing the usual ceremonies; but as nearly every one declared that they had crossed the line at other times, and as it is only those who for the first time cross the line who are shaved by Neptune, or pay a fine, the first-class passengers left the matter with those of the steerage.

The performance consists of the following: On the eve of the crossing of the line a great splashing and dashing of water is made and heard on deck to make believe that Neptune has come on board and taken possession of the ship. Next day a sailor dressed like Neptune with the trident in his hand goes on deck and places himself in a prominent place, and summons the captain, officers, and all passengers to appear before him. He first questions the captain about the ship, tonnage, quantity and quality of cargo, whether insured, etc., place of sailing, destination, etc., number of sailors, passengers, etc.; then whether it is the first time of crossing the line. If the captain says that he has crossed the line at other times, he is let go; but if it be the first time, he is ordered to be shaved by Neptune's companions or pay a fine to the sea god, which seldom ranges under five dollars, which the captain is very glad to pay to get rid of trouble. Now all offi-

cers and passengers go through the same routine, and are fined in proportion to their means, but seldom so high as five dollars, unless they are wealthy. If some person who has never crossed the line before refuses to pay the fine which Neptune imposes on him, he is delivered into the hands of his tormentors to be shaved, which performance is executed on deck by some of the crew in a kind of room made of canvas and covered with another canvas full of water, which, when the shaving operation is over, suddenly opens on him and he becomes deluged, and left to extricate himself in the best manner he can. This is generally taken in good humor, which is the wisest way to take it, but sometimes it is attended with brawls and fights. A wealthy English gentleman related to me that when he crossed the line for the first time they had determined to shave him, but he had protested that he would not let them do it even at the cost of his life. The day before the crossing of the line he offered and paid five dollars for his fine that he should not be shaved, yet notwithstanding this, they were determined to shave him, while he was as equally resolved not to be shaved; and he was so firm in this resolve, that foreseeing trouble and even murder, he wrote a letter to his mother in England, to be sent to her after his death. On the day of the crossing of the line he was ordered by Neptune to be shaved. He protested again, and called on the captain for protection, claiming that having paid the fine, he was not liable to be shaved. But the captain seemed not to be disposed to interfere. When followed by some of the crew, he ran into the cabin and locked himself in, and drawing two revolvers, threatened to shoot anybody who would attempt to seize him. The sailors being unable to force the door, one of them attempted to enter through the window. The gentleman, however,

presented the revolver at his head, determined to shoot; but here the captain interfered.

Wednesday, September 27th, we crossed the line at 6 A.M., long. 167° 7′ west. It was very strange to see the water, which till now was running toward the north, change its direction southward. The sea-water had attained a heat as high as eighty-two degrees of Fahrenheit. On steamers navigating under the tropics, the officers are obliged to record three times a day the degree of heat existing on deck, in the cabin, and in the hold; likewise they must record three times every day the heat of the sea-water, which is done by taking a pail of it, and placing the thermometer in it. The captain once a day inspects all the state-rooms.

Next day, September 28th, that is, at midnight, we crossed the sun, which having crossed the equator at the autumnal equinox, and being in *libra*, was some degrees south of the line. Sun observations having been taken at noon, it was found that we were already three degrees south of the sun, lat. 5° 20′ south, long. 168° 31′ west. A great number of albatrosses, the largest sea-bird ever found, gulls of gigantic size, and having two long slim feathers on the small tail, and some other strange birds, were indications that we were surrounded by desert islands and had entered the Polynesian Archipelagoes. We passed a small island which the captain said was not marked on the navigation-maps. The Pacific Ocean is not well surveyed; hence the navigation is dangerous, not only on this account, but also for the many different currents, in addition to the coral islands, which are continually forming. The Company has already lost one of its steamers about this locality. In lat. 9° 43′ south, and long. 169° 58′ west, about midnight we passed very close to a brigantine having no light. Who was to be blamed if the *New*

York had run through her? Thanks to the watchfulness of our efficient officers who discovered it in time, a frightful catastrophe was avoided.

On the 29th September, in the evening, we passed an island called "*Gente Hermosa.*" It was so named on account of the inhabitants, who are stout and well formed. In general, it must be said of the natives of the Society Islands, of the Navigators' Islands, and of several other groups of the South Pacific Ocean, that they are well formed and even handsome.

Next day, September 30th, we passed very close to the *Sawai* (or *Samoa*) Island, one of the beautiful and fertile Navigators' Islands. This cluster of about ten islands, discovered by Bougainville in 1768, is north-east of the Friendly Islands, between lat. 13° and 15° south, and long. 168° and 173° west. The vegetation is very rich, and the islands abound in cocoa, bread-fruit, bananas, and domestic animals. The natives are numerous, well formed, industrious, but treacherous and ferocious. The day was extremely warm, on account of the land-air—sea-water eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit; heat in the shade, ninety-four degrees. The steamer rounded the north-west promontory, thus giving us an opportunity of seeing two sides of this island. We were delighted with the freshness and charms of the Samoa Islands. We could see the natives walking on the sea-shore under the cocoanut-trees, and in their houses, which were nothing else but long and wide huts covered with brushes and leaves. The surf was rising very high, breaking upon the coral reefs which surround this island, as it does all the islands of the South Pacific Ocean. Samoa is 80 miles long and 4,000 feet above the sea-level. The island had long passed out of sight, but the wake of the ship was followed by a large number of sea-birds of different kinds.

It was calm moonlight, the placid south-hemisphere westward current gently crisped the surface of the sea, and the ship furrowing a phosphorescent ocean left an illuminated wake. Most of us were on deck to enjoy the fanning of our faces by the current of air caused by the rapid course of the steamer, and contemplating the four bright stars of the Southern Cross—a constellation indicated by two other bright stars called "*The Pointers*," which are in a direct line with the Southern Cross. On a sudden we discovered to westward, blue lights, and soon after rockets, a sign of the presence of some ship. Our steamer answered the signals. It was the *City of Sydney*, a steamer of the same line returning from Australia. The two steamers passed very close and exchanged news. "All well!" . . . . "All right!" . . . . In about fifteen minutes hardly any sign of the *City of Sydney* could be discerned, and it was with great reluctance that we retired to our state-rooms.

Sunday, Oct. 1st, I was requested to hold service and preach, but as I was somewhat sea-sick, I did neither. In the morning we passed a wild and uninhabited island about latitude 16° 36′ S. and longitude 175° 17′ W. We passed some of the Fiji Islands, and late in the evening we struck the 180th degree of longitude. It is in this moment that navigators settle their reckoning with earth and sun, and we have to skip one day, that is, from Monday, Oct. 2d, we pass to Wednesday, the 4th, suppressing Tuesday, the 3d. It is the reverse for boats coming from west to east. They gain one day when they reach the 180th degree of longitude; they repeat the day of the week and month. Many of our passengers could not understand this, and others would not believe it. At dinner-time I jocosely asked the first officer, who had charge of reckoning the longitude, latitude, and the run of the ship, "Mr. N.,

why did you not rather skip Friday than Tuesday?" The officer tried to give an explanation, which was not considered satisfactory, but the Catholics, who were rather numerous, laughed heartily at my joke.

A great many of the passengers asked me, "How can this be, to lose a day; and then, why just at this point and at no other?" The equator is divided into 360 degrees. The equator is again divided into two semi-circles, each exactly of 180 degrees—one called East, the other West. Navigators reckon the starting-point from the meridian passing through the astronomical observatory at Greenwich, England. Now, here we are 180 degrees west of Greenwich, and 180 degrees east of the same. Reckoning both east and west, we have the entire circle; or we are 12 hours east of Greenwich and 12 hours west of the same. Reckoning both, we have 24 hours, a full day, which must be skipped. If we continue the voyage westward to Greenwich we lose nothing more, because the 12 hours have already been reckoned in crossing the 180th degree of longitude. Traveling westward, besides the 24 hours per day, we have some minutes besides, which, in a very long voyage, amount to several hours, which sometime or other must be deducted. The deduction is made at longitude 180°, whence we deduct an entire day, that is reckoning from 180° E., then again from 1° W. to 180° W. The reverse in going eastward. We truly lose some minutes every day. Thus, if from long. 180° we go eastward, when we reach the meridian of Greenwich we have lost 12 hours. If we continue still eastward, in reaching the 180th degree of longitude, we have lost full 24 hours, which, reckoned in the 180th degree of long. east, leaves to our credit one entire day, hence the gaining of one day.

If the captain of the steamer of this line reaches

Kandawa before the contract time, he receives from the company, I think, £1 per each hour which is in advance of the fixed time; and a very handsome premium per day, if he reaches the place one day before the contract time. Our captain could have done it very easily by forcing steam, as we were making very good way, but he preferred to arrive at the appointed time, rather than

FIJI KIA COLA.

to earn the premium. Early Wednesday morning, exactly at the tabulated hour, we sighted Kandawa (or *Lakemba*) Island, in the eastern group of this very extensive archipelago.

There is no harbor, no wharf, and no pilot; but the boat stops in a cove, close to a very small native village. The reason why the steamer for Sydney calls here, is in

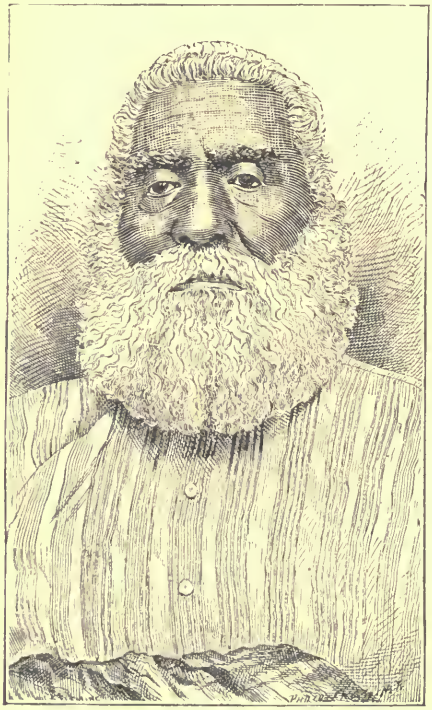
order to meet the other boat of the same line which waits here for the arrival of that from San Francisco. She then receives the mail, freight, and passengers for New Zealand, starting immediately for Auckland. The *Australia* was waiting for some days. The *City of New York* steered close to her, and commenced to tranship the New Zealand cargo and passengers. A Fijian came in a *catamaran*,* climbed the steamer, and placed himself at the top of the gangway. We all pressed aft to have a sight of him. He was perfectly naked, with the exception of a narrow belt fastened at the loins. His color was black, the hair of a black yellow, and although approaching to wool, it was harsh, stiff, and about half a foot long; but it was erect. The hair is rendered hideous, stiff, and of a disgusting color by a preparation made with lime. His face was ferocious. He held in his hand a very large knife approaching the form and size of a butcher-knife, but longer and more slender; the form and size appeared to me like a dagger used in the middle ages. The children were afraid of him. I heard a little girl, in a piteous voice, asking him, "Will you eat me?" He only gave a wild smile. I took another little girl up to him and exclaimed: "Take this one and make a good supper of her this evening." She ran away and hid.

The Fiji (or Fejee) group, number from two to three hundred islands with coral reefs, and are divided by some into three clusters; by others, with better propriety, into seven, resting on volcanoes. They extend between latitude 15° and 20° south, and longitude 177° and 178° west. They were first seen by Tasman in 1643, and

* The catamaran of the Fijian is a canoe made from a log, and very narrow. To this are fastened logs from one to two yards apart, according to the size of the canoe, which scarcely touch the water, but they balance the canoe.

annexed to England in 1874; but now they are officially declared to be a part of Australia, and attached to the New South Wales Colony.

On board the steamer at Kandawa I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Thurston, the Auditor-General at



KING OF THE FIJI ISLANDS.

Fiji, and who was formerly British Consul in Fiji. He is a gentleman of high education and learning, and kindly afforded me valuable information regarding these islands and their natives. The population once was about two hundred thousand, but now it hardly reaches

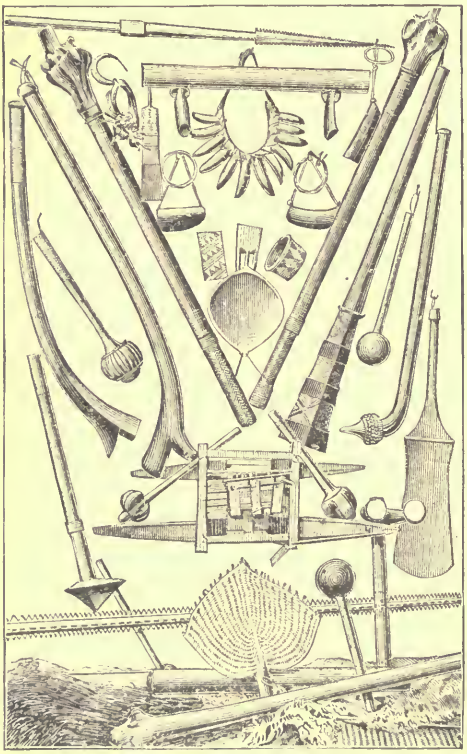
one hundred thousand. Many thousands were carried off by measles, brought thither by some of the native chiefs.

A native officer here in Kandawa told me: "We will soon perish unless these missionaries (the Wesleyan) go away. They forbid us everything; we can not play, dance, sing, or do anything for our recreation. We can not live without these things. We do not want this kind of missionaries. Many of our children died away, and others are sickly and will soon die. We were by far better before these missionaries came here." It is the same complaint that I heard in the Sandwich Islands and from other places of the South Pacific.

There are about two thousand whites, mostly residing at Levùcka, the capital (or *Ovalau*), an island at the center of the group, eight by seven miles, in front of a fine harbor and the coaling place. It is the seat of the Governor and other officials, and the residence of the former native king, *Cakabau* or *Thakambau* or *Kakombau*. The area is seven thousand square miles, of which six thousand are in the great islands of *Viti-Levu* and *Vanua-Levu*. The two largest, the *Great Fiji* and another, are eighty-seven miles by fifty-seven miles, and one hundred miles by twenty-five miles, rising from four thousand to five thousand feet above the sea. The scenery is grand and rich. The climate, although tropical, is moderate and fine. The temperature ranges from 80° to 85°, Fahrenheit. The islands are often hilly and fertile. They produce an abundance of wild lemons and a species of very large orange called *Pomolò*; by the English, named *Shadock*, from Captain Shadock, who first brought it from the East Indies. They produce also bread-fruit, banana, plantain, arrow-root, sugar, nutmeg, capsicum, a little tea and coffee, excellent cotton, raised by laborers from the New Hebrides, to-

bacco, cocoanut-oil, sea-slug, tortoise, pearl-shell, and an intoxicating plant called *cava*, from which the native drink is brewed.

A number of natives, of different ages, and of both sexes, approached in *catamarans*, but they were not



FIJI CURIOSITIES.

allowed to come on board; yet they amused the passengers, who flung some copper coins into the sea, for which the natives plunged in, adroitly catching the coin, sometimes even before the money reached the

bottom. The men jumped from the *catamarans* into the water, but the women first put the back of their heads in, and threw themselves into it. They were very anxious to have some biscuit, old ragged clothes, shoes, etc., which they exchanged for shells and fruits. For one biscuit they gave me a basket of wild-lemons and two *pomolòcs*. The biscuits were devoured at once, and the clothes put on immediately. It was really a ludicrous sight to see a native putting on an old waistcoat, minus pants or shirt; another dressing in ragged pantaloons or coat, without shirt or any other covering. Nor were they particular as to toilet or fashion. The stature of the Fijians is high. They are cannibals, very ferocious, and dreaded by their neighbors. The natives, however, consist of two races; one of fierce, mixed Malay blood; the other soft and gentle, like the Sandwich Islanders.

The captain very prudently took every precaution to prevent passengers from going on shore. Yet several went, and among them myself. On shore there were some houses, or large huts, like those of the Navigators Islands, and likewise covered with brushes and leaves, the south side being open, without doors or windows. In the company of a friend, I approached one, in which there were men, women, and children, and we saw another man, armed in the same fashion as that native officer that came to the steamer. We refused to enter it. Some then made signs to us to go with them into the woods; we declined that invitation. We informed another armed man that we were desirous of beholding the natives climbing some cocoanut-trees that were adjacent. Immediately he called two natives, who brought us to some very tall cocoanut-trees, which they climbed with speed and without difficulty, pulling some nuts which they cast down. They

descended in the same easy manner. We gave them a shilling apiece, and told them to put the nuts into the skiff, and having given another shilling to the armed native (who was perhaps some officer), we made our way to the landing. *En route* we saw the cottage of the physician and of another English officer, kept there by the Government. They were both absent. These cottages were surrounded by a veranda. At Levùcka there is a Fiji banking company, and a newspaper, the *Fiji Times*.

The New Zealand freight having been all transhipped, both steamers were ready to start; the *Australia* for Auckland (New Zealand), the *New York* for Sydney (Australia). I had the choice of either destination. I decided to go to Sydney, there to ascertain the time of sailing for China by the *Torres Straits*. These steamers sail every four weeks. In Sydney I would reckon how much time I could spare to visit the colonies of Australia, and it would be comparatively easy to reach New Zealand. As I intended to travel through India, I wished not to be detained there during the hot season; so I decided to continue the voyage to Sydney in the same boat, the *New York*. My friends for Australia were much gratified that I had concluded to accompany them to Sydney. Here we took a hearty farewell from those who were going to New Zealand; they doing the same by us. The scene was truly an exciting one. Both steamers started together. Who can describe the waving of hands, handkerchiefs, hats, and flags? Acclamations and farewells were flying from boat to boat; kisses were sent on the wings of zephyrs; while the mountains and valleys of Kandavau were echoing the sounds of bugles, horns, and trumpets blown on the decks of the respective vessels. Add to this the firing of guns, the dipping of the American flags, the

large number of catamarans following us, and the crowd of natives lining the shore of the island. We steered south-west, rounding many high and dangerous coral reefs, on which were sharks of gigantic size playing, and, as it were, basking on the coral reefs. In the

NATIVE POLICE—NEW CALEDONIA.

woods, on the sides of the mountains, rising smoke here and there gave evidence that the natives were preparing for supper.

Our route now lay between New Caledonia, where

the French have a penal settlement, and Norfolk Island We passed at a safe distance from New Caledonia, because this large island is rendered dangerous of approach by formidable reefs extending two hundred and seventy miles beyond its shore. The danger is increased by the current setting directly on the breakers. Captain Cook, who discovered it in his second voyage (1774), remained on the coast for a full week, but D'Entrecasteaux was the first who sailed completely round this, many years after. The island has a chain of mountains through it. It is poor, and the vegetation scanty, although many of the tropical trees are found on it. The natives are miserable, small, thievish, and cannibals. They eat a kind of spider called *nookee*, which forms threads so large as to offer a sensible resistance before breaking. They feed also on *steatine*—a soft, friable, greenish earth, containing magnesia, silex, and iron, just like the Ottomacs of South America, described by Humboldt. They, like the Australian natives, are armed with darts and clubs, but do not use the bow. In Numea, the capital of New Caledonia, there is a large number of Catholics, and a fine cathedral in course of erection. Norfolk Island is a rich country, with very luxuriant vegetation and well watered. It is used as a place of transportation and exile, as was once Botany Bay.

Here the temperature of the atmosphere suddenly changed; it became so cool that we were obliged to don heavier clothing. The sea was agitated, although there reigned a perfect calm. The captain said that the change of atmosphere and the agitation of the sea indicated that there was a heavy storm ahead of us, and that we were at the tail end of it. In reality, when we took the pilot on board near Sydney, we learned that there had been a great cyclone on the

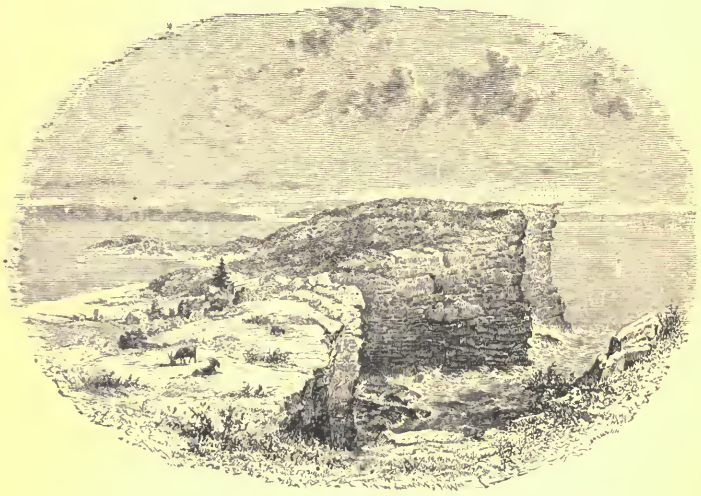
coast of Sydney, causing immense destruction, not only on the seaboard, but in the city and colony. The full damage had not yet been entirely ascertained, because the cyclone was very extensive. Among many other ships which were wrecked, the large and staunch steamship *Dandenong*, full of passengers from Sydney for Melbourne, was caught in this cyclone and totally lost. A large number of those on board were drowned. We were very lucky in being behind this cyclone; otherwise, God knows what would have become of us! . . . .

I was somewhat sea-sick, and lying in my state-room, when a rapping came to the door. "A sick call." "Who is sick?" "The stewardess is very ill and wants you." I went to her room and found that she was truly ill. I heard her confession, but did not yet give her the extreme unction, although I had with me the holy oil. The viaticum I could not give, because I had not the Blessed Eucharist. I had all things necessary to say Mass. There was no other priest on board. I put this question to myself, having no person to consult with: Can I say Mass in order to give the viaticum to this dying person? Must I say Mass? I had a conference with the doctor of the boat, who informed me that unless she were better the next day she could not live two days longer. Next morning she was worse, but in the afternoon there was a change for the better. Next day she became comfortable, and was well enough when we arrived at Sydney.

The steamer passed close to Lord Howe Island. It is a mountainous small land, inhabited only by twenty-five persons, men, women, and children. They very seldom hear anything of the rest of the world. They have no intercourse with other islands. Lord Howe Island can be styled the St. Helena of the South Pacific, except that there is no communication with

any nation, and it is smaller. It is only by accident that ships touch there.

Late in the night of October 10th we saw the light at the entrance to the harbor of Sydney—one of the best harbors in the world. At two o'clock A.M. of the next day we entered "The Heads." Some steerage passengers called my attention to a number of colossal sharks on both sides of the boat accompanying us on



THE GAP—SOUTH HEAD, SYDNEY.

entering the harbor. Although it was night, we could see them plainly by the lifted phosphorescence of the sea. We entered the land-locked, winding harbor, extending fourteen miles, and deep enough to accommodate all the navies of the world. It is surrounded by many inlets and wooded hills. The cannon was fired twice. The *New York* proceeded to the roadstead and cast anchor. The captain ordered the lights out, and a harbor-light and guard. After contemplating with

pleasure the splendid night-scene of this truly grand harbor, and the enchanting scenery of the surrounding hills and inlets under a starry sky of a New South Wales calm night, we retired to rest.

In the morning, the *New York* went to the wharf. We took a hearty leave of the good and obliging officers. We had already presented to the captain a testimonial for his gentlemanly and skillful conduct, signed by all the passengers. The customs officers came on board to inspect our baggage, and I must do justice to their educated manners. What a contrast compared with the bold roughness of the United States customs officers! Several gentlemen who knew me only by reputation, came on board to welcome me, and told me to take my lodging at the Arnott House. During the night I experienced a very severe colic. I tried some essence of ginger, but without any effect. Next day I felt worse, but I was relieved by taking a pill which I had brought with me from America. Other fellow-passengers told me that they, more or less, had also suffered from other indispositions, which must undoubtedly have been the effect of the change of climate and food.

My first visit was to the office of the China line of steamers. There I learned that the boat had just left; hence I was to wait for nearly one month in order to sail for China via Torres Straits. I was glad of it, because I would have time to visit the colonies and see just as much as I wanted—the country, the museums, and what was worthy of observing. Australia being a new country, does not present many objects of art. I took my passage to Hong-Kong. First-class passage cost £45.

I intended to return again to Sydney, but during my short stay I had made the acquaintance of several

clergymen, especially Dr. Forrest, who had been in Sydney from the time Botany Bay was a penal colony, and where that zealous missionary had worked for many years; of Dr. Ot. Barsanti, who was one of the first missionaries who converted the natives of New Zealand, and who now resides in Sydney. I also formed the acquaintance of other missionaries who had been in New Guinea (Papua). From these I picked up interesting information concerning the natives, the language of the New Zealanders, Australians, and New Guineans.

CHAPTER VII.

NEW ZEALAND—TASMANIA—AUSTRALIA IN GENERAL.

THERE are several steamers running from Sydney, and from Melbourne, to Auckland, the capital of North Island (New Zealand). The run occupies about five days, although some boats take seven days. The distance is only 1,200 miles. New Zealand stands midway between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope; ten days' steam from Tahiti, and thirty days from China, and it is, at least the southern part, just the antipode of Italy. The Dutch commander, Abel Jans Tasman, about the year 1642, discovered this country and named it Nova Zealand, after Zealand at home. However, the original discovery is due to the Spaniards. In 1769 Captain Cook surveyed the islands and finally took possession of them in the name of Great Britain. About the year 1814 the first regular European settlement was formed, and in 1840 it was raised into a colony separate from New South Wales. New Zealand consists of two large islands—North Island, called by the natives Esheinomwoi, and South Island, called by the natives Tovy-Poennammu, which is the largest, separated by Cook's Strait, 100 miles long, and for half its length 100 miles broad; but at the eastern end, opposite Wellington, twenty miles wide only. New Zealand is sometimes described as consisting of three islands, because at the further corner of South Island there is a small (third) island, called Stewart's Island, divided from the main land by Foveaux

Strait. Then South Island is called Middle Island ; but inasmuch as Stewart's Island is very small and unimportant and sparsely inhabited, it is left out of account, and the islands are styled North and South only. The length of the country exceeds 1,000 miles, and the greatest breadth is about 200 miles. It contains 80,000,000 acres of land, nearly 2,000,000 more than Great Britain and Ireland together. Much of the land belonging to the northern tribes was nominally purchased, or squatted, by a New Zealand Company, and it was the cause of frequent disputes and bloody fights between the natives and settlers.

New Zealand possesses many millions of acres of fine forests, and many millions of acres of land fit for agriculture and pasture, hence a large quantity of wool is raised. The surface is mountainous, but generally fertile and well-watered, even during dry weather. The South Island, however, is not so rich and fertile as the North. There are lofty, steep mountains, with rich valleys and lovely plains. New Zealand extends from 34° to 47° S. latitude, and from 167° to 179° E. longitude, hence the climate is temperate and bracing; but there is a difference of 10° to 11° of latitude between the extreme points of the islands, and about 10° in the average temperature. After the Mauna Roa—a mountain in the Sandwich Islands—the highest mountains in Australasia are in New Zealand. Mount Egmont, in North Island, is a volcanic peak 8,270 feet high ; by others it is said to be 14,000 feet in height. This is certain, that a chain running through South Island is 12,460 feet high at Mount Cook, near Canterbury. The potato (introduced by Capt. Cook) and other vegetables are cultivated very successfully ; the New Zealand flax is well known. There is coal, copper, iron, gold, timber, and the famous *Kauri* pine. It is rich in plants, and yields

abundance of fish. The birds are few, and the animals still less, except the rat, lizard, and wild pig. A gigantic bird, the *moa* (or dinornis), is extinct. It is well watered, and droughts are unknown. There is no fall of the leaf, and no real winter; snow is rarely seen, and it lies only a day or two in the South Island; but glaciers and perpetual snow may be witnessed on the tops of the highest mountains. A curious hot wind blows in summer along the eastern coast, which melts the snows on the mountains, and fills the rivers. It comes before rains. The settlers, on the whole, are a superior class to those in the other colonies. In general, every kind of grain, grass, and fruits attains a full development. Every English animal is thriving. Even English fishes introduced into the rivers have succeeded wonderfully. New Zealand contains some of the finest naval and commercial harbors in the world, but the best of them are on the eastern coast. Tempests and heavy seas are most frequent on the coasts, hence large ships require skillful handling to navigate the New Zealand sea. The Pacific Australian line from San Francisco dislike to run there its very large steamers on account of the great danger from the tempestuous seas on the coast.

The population is over 200,000, including 5,000 Chinese and 46,000 natives—called *Maories;* the latter nearly all in the North Island. The Maories do not belong to that degraded stock called *Papuas*, but they appertain to the pure Malay race. The New Zealanders are superior in vigor of mind and in forecast to all other savages, who have made little advance in the arts of civilized life, but they are remarkable for the ferocity with which they engage in perpetual wars that the different tribes wage with each other, and for having been, and many are yet cannibals, and to have offered human sacrifices to appease the evil spirit, in order to prevent his

hurting them. Their color is olive-brown and they have black hair. The practice of tattooing is common here as well as in many of the South Sea Islands; to denote something consecrated, sacred, forbidden to be touched, or set aside for particular uses or persons, they call it *taboo.* This practice is very common. Thus a consecrated piece of ground is *taboo;* the act of consecrating it is called *taboo,* and the persons who are excluded from entering are also said to be *tabooed.* A particular article of food is sometimes tabooed at a certain season, in order to preserve it against a season of scarcity, etc. The object of the institution seems to have been the imposition of certain restraints upon a rude and lawless people. They have priests and sacrifices. They worship a Supreme Being and inferior gods, and entertain hopes of sensual indulgences in another life. The worship of their gods is performed in the *morais,* which are buildings for the dead. Besides the shocking custom of eating human flesh, and offering human sacrifices, they have a strong propensity to steal, and give up their wives and daughters to the Europeans without restraint. They seem to be good-natured, sociable, gentle, happy, and gay. They live in villages; the chiefs are hereditaries, but their civil union is a sort of feudal system. They are diminishing in number very fast, and it is said that they are likely to die out in twenty or thirty years, notwithstanding the labors and zeal of the missionaries. They descend from the Sandwich Islands natives. They know and remember by tradition, the first natives that came from those islands. They remember their names, the names of the canoes in which they sailed, the names of the shores where they landed in New Zealand, and the places in the Sandwich Islands from whence they came. Their language is radically the same with that spoken in the Sandwich group, in Otaheite, and many

other islands of the South Sea, and of the North American natives. Its principal characteristic is the simplicity of its grammatical forms; it has no distinction of gender; declensions are affected by affixes and suffixes; superlatives are made by reduplication, etc.

Auckland, a city of 20,500 inhabitants, was formerly the capital of this colony. It is the largest town and mostly built of wood; however, it has some fine buildings, and a fine Catholic cathedral. It is lighted with gas, and it has 300 miles of railroad. It stands on a neck of land between two splendid harbors in the northern extremity of the North Island. The present capital is Wellington, a city of 10,000 inhabitants. On Port Nicholson is Cook's Strait, 320 miles from Auckland by sea, 440 miles by west coast, and 620 miles by east coast. It has a fine museum, lighted by gas, and it has elegant buildings. New Zealand has got several banks. Wellington was the first harbor touched by the Panama steamers, while they were running. The Panama Line was abandoned, because it did not pay, and its route, being almost entirely under the tropics, was inconvenient to passengers. New Zealand has three dioceses: two in North Island, Auckland, and Wellington; one in Dunedin, South Island. There are in all about fifty-five priests; churches and chapels about eighty; and the Catholic population from forty to fifty thousand. These bishops are subject directly to the Holy See.

The Colony of Tasmania, formerly called *Van Dieman's Land*, after the then Governor of the Moluccas, is named from its Dutch discoverer, Captain Tasman, 1642. Lieutenant Bowen, in 1803, commenced a convict settlement from Sydney at Hobart Town, now the capital of Tasmania, with 20,000 inhabitants, but the whole population of the island is 104,200, all Europeans, the na-

tives having all disappeared since the English commenced to settle there. The last native died while I was in Australia. The natives did not belong to the noble family of the New Zealanders, but to that degraded race of the Papuas. The country is 170 miles long by 160 broad, with a surface of 24,000 square miles, just the size of Ireland. The climate is the best in Australia, neither too cold nor too warm. Snow rarely falls at Hobart Town. Rain is moderate, the sky is clear and bright; the temperature is bracing and extremely favorable to European constitutions. Invalids from India and Australia speedily recover their health in Tasmania. On the north coast there is a settlement composed of retired officers and other gentlemen from India. There is a large tract of fine land reserved for officers disposed to settle here, and which may be purchased at moderate prices. As many men go sailing and elsewhere, so there is a large number of women in this island, and single men desirous to marry, go to Tasmania, in the certainty of finding a good wife.

The island is, upon the whole, mountainous, with some peaks of considerable elevation, and consequently abounds in streams. Many fine tracts of land are found on the very borders of the sea, and in the interior, the most of the soil is adapted to all kinds of agriculture. The coast is broken by deep bays and inlets, with good harbors, and dotted by fifty-five islands, chiefly in Bass' Straits. The settlements have been infested for many years by banditti composed of runaway convicts; and although transportation was abolished in 1852, some hundred convicts yet remain. Hobart Town, or Hobarton, the capital, is beautifully situated on the slopes of the Derwent River, overlooking the harbor, where vessels of any tonnage can be admitted with security. This city is on the south side of the island, facing Mel-

bourne, from which it is distant only 420 miles and 650 from Sydney. There are several banks. There is one bishop at Hobarton, and about eighteen priests in the whole island. There is almost a perfect resemblance between the animals and vegetables found here and Australia (*New Holland*). In the animals in particular, there is scarcely any variation. The native dog, however, is unknown here; but there is an animal of the panther tribe in its stead, which, though not found in such numbers as the native dog is in Australia, commits dreadful havoc among the flocks. The blue gum-tree grows 300 feet high and 30 feet in diameter. Oats grow seven feet high. Wheat, barley, potatoes, hay, wool, coal, and iron are in abundance. There is magnificent construction timber. The *Huon* pine is excellently adapted for furniture and ship-building.

In crossing the Straits of Bass for Melbourne, we observed many seals basking in the sun on several wild, small islands. The captain of the steamer *Alessandra* gave a succession of steam whistles to enable us to witness the seals running and plunging into the sea. The seals soon disappeared, and we turned our attention to the gums and rocky coasts of South Australia. The sea on these straits, and generally on King George's Sound, is always very rough till Port Phillip is reached — named after Hon. Mr. Phillip, first Governor of Sydney. It was a very cold morning when we struck the landing. Hobson's Bay, to which the mails come, is on the west side of Port Phillip. By rail we went to Melbourne, which is built at the very head of this bay, and extends for two miles along the Yarra-Yarra,* a very small river. I drove directly to Mr. Mensi's Hotel, the best hotel in Australia. Mr. Mensi was a fellow-passenger

* Yarra means "mahogany."

in the *City of New York*, and I had promised to stay with him during my visit to Melbourne.

Australia is the largest of a group of islands to the south of Asia, collectively named Australasia, *i. e.*, Southern Asia. It lies in the Pacific and Indian Ocean, between 10° 45′ and 28° 45′ south lat., and 112° 20′ and 153° 30′ east long. But Australia is a word of indefinite signification. Some for Australia understand this large island, once called *New Holland*, which is considered a continent. In popular use, Australia means not only the settlements in this great continental island, but all the colonies in this part of the world, including Tasmania and New Zealand. Geographers, especially English and German, made two divisions of these islands south of Asia: First, *Australasia;* second, *Polynesia*, lying north of Australasia, and east of the Philippines. This forms the fifth division of the globe, at first called *Southern India*, and on account of the multitude of islands of which it consists, Polynesia, or *Island World*. Magellan, who first undertook a voyage round the world, after leaving the Portuguese Monarch, had promised the Spanish King, into whose service he entered, that he would arrive at the Moluccas by sailing westward. On this voyage he discovered, March 6, 1521, the Ladrones, or *Mariana Islands*, a group which constitutes a part of Australia, thus opening the way to subsequent explorations. Spanish navigators continued to make discoveries in this part of the world. Alvaro de Mendana, in the last part of the sixteenth century, discovered the Solomon and the Marquesas groups, and passed through the Society and Friendly Islands without so much as seeing them. Fernandez de Quiros, a companion of Alvaro in his third voyage, took a more southerly direction, and hit upon most of the islands of the South Sea, especially the Society Islands and

the *Terra del Espiritu Santo*, and gave the name of Australia to this part of the world. It took three hundred years to discover all the islands which pass under the name of Australia. There are doubtless many islands still in these seas which no European has seen, and of those known, only the coasts have yet been explored. In our voyage near the equator we passed an island never marked on the map; the captain determined its location and put it on the chart.

The South Sea and the Pacific Ocean, between the eastern shore of Asia and the western shore of America, contain all the islands of Australia. These occupy a space of 130° in length and 85° in breadth, as they extend from 50° south to 35° north latitude, and from 95° west to 230° east longitude. The islands may be regarded as continuous chains of mountains which rise from the sea, and running in a direction from north to south-east, in a double row, like hills and promontories, surround the so-called Australian continent. The line nearest to it begins with New Guinea and ends with New Zealand; the second line commences at the Ladrones and passes on to the Navigators' and Friendly Islands, whence it takes an easterly direction. The Sandwich Islands are wholly separated from these almost continuous rows of islands. Several of the latter are of volcanic origin; others are raised from the bottom of the sea by successive layers of coral, or carried to their present height, by accumulation of the same substance on the original rocks at the bottom of the deep. The coral formation constitutes reefs extending to a great distance, so that it is dangerous to approach them.

But by the name of Australia now is commonly understood that large island, or continent, formerly known under the name of *New Holland*, and wrongfully claimed

to have been first discovered by the Dutch. Probably the Chinese were the original pioneers; for in remote times they annually visited, as they indeed do now, the northern coast to fish for the "*trepany*," the *sea-slug*, a nutritive edible which exists there in abundance. This land, after having been sighted by the Portuguese, was visited by the Spaniards, and the channel that separates it from New Guinea, navigated by Torres, now bearing his name, "*Torres Straits*." It was only in the seventeenth century that the Dutch commenced to explore this large island; yet they were the first to make it known to Europeans. In 1623 Jans Casterns, a Dutch navigator, explored that part of the coast named *Arnheim*. In 1616 by Dirk Hartog, or Haticks. In 1697 and 1701 a plate with an inscription, found at Shark's Bay, mentions that Hartog left there the 27th of October, 1616. Soon after Lecuwin, Nyts, and De Witt, all Dutch, explored other parts of the coast, which bear their names. In 1770 Captain Cook discovered the east coast about Botany Bay and named it *New South Wales*. English and French navigators, Entrecasteaux, Grant, La Peyrouse, Baudin, and others, from time to time exerted themselves to add to our knowledge of Australia.

Mr. Evans in 1813 succeeded in finding a pass in the insurmountable Blue Hills which presented so formidable a barrier against any further penetration into the heart of this land, and it was surmised that in the interior there existed a large lake into which the rivers flowed. Recent investigations prove that the interior of Australia is nothing but a bare, barren, stony desert, totally unfit for man or beast. A more or less broken chain of mountains extends from Spencer's Gulf, round the south coast, all along the eastern coast, round the northern coast, nearly to Limming's Bight. The coun-

try exhibits less hill and dale, with less compact vegetation than in most other parts of the world. No dense forest exists; the herbage is generally thin; the grass, although highly nutritious, grows in patches, and it is by far inferior to the rich vegetation of the islands of Australia. Except the Murray River, there is a remarkable want of large streams, though the islands in general are not deficient in water; the water-courses are very low in summer and frequently dried up. As Australia lies partly in the southern temperate zone, and partly in the torrid, so the climate in some parts is warm, though the heat is generally less oppressive than in the same latitudes in Asia and Africa; in other parts it is temperate, mild, and healthy. Yet in the North, as for instance in the Gulf of Carpentaria, it is unhealthy.

In Australia almost everything in nature is the reverse of what it is in Europe. When in Europe it is day, here it is night; and when it is summer there, here it is winter. Here the compass points to the south; the sun travels along the northern heavens. The barometer rises with a southerly and falls with a northerly wind. The animals are disproportionately large in their lower extremities, and carry their young in a pouch; the swans are black; the owls screech and hoot only in the daytime; and the cuckoo's song is heard but after nightfall. The valleys are cool, the mountain tops are warm; the north winds are hot, the south winds are cold, the east winds are healthy. The bees are without sting; cherries grow with the stone outside. Most of the trees are without shade, and shed their bark instead of their leaves; some, indeed, are without leaves; in others the leaves are vertical. The productions in part are the same with those of other countries of the same latitude. There are birds without wings, having hair

instead of feathers; quadrupeds with the beaks of birds; white eagles. One of the birds has a broom in its mouth. The ornithorynchus, or *platypus*, perhaps the most singular animal in the world, to which nature has given a body in the shape and size of an otter, with the head, or at least the beak, resembling that of a duck. Flying-squirrels, the dasyure, the dingo (or *Australian Dog*), several species of opossum; the kangaroo, of which the forester is the largest, standing six feet high and weighing one hundred to one hundred and forty pounds; the others dwindle down to the size of a sheep, a cat, and a mouse; the wombat, and others. There are no dangerous animals in Australia, except two varieties of the snake family. The dingo and the dasyrus, or devil, are dangerous only to sheep, of which there are about forty-two millions in the colonies; and in 1872 $11,750,000 worth of wool was exported. The only very dangerous animal is the *death-adder*, whose poison is very deadly, and those who are bitten by it can only be saved by immediate applications of a remedial nature. The wound should be sucked again and again, and brandy, gin, or other stimulants given till the patient is made thoroughly drunk, which will most likely bring about a beneficial reaction against the poison and save his life. Another remedy is the injection of ammonia (spirits of hartshorn), a discovery due to Professor Halford, of Melbourne. The plumage of the birds is beautiful; their notes are harsh and strange. There are several kinds of parrots and birds of paradise; the *cassowary*, which weighs seventy pounds, and surpasses the East Indian birds in size and the beauty of its plumage, etc. The coasts are well stocked with fish, of which there are several kinds peculiar to them. The variety of insects and shell-fish is very great; yet I found the flavor of the oysters far inferior to the lus-

cious American bivalves. They tasted so brassy that I refused to eat more than two or three. The richness of the vegetable kingdom is still greater. In this island alone more than one thousand new plants have been discovered. The smaller islands are still richer than this island in esculent plants. Many of the beautiful flowers are without smell. The eucalyptus trees attain a height of one hundred and eighty feet, and a circumference of thirty feet; the cajaputi, gum-tree, bread-fruit, orange, lemon trees, etc.

In this large island there are five colonies: New South Wales (capital, Sydney) on the south-east side; first settled in 1788. Victoria (capital, Melbourne) at the south-east corner; first settled, 1835. Queensland (capital, Brisbane) on the north-east; first settled, 1859. South Australia (capital, Adelaide) on the south and middle; first settled, 1836. West Australia (capital, Perth) first settled, 1829. The colony of *North Australia*, on the west side of the Gulf of Carpentaria, having Victoria for its capital, at the bottom of Port Essington, was given up, because *Port Essington* was unhealthy, the country being barren and the vegetation poor. A settlement has been commenced at *Burketon*, on the east side of the gulf, and another at *Port Darwin*, opposite Melville Island, in the Timor Sea, where the submarine cable from Batavia has a landing; but I believe these also to be failures, on account of the climate, which is unhealthy and subject to fevers, and in addition the land is barren.

The aboriginal inhabitants of this island are the lowest in the scale of humanity; they have projecting lips and woolly hair, like all other negroes, from whom they are distinguished by very thin, lean arms and legs. They have very disgusting and ape-like features, live in a savage state, without laws and without religion.

Their complexion is a brownish black; the men have high cheek-bones and are of masculine build; the women are slimly built and of diminutive stature. Both sexes scarify their bodies, anoint themselves with oil, and frequently wear rings or ornaments in their noses, which they look upon as a charm against evil. Their great mouths and thick, projecting lips jut out somewhat like snouts, and their little flat noses are lost behind them. Their deep-sunk eyes betray a rude and malicious spirit, and sometimes, though rarely, a stupid good-humor. They have no settled habitations, but roam in tribes from place to place in quest of food, erecting miamis, or huts, formed of fresh-plucked boughs of trees and bark, a few feet high, before each of which is seen the spear of the owner planted erect in the ground. They are naked; few wear some skins of animals; and the majority are cannibals, live on fish or the fruits of trees, opossums, kangaroos, emus, birds, reptiles, maggots, beetles, ants, gum grubs, animals that have died a natural death, whether cats, dogs, old horses, etc., and devour everything almost raw. They hardly pull the feathers from birds before they consume them. Their principal weapons are the spear, the *waddy*, or club, the boomerang,* and, since the arrival of the white man, the axe, or common chopper, and small crowbar. They believe in the existence of an evil

* Boomerang is a very singular missile weapon, made of hard wood, usually from twenty to thirty inches in length, from two to three inches wide, and half or three-quarters of an inch thick. It is curved or bent in the middle at an angle of from 100 to 140 . When thrown from the hand with a quick rotary motion, it describes very remarkable curves, according to the shape of the instrument and the manner of throwing it, often moving nearly horizontally a long distance, then curving upward to a considerable height, and finally taking a retrograde direction, so as to fall near the place from which it was thrown, or very far in the rear of it.

spirit, which they call *Dibble-Dibble*, whom they propitiate by offerings. These miserable creatures have continually and obstinately resisted the efforts and zeal of missionaries to Christianize them and ameliorate their wretched and savage condition. After many sacrifices, labors, privations, and expense, missionaries were obliged to give them up, and it was verified of them in the prophecy of Jeremias (chap. li., v. 9): "We would have cured Babylon, but she is not healed; let us forsake her." Some priests, who had devoted themselves to the conversion of these stubborn heathens, after having built chapels for them in the wilderness, and after many years of patience and suffering, almost heart-broken, abandoned the chapels and turned their labors to some other field. Some Protestant missionaries carried one of these natives to England and educated him for a minister, in order that on his return to Australia he should teach his countrymen. After being educated, at least as far as he was capable of being educated, he returned dressed as a gentleman and loaded with Bibles and religious tracts. He went among his fellow natives, who gazed at him with great admiration. He not only distributed the Bibles and tracts, but even his own garments; giving his hat to one, to another his coat, to another his pantaloons, to another a boot, etc., and he remained only with the shirt and one boot; then he joined them in fishing, and that was the end of the mission. Another Protestant missionary tried very hard to convert the natives by coaxing them with rum. The trial proved very successful. Encouraged by the result of this happy experiment, he built a small chapel, which was crowded every Sunday, as he presented a glass of rum to every one present before prayer. After a little he wished to try another experiment, that is, to have prayers without rum. The first Sunday of the

trial, when the natives expected the rum, the missionary announced that the prayer was to be without rum; they replied, "No rum, no prayer," * and all left at once, and the mission came to an end.

* The custom of carrying rum by some Protestant missionaries is continued to these days. We quote the Boston *Herald* (Jan. 8, 1879): "Eight hundred thousand gallons of rum and only one missionary on a ship bound to Africa. The proportion of missionary seems small, but perhaps the rum is watered, and at any rate it is probable that the missionary will last the longer." The rum must be for trading with the natives. The same is done by the missionary vessels in the South Sea Islands, as, for instance, the missionary ship *John Williams* sent from England every year to Australia, and aided by New South Wales colony.

CHAPTER VIII.

VICTORIA—SOUTH AUSTRALIA—WEST AUSTRALIA—NEW SOUTH WALES —QUEENSLAND.

THE colony of Victoria is located in the best part of this island, and it was with justice named *Australia Felix*. It is separated from New South Wales by the Murray River, which rises in the Australian Alps; and after flowing along the north boundary falls into the sea in the colony of South Australia. This stream is navigable for upwards of 1,800 miles, and receives all the inland rivers, with the exception of Yarra-Yarra, Glenelg, and a few minor ones, which fall into the sea. The bed of a dried-up river is called a *creek* in Australia. The Australian Alps, on the east coast, are the principal mountains, the Warragong being 6,500 feet high. Near this is the highest peak in Australia, Mount Hotham, 7,500 feet above the sea. The climate is beautiful and healthy, never below freezing in the winter, and cool in summer, except when the hot wind blows. The clear sky and pure air produce a buoyant effect on the spirits. The chief harbors of Victoria are Melbourne and Geelong, in the bay of Port Philip inside the Heads. Near Geelong is the great salt lake of Korangamyte, eighty miles round. The population in 1873 was 790,500. About 40,000 are Chinamen, who form a colony of their own here. The natives have entirely disappeared from this colony. The productions are wool, wheat, barley, oats, wine, cotton, flax, silk, arrow

root, tobacco, fruits of all kinds; horses, cattle, sheep; iron, tin, copper, coal, and gold which was discovered in 1851; since which the average production per annum is valued at eight and a half millions sterling. One-third of the Victoria rocks are gold-bearing. There are gold-fields in Ballarat, Bendigo, Sandhurst, etc., and I can say that all the gold-fields are exhausted, and gold is obtained only by mining. The "Welcome Nugget," the finest nugget on record, was found here in 1858, weighing 184 lbs.; it was sold for £10,500. There are several banks and public institutions, many manufactures, but very inferior to those of England. I wondered why they ship wool to England to be manufactured there and sent back to Australia. They informed me that it was cheaper to purchase woolen goods from England than to manufacture them in Australia. Even common blankets come from the mother country. Frequent drouths and inundations are a great drawback. In the great drouth of 1865, sheep died by tens of thousands.

Melbourne is the capital of this colony. It is a fine city of about 225,000 inhabitants, including the suburbs. It is built on undulating ground at the head of the fine harbor, or bay, of Port Philip. The streets are wide and regular. The houses are of brick, wood, and stone. The Government-house and offices, Parliament-house, and the Custom-house are truly fine buildings. In the middle of Collins Street (which is the principal street) stand the Burke and Wills bronze monuments erected in honor of the two discoverers. The Mint is a branch of that at Sydney, but now they are both abolished. There are several Catholic churches. St. Patrick's Cathedral is an imposing stone building, and when finished will be a grand and magnificent edifice. The climate is beautiful and pleasant, except when hot winds blow, which happens very often. The dust in

the streets is annoying. I have seen the streets watered four or five times a day, yet after two hours from being watered, the dust commences to fly.

I went to pay my respects to the good and zealous Archbishop, Dr. J. A. Gould, of whose hospitality and holiness I had already heard in other colonies, and of the fine and hard-working clergy of his archdiocese. At once he offered to me his kind hospitality, which I was obliged to decline, explaining to him the object of my travel, and how I intended to visit some of my friends in the gold country of Sandhurst; but I promised to dine with him the next day, Sunday.

I went to see the meat-market, which, in Melbourne, has a peculiarity only to be witnessed on Saturday evenings. A large quantity of mutton remains unsold, and as none of it will be kept for the following week, it is offered at any price. Many people, especially women, purchase meat to last for one week. It is indeed amusing to see and hear them bargaining for a full half mutton. I have seen a large fat half mutton sold for one shilling!

Next morning I went to say Mass at the Cathedral, and in the vestry, a paper was given to me to read to the people after the Gospel. I read it to myself first, and it puzzled me to find among other announcements, the following: "The month of May shall be continued all this month to November." I asked for an explanation, and the sacristan, who knew me in America, told me that it was the *month of Mary*. Afterward the Vicar-General, Very Rev. Monsignore Fitzpatrick, D.D., explained to me that till lately they had performed the month of Mary in May, but as that month in Southern Australia was in the middle of autumn, a disagreeable month, and destitute of flowers, they prefer to celebrate it in the spring of the southern hemisphere. "We find

it, indeed," he continued, "very difficult to impress on the people at Christmas that our Saviour suffered from cold at His birth, when we here are melting on account of the heat." It is the complaint of Europeans in Australia, that they find it difficult to associate to other seasons those festivals which they had been used to celebrate according to the seasons of the northern hemisphere; *e. g.*, to celebrate Lent and Easter in the fall; the Ascension, Corpus Christi, and the Assumption, in the winter; All Saints' day in the spring, etc. The Vicar-General was so kind as to accompany me to the Church of St. John, where I heard a very eloquent sermon, besides the performance of Haydn's Mass, No. 1.

I took breakfast and dined with the Archbishop, who invited me to do so every day, and sing Mass on the following Sunday, but I told them that next day I intended to go into the interior of the country to visit the gold regions; but that, should I return before Sunday, I would comply with his request.

Early next morning I took the cars for Castlemaine and Sandhurst. This line of railway from Melbourne to Sandhurst and Ballarat, under the general name of the Victoria, traverses all the chief diggings and towns —as Mount Alexander, Bendigo, etc. We passed through rather level lands, with no trees of any consequence; and herds of sheep without number, grazing on boundless fields of thin grass. The railway soon crossed extensive vineyards, in which, at this season, the grapes were just forming. The farm-houses were genteel and very neat, and the small villages had an appearance of elegance and comfort. I soon perceived a total change of the country. The land became very dry, dusty, and whitish. All around nothing but hills of white dust, and close to large, rough wooden buildings, tall stacks emitting columns of smoke. No

trees, no vegetation of any kind except a few small green patches attached to one-story houses. The country resembled a flat crater of some volcano, and was by no means attractive. Do not wonder; this is the mining district. At Sandhurst, a scattered town, I left the cars, and hired a carriage to take me to my friend, Mr. George Lansell, in Bendigo, about two miles from Sandhurst.

Mr. G. Lansell, born in England, has lived for many years in Australia, where he has accumulated a large fortune by his industry and labor. He is a millionaire, and perhaps the wealthiest man in Sandhurst or Bendigo. His easy and affable disposition, his gentlemanly and educated manner, his charities and liberalities have endeared him to the hearts of his fellow-citizens, and among whom he commands the highest respect. He made a voyage round the world, starting for the west, and returned by the U. S. of America, embarking at San Francisco for Sydney. It was in San Francisco that I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and we sailed in the same steamer—the *City of New York*—for Australia. The day following my arrival at his house, we visited his fine fruit and flower gardens, which are well worth seeing. This was once a barren, dry piece of ground, but Mr. Lansell has turned it to a most lovely spot. Besides the noble mansion which he has constructed, he has erected a summer-house and a belvedere of several stories, from the top of which you can overlook the entire country of Bendigo and part of Sandhurst. In this tastefully laid-out garden you find every tree, vine, shrub, flower, etc., of the tropics, and some of the temperate zone. There you behold artificial lakes where swans and other water-fowl disport and dwell. You find there artificial fountains with curious fancy jets, miniature bridges, baths, etc., but

RESIDENCE OF MR. LANSELL.

it being the spring season, I could taste but a few varieties of fruits.

Next day after breakfast, Mr. Lansell and I dressed ourselves in miners' clothes, and went to visit the various gold mines belonging to him. My picture taken in miner's clothes would have been very interesting! We descended several shafts many hundred feet deep, and examined the manner in which the gold veins in the mines are quarried. The rocks containing ore are hoisted to the surface and then cast down into a mill to be crushed; the crushed rocks are conveyed to another mill, put into mortars in the form of tubes five or six feet long, and with a pestle ground into dust, through which tubes water passes, washing the dust, descending several inclined planes covered with thick and rough sheets of paper. The gold dust being heavier, drops and settles on these papers, while the muddy water runs down. All these operations are performed by machinery moved by steam. The water impregnated with gold dust and mud, washes over these sheets, and deposits gold dust and mud. These papers are once in each week removed and washed in a tank, and the gold then separated from the mud, which may have also remained on the papers.

We received an invitation to attend a public dinner to be given to Sir G. Bowen, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Victoria Colony, who was to visit Sandhurst on the occasion of the Agricultural Exhibition. I observed to Mr. Lansell that I would go with great pleasure to the exhibition, but with regard to the public dinner, I would prefer to decline that, having always traveled *incognito;* that it was my intention to continue the *incognito*. Mr. Lansell insisted that I should go with him; but seeing that I was determined on the refusal, said: "Very well; if you do

not go, neither will I." "No, sir," I replied, "I do not wish to deprive you and your friends of the pleasure of meeting each other at this public and diplomatic reception." "No, sir," said Mr. Lansell, with determination. "I will not go without you!" Perceiving this, I was obliged to yield, and we arranged for next day to pay first a visit to his Lordship, Right Rev. Martin Crane, D.D., Bishop of Sandhurst, then go to see the exhibition, and afterward to attend the public dinner.

According to this programme, after visiting the town of Sandhurst, we rode to the residence of the Bishop. Although Mr. Lansell was not a Catholic, he yet was desirous of meeting the Bishop, of whom he had heard so much; of his learning, piety, hospitality, and above all of his fatherly manners. Dr. Crane received us with his usual kindness; he took us through all his house and church, and we were pained to hear and see how his cathedral was giving way on account of the natural insolidity of the soil on which it was erected. The good Bishop had spared neither labor nor money to sustain and to repair the church, but all in vain, and I fear that in the end it will fall down. He wanted to keep us for dinner, but having heard of our arrangement for that day, he did not insist any further, but turning to me, insisted that I should stop with him. Learning that I was enjoying the kind hospitality of my friend Mr. Lansell, still he made me promise that on my return I would stay with him.

Leaving the good Bishop we next visited the agricultural exhibition. It being the commencement of the spring, the show of fruits and vegetables could not be much, but the exhibit of cattle, flowers, manufactured articles, and needle-work was very good, especially for a colony of not many years existence. The

crowd was very great, and I can say that the exhibition was a perfect success.

In the evening we went to the Town Hall for the public and diplomatic dinner to the Governor, Sir G. Bowen. After having been formally introduced to his Excellency and other authorities, we entered the hall, where the dinner had been prepared; the Governor occupied the center of the long front table, at both ends of which there were several other long tables forming two wings. The guests, about one hundred in number, were seated all round, occupying only the outer side of the tables. I took a place at the front table, where Mr. Lansell sat, but at some distance from the center, but I was called to take a place the third from the Governor.

The banquet was prepared with good taste and elegant management, and afforded me an admirable opportunity for tasting all the luxuries of the colony, as nothing was allowed on the table except productions from Victoria. Amongst the other things, I admired the fine quality of wine, of which there were four different kinds, all raised in the colony, and the great variety of exquisite fruits, notwithstanding the season.

During dinner the band performed some very harmonious national pieces of music. Then toasts commenced. The first was to drink to the health of Victoria, Queen of England, the band playing "God save the Queen;" the second was to the health of the Prince of Wales; the third, to his Excellency Governor G. Bowen, who answered by a very eloquent speech, etc.

The colony of South Australia is situated on the southern coast of the continent of Australia, west of Victoria colony, occupying Nuyt's Land, extending northward to Carpentaria; but the most of this vast

tract of land to Carpentaria is nothing but a waste desert, imperfectly known; yet the southern part and the eastern boundaries, with Victoria, are rich, and the products are the same as in Victoria, except that gold is found only in small quantity. South Australia is the largest, and, I would say, the only colony that produces grain for the entire continent of Australia. The population is about 202,000, of whom 30,000 live in the city of Adelaide. This city comprises two towns, connected by four wooden bridges and divided by a park about a mile in width, through which the river Torrens flows. Port Adelaide is eight miles below the capital.

The colony of West Australia (or Swan River Colony), occupying the south-west corner of this continent, is the smallest of the colonies here, but with respect to territory it is the largest of all. It has no great rivers nor good harbors. The best harbor in the colony is at *Albany*. On the south-west side is King George's Sound, a coaling station for the *Peninsular and Oriental Company's* steamers, calling about once a month from and to Ceylon. The entire population of the colony is only 24,800. There is some good land and some timber, coal, lead, and fruits;* but two authorized post-offices (Perth, the capital), and Albany (King George's Sound); and no railroads. Perth has only 5,000 inhabitants, and it is situated on the Swan River, eleven miles above Fremantle, which forms its harbor. Till lately it was the only settlement in Australia to which convicts were sent. The last batch of convicts left England in December, 1867. It was at the request of the residents that Perth was abolished as a place of transportation for criminals, where there are still sev-

* Tulbanof, near the coast, is a peak 5,000 feet high. Several marshy lakes exist inland.

eral convict depôts and stations. In Perth there is a bishop, but he has very little to do, as the number of Catholics is very small.

I took my leave from the good Archbishop, Dr. James A. Gould, and from Monsigr. Fitzpatrick, D.D., V.G., and other clergy, and I sailed and left Melbourne highly impressed with the spiritual progress of this archdiocese, which comprehends the bishoprics of Adelaide, Ballarat (a city of 50,000 inhabitants), Hobart Town (Tasmania), Perth, and Sandhurst—that is, four entire colonies. I can not state with exactness the number of Catholics in the archdiocese, but they are numerous and practical.

We encountered very rough sea in Bass' Straits, and rounding the Cape we entered Albert Town, a small village with a harbor. Off Cape Howe we had also very high sea, but for the rest of the voyage to Sydney the weather was very fine.

The colony of New South Wales was once considered the largest of the five Australian continent colonies, but now Victoria holds the first place. It formerly included Victoria and Queensland. It was first settled in 1788 as a penal colony, and called *Botany Bay*, from the number of flowers seen by Captain Cook in 1770. The climate is generally healthy. Mean temperature at Sydney, at a spot 145 feet above the sea, 61½°; and at Bathurst, 2,233 feet above the sea, 55°. Darling Downs are dry and bracing, and good for consumptive patients. Near Simbour the *bottle-tree* grows sixty-five feet high, and is tapped for a drink. Mount Kosciusko, in the Australian Alps, is 7,310 feet high, and it is nearly always covered with snow. There is good timber. The red cedar is ten feet in diameter. Some of the trees are twenty to sixty feet around, and one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high—such as the Butt, the Iron-

bark, the Illawarra-box, and other trees. The soil yields arrowroot, maize, wheat, cayenne-pepper, tobacco, sarsaparilla, sugar, and excellent wine, which is very like the Rhenish. There are mines of gold, lead, and other minerals, beside an abundance of coal. The population in 1873 was 339,200.

Sydney, the capital of this thriving colony, is a fine city of 135,000 inhabitants, and the oldest place in Australia. The principal street is George Street, which is the thoroughfare and center of retail business. The best part of the town consists of three or four streets running parallel to George Street, and of others which cross these at right angles. There are some handsome edifices, namely, the Town-Hall, the Mint (now abolished), Exchange, etc.; St. Patrick's Cathedral was burnt down. It was here that the Duke of Edinburgh landed from H. M. S. *Galatea*, 21st of January, 1868. At Clontarf, while opening the Sailors' Home, 12th of March, he was shot at by O'Farrell, a Fenian, and wounded in the back. The murderer was tried and executed forthwith; and the Duke upon recovering from his wound left for England.

I went to pay my respects to the Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. John Bede Polding, but as he was out of town I left my card. Then I repaired to the Cathedral, or what comes under the name of cathedral, to see the Vicar-General. They directed me to a kind of shanty down hill having a plain door about six by two and a half feet. I opened it, and saw a man wearing a curious kind of cap, of whom I asked, "Are you the Vicar-General?" "His *Laardshep* has gone to St. John." Not feeling satisfied, I returned to the church, and spoke to a clergyman who was said to be the Dean, and he explained that His Grace, Archbishop Vaughan, Doctor of Divinity, Vicar-General, Rector of St. John's

College, and I do not know what else, was to be seen only for one hour each day, and this hour, if I remember well, was from ten to eleven o'clock; but that he might be accessible by taking a carriage, and driving for some miles out into the country to St. John's College. This appeared to me a very curious arrangement for a Vicar-General. "But he must have appointed some other clergyman," I said, "for the time that he is absent, which seems to be always; and it is not everybody who feels disposed to take a ride out of town." "No, sir," he replied; "he has appointed nobody." "I have no other business," I said, "except to pay my respects. Here is my card; please to present it to him." I bowed to him and left.

On board the steamer a newspaper was given to me to read the following article, Mr. Pigott on the "Priesthood."

"*To the Editor of the* HERALD:*

"SIR:—My attention was drawn to a letter . . . . written by Mr. Dalley . . . . how many erroneous ideas are prevalent with regard to the power and position of the priesthood! To one indeed who knows who and what they (the priests) are, they appear somewhat similar to the celebrated animal which received more kicks than halfpence. Some regard them as tyrannical despots, whereas no body of men on the earth are so weak and helpless. . . . . Shut out by their calling from redressing their wrongs by invoking the aid of the laws of the land, an appeal to Rome, meaning much the same as an appeal to Heaven, having no organized society, chapter, or council, they become mere slaves to him who happens to hold the Episcopal whip and

* See Sydney *Herald*, 11th of March, 1876.

reins. If any unhappy cleric chances, through no fault whatever, to incur the displeasure of his bishop, then '*Væ victis*,' for his bishop is judge, jury, accuser, and executioner. How any sane man can endure such a state of things is a puzzle. . . . . Perhaps the day is not far distant when the government of the Church of Rome in Australia will be put on a more equitable basis; then, and not till then, will the Catholic interests really flourish. Thus the idea which some have of the enormous power of priests is laughable, for, as a class, none are so helpless. . . . .

"I am, sir, yours truly."

A Scotch doctor on board the steamer told me that it alluded to a current opinion that a time is approaching for a reformation in the Church on this subject; and that the writer of that letter alluded to the Vicar-General of Sydney, Archbishop Vaughan, and to the Bishop of Brisbane, in Australia; but especially to the former.

This affair was widely known in Australia, and unfortunately had created not a little scandal, not only amongst the clergy, but amongst the people. Of course I could not explain it on board the boat, but in Australia I was informed that the case was this:

Dr. Octavius Barsanti, a great scholar, a theologian, and much versed in canonical law, and a hard-working missionary, who had filled high position in his Order; who had also spent several years amongst the natives of New Zealand, in danger of being devoured by those cannibals; who for eleven years had been working at the Cathedral of Sydney (New South Wales), during which time the venerated Archbishop Polding had such high opinion of him, that he sent him as *Commissarius ordinarius* to Rome for the transaction of a very im-

portant affair—was conducting in Sydney a retreat for the nuns of the Good Shepherd, and preparing them for the feast of the Sacred Heart, when he received, without any previous information and without assigning any reason, a peremptory order suspending and dismissing him from the archdiocese; thus throwing him on the street, disgracing an old and exemplary Apostolic Prefect, leading the public to believe him guilty of some awful crime, for which he deserved to be abruptly and opprobriously removed without any trial, hearing, or any chance of self-defense. Several priests in vain tried to plead in favor of Dr. Barsanti; and as he was very popular and beloved in Sydney, many offered to help and support him.

As Apostolic Prefect he had his faculties from Rome; but being deprived of the parochial faculties, he was deprived also of the means of living, thus throwing him, an old missionary, with a broken leg (broken in the mission by a fall from horseback), in his advanced age on the charity of his brethren and people.

But what was this enormous and high crime committed by Dr. Barsanti, for which he deserved to be so peremptorily and publicly degraded, dismissed from the archdiocese forever, without any hope of pardon? Was it a sin against the Holy Ghost? No. It was nothing else but a misunderstanding about a receipt given in good faith, of the paltry sum of £3 9*s.*!!!

> "*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*"—HORACE.
> (The mountains bring forth, a ridiculous mouse is born).

Dr. Barsanti appealed to Rome. His Eminence, Cardinal A. Franchi, wrote to him a truly fatherly and reconciling letter; and Monsignor Trionfetti, Bishop of Terracina and Procurator of Dr. Barsanti in Rome, wrote to him, saying that Cardinal Franchi, and all in the

Propaganda, having examined his case, are convinced that he (Dr. Barsanti) is innocent and unjustly dealt with.* In a conversation that I held in Rome with Cardinal Franchi upon this subject, the same was confirmed to me by the same cardinal.†

Notwithstanding this, the Vicar-General, Archbishop Vaughan, after making his retreat in Lyndhurst, told a priest that Dr. Barsanti should not hope for any chance of reconciliation and restoration, because, should any order come from Rome to this effect, he (Dr. Vaughan) would pack up all his things and go back to his monastery in England. The people were scandalized at this example of obstinacy and insubordination to Rome set by an archbishop before an archdiocese, both clergy and people!

Thanks to God, such instances rarely occur in our Church. When Rome speaks, all submit. Yet, unfortunately, we have amongst us some few instances where, while some bishops require strict obedience from the clergy, they are not so diligent in obeying Rome themselves, and find pretexts and subterfuges in order to render null the voice of Rome, which is worse than if they were to come out openly and refuse to obey Rome. The refusal to obey the voice of Rome, or to quibble about obeying its decisions, or to acquiesce in them, has always been regarded as a step toward heresy. If due obedience had been given to Rome, there would exist no heresies, no schisms. Heresiarchs

* See letter (July 8, 1875) of Monsignor Trionfetti to Dr. Barsanti in the printed correspondence between him (Dr. Barsanti) and Cardinal Franchi.

† This illustrious cardinal died a few months after my arrival in America, 1877. In the lamentable death of Cardinal Franchi the Church has lost one of the most interesting members of that Sacred College.

always commenced in this manner. I know that it is pride that prompts them to disobey Rome, but the Holy Ghost says (Eccles. x. 15): "Pride is the beginning of all sin; he that holdeth it shall be filled with maledictions, and it shall ruin in the end." Rome is the spring and center of all jurisdiction. It is Rome that feeds all the sheep and lambs. Who refuses the food from Rome, like Judas eats condemnation.*

Next day, Saturday, I made another attempt to see Dr. Vaughan. I was at the Vicar-General's office just at three-quarters past 10 A.M. Lo! the office was closed. I felt disgusted. In going away I met the same clergyman, who informed me that on Saturday the office closes half an hour earlier. "Take a carriage, and drive to St. John's College. We desire you to sing High Mass at the cathedral to-morrow." "Thank you, sir," I replied. "Having accepted an invitation to dine to-morrow out of town, you must excuse me. I will say Mass either at the good Marist Brothers, where I was invited, or at the Arnott House. As for Dr. Vaughan, I came twice to see him, and I sent my card; that is sufficient."

Next day, after Mass at the Arnott House, with some of my friends, I drove out of town to see the surrounding country. Among other things I admired very much the beauty of Botany Bay, which, from a locality of convicts has been changed into a delicious and cheering country full of picturesque villas. There I saw the noble monument erected to the distinguished French navigator, John Francis Galaup de Laperouse, on the side of Botany Bay where he anchored on the 26th of January, 1788. In March he sailed from Bot-

* This affair is yet in *statu quo*. I heard that Archbishop Vaughan does nothing now, but goes round the country to give lectures.

any Bay with his two vessels, the *Boussole* and *Astrolabe*, to continue his researches till December, as the Commodore wrote to France on the 7th of February. This was the latest intelligence received of the fate of the expedition. A cross of the Order of St. Louis and some medals, which appeared to have been procured from the shipwreck of Laperouse, were seen in the hands of natives of an island in the track between Louisiade and New Caledonia.

At the Arnott House I made the acquaintance of the Bishop of Bathurst, Dr. Matthew Quinn, brother of the Bishop of Brisbane, but quite different from him. Dr. M. Quinn is a fatherly, humble, and hard-working prelate. For many a year he had been exercising the duty of missionary under the burning sun of India. He gave very interesting information about India and the Indians, and valuable instructions for preserving my health while traveling through that sickly country. He tried on my broad-brimmed white panama hat, and said, "This will do very well in the northern part of India, but not in Southern India. You have no idea how piercing the sun is there; it is not as in Australia." He invited me to spend a few days with him in Bathurst, but I thanked him very much and excused myself, because the next day I was to sail for China. In the diocese of Bathurst there are 25,000 Catholics. The entire population, including all denominations, is 70,000. There are 1,200 aborigines.

Besides Bathurst, 122 miles from Sydney, on the river Macquarie, the diocese suffragan of Sydney, Armidale, an insignificant place, and but a small diocese with only six priests. Brisbane is a large diocese extending as far north as the peninsula of C. York on the Straits of Torres, but it is a wilderness. The diocese of Metland is another inconsiderable town, 93 miles from Syd-

ney on the river Hunter and Northern Railroad; has a Catholic population of about 28,000. The diocese of Victoria is only on paper. The Bishop, Dr. Rodesindo Salvado, was consecrated before the existence of the diocese, and now he is nowhere. The projected settlement called North Australia, on the west side of the Gulf of Carpentaria, having Victoria for its capital, at the bottom of Port Essington, was given up for the reason stated by me in this chapter. I think that the diocese of Victoria will have the same luck as the diocese of Walla Walla in the United States.

I was notified that the day for sailing for China was fixed for Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock, November 3d. I availed myself of the short time left to make an excursion along the beautiful river Paramatta to Subiaco Convent. Near the banks there were several orange groves, but not very extensive, because this fruit is raised with difficulty and much expense, on account of the water, which is scarce. This river is navigable for a few miles only, and both banks in the neighborhood of Sydney are studded with charming villas. I took my leave of the good and aged Archbishop Polding, who was very sick and had received the last Sacraments.* I took a farewell of my friends, and accompanied by some of them, I went on board the steamship *Bowen*, which was lying at the wharf. I had already secured the best state-room; and there, in company with some of my friends, remained till 5 P.M., when the last bell was rung, and in the midst of the most cordial adieus, farewells, and acclamations, the *Bowen* left her moorings; Sydney soon disappeared,

* The good Archbishop died two months afterward. He had not been able to attend to the Archdiocese for years. Dr. Vaughan was coadjutor with the right of succession.

and in a short time the pilot quitted us. After a few minutes the noble *Bowen* crossed the only entrance to the harbor, and doubling the northern head steered northward toward Moreton Bay for Brisbane.

Out on the ocean we met with storms and very rough sea, and although we were always in sight of land, I was very sea-sick. Next day I got up early to enjoy the wild and romantic view of the Australian coast on our lee, and of the many wild islands on our right. The numerous sailing vessels and steamboats that we met with made this passage very interesting. There was no church service on board, although it was Sunday. Next day it was pleasant, but the large number of porpoises that were playing and leaping high in the air gave indication of an approaching storm. We crossed Clarence Bay toward the evening, where we observed vessels that had been wrecked the day before. Next morning it was very stormy, and many other shipwrecks could be observed along the coast. In the afternoon we rounded Point Danger. The coast here forms a barrier of high, somber, rocky mountains, in many places being perpendicular in the ocean. No sign of vegetation was observable. After battling some hours against a furious storm the *Bowen* managed to enter Moreton Bay, where we anchored for the night, and where Captain Cook last anchored in 1770. The storm continued to rage. Rain was falling in torrents, accompanied by terrific lightning and sharp thunder. I observed that the form of the lightning was different from what I had beheld elsewhere. The electric fluid appeared to spring from the land or the sea, shoot to the clouds, where it branched in different forms and in different directions. It seldom shot from the clouds.

At 6 A.M. we started again for the inside of the bay, and anchored just where the water was sufficiently deep

to keep the steamboat afloat. There we waited some time for the tender to convey us to Brisbane, 13 miles up the Moriton River. The shores round us were flat and swampy, and so also was the river. The *tender* arrived after a full hour, but the weather was insufferably hot, having nothing to screen us from the burning rays of the sun. In going up to the city we observed a multitude of black and white swans, and also many pelicans, with which this river swarmed. Before noon we landed at Brisbane, the capital of Queensland Colony.

Queensland eighteen years ago formed a part of New South Wales. It commences from Point Danger on the coast below Brisbane and extends northward to Cape York in Torres' Straits, facing New Guinea. It has a long coast line of 2,250 miles. The entire population is only 133,000. Except a few cultivated spots, the remainder of the country is a vast waste, including the Gulf of Carpentaria, which forms a part of this colony. There are extensive pastures. About 6,700,000 sheep, 1,200,000 cattle, and 93,000 horses are pastured in the colony, yielding the staple exports—wool, tallow, and hides. Its horses furnish a plentiful supply of good thorough-breds, called "*Walers*," for the cavalry in India. It is said that the soil along the coast, east of the main range, and toward the tropics, the hill-slopes and valleys, is favorable to the vine, indigo, bark, nutmeg, ginger, tea, coffee, cotton, sugar, tobacco, and other products of India and the tropics, and I believe it. At Brisbane a Catholic missionary received a present of pine-apples. He planted some of them, and now they have multiplied immensely. Here and there banana, arrow-root, sugar-cane, mulberry-trees for silk, and most fruits have been raised with success. There is gold, copper, and indications of tin, iron, and marble. Among

the timber is the Moreton Bay pine, the *Bunya-Bunya* pine, sometimes 200 feet high, etc.

The climate is warm, especially in the part within the tropics. In the Gulf of Carpentaria and in many other districts the climate is very unhealthy. Although I did not stop at Brisbane more than a little over two half days, it appeared to me an age. Nothing to occupy the time. The Parliament-house was not much to visit, yet it served to kill some of the hours. The heat was excessive. I visited the cathedral, which when finished will be a pretty handsome building. But when that will be, God only knows. For the present it is the abode of many kinds of birds, which nestle there and multiply. Their confused music interrupts the solemn silence of those naked walls, and the large windows destitute of glass offer a free passage to the feathered fowls to praise the Lord; and when I heard the birds singing before the altar, I remembered that they all had been invited by the Royal Prophet to join in singing the praises of God, and I could not refrain from exclaiming with David (Ps. viii.):

"O Lord, our Lord, how admirable is thy name in the whole earth."

I met with Very Rev. J. Cani, D.D., Vicar-General, who had been working for many years, and having broken one leg was not able to walk, yet he attended the mission on horseback. He seemed to be frightened of Bishop James Quinn, and in course of conversation he did not blush to say, that in Brisbane the priests are servants of the Bishop. In other missions I had heard much concerning Brisbane; the clergy are a class of hard-working and exemplary priests, but they are treated unkindly, and I have heard, to say the least, this is the reason why the Bishop of Brisbane was left by a large number of his priests. A very short time ago seven or

twelve priests left in a lump; and they have written to Ireland to Maynooth College not to send any priest to Bishop James Quinn, because he does not know how to treat them properly. He has now very few priests; all of whom expect changes direct from Rome. No priest has been sent from Ireland since.* Even his own brother, the saintly Dr. Matthew Quinn, Bishop of Bathurst, condemns his conduct.

Rev. James Conway, well known in England for his zeal and eloquence and other good qualities, had been educated at All-Hallows College for the American missions, but when ready to sail, a Bishop from Australia (supposed to be Bishop Quinn, of Brisbane) happened to be at All-Hallows in search of priests for his diocese. Rev. James Conway was persuaded to go with that Bishop, while another clergyman offered himself for America in place of Father Conway. From Brisbane after a few years, Bishop Quinn sent him to Sydney, where he got sick, and in a very short time died in the arms of the good and charitable Rev. Dr. Forrest.

In the steamboat *Bowen* there was a Scotch doctor who had happened to be in the same steamer with the seven or twelve priests who had left Brisbane, and being well acquainted with the cause of their leaving, spoke considerably upon the subject.

I went to pay my respects to the Bishop, but he had gone to take a ride for his health. I left my card, and was told to return in the evening, which I did in coming back from visiting the city. His lordship had not returned, and they were not certain that he would be back for the evening, because he was in the habit of taking *Turkish baths* for the benefit of his constitution.

* I have heard since, that not being able to get Irish priests, he has got some Italians.

I said that I had no particular business, except to pay my respects; and I would not return any more, because on the morrow, before noon, I expected to sail.

Next morning I went to church; there I found again the good Dr. Cani, Vicar-General, who asked me whether I had seen the Bishop? I said, No. He got frightened, thinking that I wanted to say Mass, but I soon relieved him from his embarrassment, observing that I wanted nothing either from him or from his lordship; but as in a little more than one hour I was to sail upon a long and perilous voyage, and perhaps I would not meet with any priest, I would like to make my confession, and if he had no faculties, I could give him faculty to hear me—this privilege having been granted to me when there was no other priest to be had, and no *copia confessarii*. He apologized, repeating again that they were merely servants! I knew that they were slaves afraid of the whip. This is the reason why a large number refused to submit to this humiliation and left. What degradation of priesthood! Christ said to them, "*Vos amici mei estis*" (you are my friends). Nay, He expressly refused to call them servants, "*Non dico vos servos*" (I will not call you servants).

In hearing Mass at the cathedral I observed that the boy who served Mass, and who appeared to me to be at least fourteen years old, was naked from the feet to the legs over the knee. Whether he had shoes I do not remember, but if he had, they must have been mere apologies. It reminded me of what I had read in a catechism in the *Micmac* language, to the Indians of Nova Scotia, in the time of Fr. Mainard. It read thus: "When you go to Communion you must wear some clothes, if you have any."

About noon we assembled at the wharf to embark on the tender to go on board the *Bowen*, which lay waiting

for us fifteen miles down the bay. I was tired of Brisbane, where, notwithstanding the festival of the birthday of the Prince of Wales, celebrated by picnics and excursions, I was annoyed by the heat, dust, and mosquitoes, and by puddles of deep mire.

On board the tender we related our experience in Brisbane. Captain Miller, who had recommended me to go to the Hotel of the Empress, as the best in town, and where he went himself, stated that during the night he felt some little things creeping on him in bed; he got up and tried his best to rest on the floor, but with very poor success. By good luck I mistook the hotel, and instead of going to the *Empress* I proceeded to the *Queen's* Hotel; there my experience in the night was all that it should be, and without little things to disturb my rest. I can not complain of my fare, and I was at liberty to blacken my shoes myself. Woe to the man who came a little too late at meals!

It is intended to lay a cable from Brisbane to New Caledonia, and to extend it to the Fiji Islands. I learned also that there is a project on the *tapis* to have a French line of steamers to New Caledonia.

Nearing Moreton Bay we could see the Australian steamer *Bowen* waiting for us. The smoke from her funnel gave signal that the hour of departure at 1 P.M. was approaching. The weather was splendid; the sea a perfect calm.

CHAPTER IX.

CORAL SEA—SOMERSET—COUNT ALBERTIS—MISSIONARY SHIP—MOTHER-OF-PEARL FISHERY—NEW GUINEA—STORY ABOUT MEN WITH TAILS—THE MOLUCCAS—SINGAPORE.

NOW is the most pleasant and most dangerous part of this voyage. It is the most pleasant because the ship sails the whole time through a land-locked sea, and always in sight of land. It is the most dangerous on account of the great barrier of coral, which extends for nearly 2,000 miles toward Torres' Straits; the sea between the eastern coast of Australia and this barrier is called *coral sea*. It requires a special pilot to steer the ship. We were surprised at the many and different orders which the pilot gave to the man at the wheel; sometimes they were changed every four or five minutes. The steamer must anchor every night. No sailing vessels can navigate this sea; they must go outside of this coral barrier. Notwithstanding all these precautions, several steamers have been wrecked in this sea; and, what is worse, this line of steamships does not seem to keep life-preservers, at least there were none in this boat. There were two compasses, one several feet higher up, and at some distance from the other, and the officers were continually comparing their direction. They had also some instruments not usually carried by other steamers, used to observe the setting of the sun. The first-class passengers were only one dozen. Two second-class passengers. Over one hundred Chinese oc

cupied the steerage. We passed Trinity Bay, so named because entered by Captain Cook on Trinity Sunday.

Early next morning we rounded Fraser's Island, where there are many natives. This island bears the name of a lady, who, in a shipwreck, saved herself there, from which she was rescued after many years. In the afternoon we passed Lady Eliot's Island. It would be a tedious thing to record all the rocky, savage, romantic, uninhabited, and solitary islands which are passed on this truly interesting route.

Saturday, at half-past six A.M., we entered a large bay under a deluge of rain. This is called Port Denison (or Bowen), a village of no more than 2,000 inhabitants. The steamer stopped about one hour down the bay, for the tender from the village to shift mail and take or bring passengers. The tender brought only one passenger, and we left immediately for Townville, which we reached in the afternoon of the next day, and after taking the mail and a passenger, the *Bowen* steered for Cook's Town. We rounded Cape Tribulation and Weary Bay, so called by Captain Cook, because here his ship *Endeavour* got on a reef, and he had a hard time to save and free it from the coral rocks, yet he succeeded in dragging the injured vessel to a bay and little river forty miles north, where he stopped some time for repairs. Here we observed that the sea-water was very thick with fish-spawn, which shows the large quantities of fish that must exist in these waters. The sharks here are colossal and abundant. Last night we crossed the sun. After dinner I found on board the pastor of Townville, Rev. J. P. M. Connolly, who had been telegraphed by Rev. P. McDonough from Cook's Town, to prepare him for death, as he was lying very ill from fever contracted in the gold-fields, where he had been to say Mass. I was very

glad of the good pastor's company, and as there were no state-rooms vacant I told the steward to put him in my state-room, where there was a vacant berth. Here I had a capital opportunity to learn many things about the aborigines.

Early in the morning the *Bowen* had cast anchor in Cook's Town Bay. This is the bay where Captain Cook entered to repair his ship *Endeavour;* the town on this bay is named Cook's Town after him, and the little river is called Endeavor River, because there his ship *Endeavour* was repaired. All the passengers landed, and I, together with Father Connolly, and a French passenger (but native of England) from Numea, New Caledonia, went to see Father P. McDonough, whom we were pleased to find out of danger. I went to church and celebrated Mass. The church is a small, new, frame building. The school-children every day say the catechism. After Mass we took breakfast at Father McDonough's. This young and zealous missionary has ruined his health, laboring very hard in the unhealthy field of his very extensive mission, which lies under the tropics. He fell insensible from horseback, under the blazing rays of the sun at noon. I am afraid that poor Father McDonough was sun-struck. I fear that he can not stay long in this mission. After seeing the town, to do which did not take much time, and after having purchased some watermelons for twelve cents, at noon we returned on board.

Three days ago, a boat manned by three men was sent ashore in this bay to procure water for a vessel. One man was watching while the other two were taking water. The boat was discovered by the natives, who speared the three men, one perhaps mortally. Not long ago they captured a Chinaman, took him into the interior of the woods, and ate him. Some days after,

several Chinese and some white men went in search of him, and in the woods they found his hands and skull, and a little further off they found some more white hands.

In the afternoon we sailed for Somerset, the last settlement in Albany Island in Torres' Straits. The weather was charming, but hot, and the sea like glass. We turned a large promontory, which relates to navigators a sad, sad story. A ship called the *Maria*, from Sydney, was going to New Guinea on an exploring expedition ; she was wrecked here. All hands could have been saved, but they were all eaten by the natives, who are very numerous in the interior of this part of Australia. Here the natives are small and sickly because badly fed and clothed. In a large island off the coast, and even in the interior, some men and women wear a kind of shirt, which hardly reaches the belly. Sometimes they approach a village to do some little work, but before commencing they ask something to eat, saying that they feel too weak. After eating they promise to return in a little while to work, but you never see them again. They are extremely lazy. They help at landing passengers and baggage. Being naked, or wearing that kind of shirt already alluded to, they make a very funny show, especially before ladies. If they work, *e. g.*, sawing wood and such like, they labor just sufficiently to procure some liquor, and quit work at once; you can not induce any of them to work any longer, either for love or for money. Missionaries are endeavoring to civilize and convert these people, but with poor encouragement.

Our voyage to Somerset was fine and very pleasant. We enjoyed the picturesque views of the coast and islands, turning occasionally, as we did, zigzag, to avoid shoals or reefs. In many places there were signals to

mark the depth of the water. This makes the voyage longer, but more pleasant, because the scenery changes continually. Sometimes we discovered islands with mountains whose summits seemed to reach the sky; sometimes the islands were flat and bare; others appeared to have one or two huts; others to possess but a few cocoanut trees; while others again were covered with thick woods. Ducks and sea-birds were without number, and in the Torres' Straits, pigeons could be observed in clouds. We passed Cape York, the northern extremity of the Australian continent, and entered Torres' Straits. The heat was very great, and for this reason we were obliged to take all our meals on deck, where, under canvas, a proper dining-table was set three times a day.

On the 16th we rounded a great promontory near Albany Island. As the water was very deep the steamer passed close to the shore, and we could see half a dozen of natives assembled under some trees. They were black, naked, and provided with spears; yet they committed no hostilities. They were looking at us. Perhaps they thought that we would go to see them. When we anchored at the Bay of Somerset, which was one hour afterward the same day, none of us had any desire to see them.

In the bay I found a Count Albertis, who had just arrived from New Guinea, and the missionary ship that had just returned from a voyage of discovery in the New Britain and New Ireland groups of islands on the eastern coast of New Guinea, hence I had the best opportunities for learning the true and veritable condition of the natives. These are the only localities where men having a tail are said to be found. The following are the words of Rev. Mr. Brown, Wesleyan missionary in the islands of New Britain and New Ireland:

"The natives in *Blanche Bay* affirm most positively the existence of a race of men with tails, at a place called Kalili. They deny most indignantly the supposition that they must be monkeys, asking if monkeys fight with spears, plant yams, make houses, etc., etc. They say that the appendage is hard and inflexible, so much so, that they have to dig a hole in the sand before they can sit down, as they die at once if the tail is broken. They also say that any child born without this appendage is destroyed for fear it should be ridiculed when grown-up." [N.B.—Mr. Brown only tells the story as it was told to him]. These are the words of the companions of Mr. Brown: "As we could never get to see a specimen, or even get a guide to show us the place, the natives always professed to be too frightened to go, though they say that they will yet waylay one of them, and bring him to convince us unbelieving white men."

The Sydney *Morning Herald* of Thursday, October 12, 1876, speaking on this subject, says: "Rev. Mr. Brown, in a letter from Blanche Bay on Henderson's Island (Matupi, New Ireland) makes some curiously interesting statements—the supposed existence of a race of dwarfs with immovable caudal appendages. The stories told by the natives respecting these curious beings have yet to be confirmed."

Count Albertis—who can be said to have been the first and the only individual who, with his men, for four or five years explored New Guinea, and especially the eastern coast where these curious beings with the tails are reported to exist—denies that there are any such people, but asserts them to be monkeys. On the contrary, he said to me that on the eastern coast of New Guinea there are villages inhabited by a class of natives superior to those living in the interior and western part of

New Guinea. This is just what I was told by those Catholic missionaries, who for some years had been living in New Guinea, but on account of the pestilential condition of the place they had been compelled to quit it. They told me that they had heard the same story related by the natives.

Count Albertis, an Italian, born of a noble and wealthy *Genoese* family, has undertaken the exploration of New Guinea at his own expense. The Italian Government gave him a small steamer, and the colony of New South Wales gave him another small craft, together with some other assistance. The Count had been laid down with fever, and his sallow, sickly face told me of his sickly condition. Most of his men were down with fever. He related to me that the island was sickly. The general appearance of the country is low and swampy; in the interior there are high mountains and rich vegetation, but these are surrounded by lagoons and low lands covered by swamp grass and scanty vegetation. One part of the country is hilly; the highest hill ascends about 225 feet, and it is covered with beautiful vegetation. He added that he had already collected five hundred words, from which he expected to find out whether the primitive original natives belonged to the black or to the yellow race. The present Papuas spring from the mixture of both races, and they, together with the natives of New Britain and New Ireland, are cannibals. He had gathered collections in the three branches of natural history, but these objects were very scarce.

Some of the villages, he continued, consisted only of one, or very few houses, which the natives deserted at the approach of the whites. Occasionally canoes of hostile natives put in an appearance, but as soon as the whites move toward them the canoes paddle away. Some arrows were fired at us from a village, a compli-

ment returned by a few shots. He told me that he had found interesting birds, insects, and fishes, and that he preserved a good number of specimens of plants, both dried and living. The mineral collection is not rich, but perhaps enough to give an idea of the formation of the country and its fertility. The people probably belong to the race inhabiting the east of the great island, still retaining the usages of the inhabitants of the East in dress, implements, houses, etc. They exist by fishing and hunting, and cultivating bananas, taro, and tobacco; probably some trading is done with southern tribes, by exchanging tobacco for shells. Mother-of-pearl shells are used by the natives for adornments. Count Albertis said that he had seen some very light-colored people. He added, also, that it is very difficult to get food from the natives; the food consisting simply of bananas and taro; his men on more than one occasion had to fight with the natives to get food.

This is just what the missionaries who left New Guinea told me in Australia. "The natives refused to give us food, even by paying well for it. They were saying, 'If you want to eat, like us, you must go swimming and catch fish, and you must hunt as we do.'" Count Albertis concluded that an Italian colony could be planted there. Rice, cotton, and hemp could be raised with great facility. Tobacco would grow well, and by cultivation New Guinea could be rendered a rich island.

When Count Albertis boarded the *Bozen* there came also some of the missionaries from the missionary steamer *Roger Williams*. Captain Henry M. Chester, P.M., having learned that I was a priest, gave me an invitation to go to his home. "My wife," says he, "is Catholic, and comes from England. She would like very much to see you. She is very lonesome in this wild

solitude, destitute of every kind of civilization. My boat is here, at your disposal. You will find my men on shore, who will conduct you to my residence. I will go now on shore, give the necessary orders, and return on board." I promised to go in the afternoon. He was postmaster, and I believe that he was also collector of customs.

I induced an English gentleman, who was a passenger with us, to accompany me; and at 2 P.M. we landed. Somerset can not even be called a village; it is only a slope of a ridge of Cape York. There are only seven buildings, including the headquarters of the London Missionary Society. There are four policemen and a post-office and custom-house. A Chinaman raises a few vegetables on the rock.

Captain Chester's house was on the top of a hill, and commanded the view of the entire bay. The dwelling was a large, spacious, and half-rotten building. Mrs. Chester is an intelligent, well-educated lady. We sat in the portico, and were treated to coffee and sweetmeats. She was complaining of this miserable place, altogether out of the world. But her fear was of the natives, who any night could murder them and set fire to the buildings. Although every house was provided abundantly with every description of arms, yet there are not men enough in that little settlement to protect the village. The woods are about three or four rods from the premises, and in those woods there are natives who sometimes come as near as the barn, but they are afraid of the fire-arms, which are exposed to their sight. Her house is an armory, and she never sleeps without the presence of her husband or two sons. She led us over the entire house, and laid bare the destruction done by the famous *white ants*. She showed to us how they had eaten the interior of planks, joists, poles, etc.,

although the outside appeared sound. Mrs. Chester produced us a leg of mutton literally covered with white ants, upon which these insects descended from the roof. That mutton was to be used on the morrow by the family of Captain Chester. There is no remedy against these ants. The only consolation left to Mrs. Chester lay in the fact, that in one month she was to move to Thursday Island, about fifty miles toward Torres' Straits. The Government has abolished this station and post-office. Being still further separated from the continent, they will be more free from any danger on the part of the natives.

She showed to us the many natural and native curiosities that were collected there; amongst the other things, the fatal spear that killed Dr. James, of Boston, in New Guinea. This spear was over six feet long and of a native hard wood; the barbs were a little wider than an inch, and constructed in such a manner, that to remove them from the body of Dr. James it was necessary to cut the flesh. This melancholy tragedy took place on the 23d of August, this year, in the following manner:

Dr. James lately had joined Mr. Chas. Shomgren, who owned a boat called *Mayn*, and they had gone together in this boat to the mainland opposite Yule Island with a crew of seven natives of the islands in Torres' Straits. Captain Chester, well acquainted with the manners of these cannibals, had warned them, saying: "If natives come to you before daylight they come to murder you. They want to surprise you, knowing that you are asleep and in the deepest part of sleep. Fire on them without delay. If they come by daylight after the rising of the sun, they come to trade." Notwithstanding this warning from Captain Chester, just before daylight two canoes full of New Guineamen were seen approaching the boat. The crew called Shomgren, and asked for

fire-arms, but he, thinking they were merely coming to trade, refused to give them. While Dr. James and Shomgren were trading, a native suddenly struck the latter with a club, smashing his skull and knocking him overboard. Dr. James shot one man with his revolver, but was almost immediately thrust through with a spear and killed. The boat's crew got their guns, and succeeded in beating off their assailants after two of their number had been speared, and about ten of the New Guinea natives had been shot. They dived for the body of Shomgren, but the water being muddy, they were unable to recover it. They then got under weigh, and that evening buried the body of Dr. James on a sand-bank. The boat arrived at Somerset on the 6th of September. Captain Chester took an inventory of everything belonging to these unfortunate gentlemen in Somerset. The will and letters of Dr. James were found, and sent to his relatives in Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A., and their effects were sold at auction. In the evening the tide was very low, and we were obliged to take off our shoes and stockings and lift up our trowsers in order to reach the boat, and so go on board the steamer.

In the evening the captain of the *Bowen* and some passengers went shooting, and as they could not get any Torres Straits' pigeons, brought a good mess of oysters, which they gathered from the shores and rocks at low tide. These luscious bivalves were small, yet good, but the brassy taste unhappily prevailed. A vessel arrived here carrying a large number of natives from the Philippine, Ladrones, and Caroline Islands. As she had no papers, the vessel was seized and was to be confiscated, on the supposition that the natives had been kidnapped.

Next morning, as the *Bowen* was to sail for Torres'

MASS CELEBRATED IN A SHANTY.

Straits and the Moluccas, Count Albertis caused a large quantity of provisions to be conveyed to his men who were in a starving condition in New Guinea, and who were obliged to fight with the natives in order to get food. The special pilot here left the boat, as the danger was over, and the captain could manage the ship by himself. The pilot was to wait for the steamer *Somerset* of the same line, returning from China, to pilot her to Brisbane. There was a boat going to the Gulf of Carpentaria, to the pearl fishery. She was tugged by the *Bowen* as far as Cape York. The Gulf of Carpentaria has several pearl-banks, that is, mother-of-pearl oyster shells, which cluster in great numbers, and are found on rocks in the depths of the sea. To collect these shells is the business of divers, brought up to this most dangerous occupation from early youth. They descend from their boat with a rope fastened round their body, and a stone of twenty or thirty pounds weight attached to the foot to sink them. Generally they descend from eight to twelve fathoms before they reach the shells. Their nostrils and ears are stopped up with cotton; a sponge, dipped in oil, is fastened to the arm, which the diver now and then brings to his mouth, in order to draw breath without swallowing water. Every diver has, in addition, a knife, to loosen the shells, and a basket to put them into. When he becomes unable to remain any longer under water, he rapidly unlooses the stone, shakes the line, and is drawn up by his companions. These divers are often destroyed by sharks. Other divers use the diving-bell.

We passed some very fine islands, and after rounding Thursday Island, where the Government has nearly finished the buildings for the accommodation of the little settlement at Somerset, we sighted Albany on

Torres' Straits. We passed close to Booby Island, once a post-office in Torres' Straits, where vessels deposited letters and papers, which were to be taken by other passing ships and carried whithersoever they might be directed, in the same manner as another island in the Straits of Magellan, between the Terra del Fuego and Patagonia in South America, was used for a post-office.

The steamer now took the direction of the Arafura Sea. It is so named after the aborigines of the Moluccas, who are called Harafoes, or Alfores. The sea between the Gulf of Carpentaria in Australia, and Cape Walasch in New Guinea, was very rough; I was sea-sick nearly all day. Although the track of the European and Australian line of steamers is marked to run south of the Arafura Sea, round Port Essington across the Gulf of Carpentaria in Australia, north of the Bathurst Island in Melanesia, then cross the Sunda Isles between Java and Bali (called Little Java) through the narrow passage, called the Straits of Bali, yet they find it more convenient, when near Timor Land, to cross the Arafura Sea, leave the Moluccas and the Moluccas Sea, and steer toward Timor Island. We passed close south of Moa Island. The natives were bathing and swimming, and could be seen very plainly. Their color was very dark. The island was rich in vegetation, but poorly cultivated. Soon after midnight we heard an alarm, "Steamer in sight!" We rushed on deck and saw a steamer throwing rockets, and signalling with blue lights. The *Bowen* answered the signals. It was the *Somerset*, another ship of the same line returning from Hong-Kong and steering for Sydney. Both captains spoke. The captain of the *Somerset* wanted to come on board, and the *Bowen* was stopped.

The night was dark, yet pleasant and calm. The

captain and some other officers came on board, and they were so kind as to bring the last newspapers from Singapore. They also fetched a good quantity of fresh fruits, bananas, pine-apples, some pomoloes (shaddock), and fresh fish, which were very acceptable, because ours were becoming scarce. After some time passed in exchanging news, the captain left, and we continued our course.

Early in the morning we sighted the luxuriant island of Timor, which is the largest and most southern of the Moluccas. We passed very close to the shore, and rounded the north-east portion of it, which belongs to the Portuguese; but now the entire island is under the flag of that nation. The island Watta lay very near at our right, and we observed many places where the Malays had built fires in the woods. The western part, which belonged to the Dutch, was given to the Portuguese in exchange for a part of another Molucca island which belonged to the Portuguese. When I was in Macao, I had the pleasure of meeting two Portuguese missionaries who had been obliged to leave Timor on account of fever which they had contracted there, and whither they were to return in January. They related to me that although for over one hundred years the Catholic missionaries had left that mission, yet the natives continued to practice the Catholic religion. When, two years ago, the Portuguese priests re-took that mission, they found thousands of Catholics on that island. They left one priest, and in January four more missionaries were to go thither. When these two missionaries returned to Macao, they brought five intelligent, very young natives to be educated for the priesthood in the seminary of Macao. They had selected an eminent and healthy location in this island of Timor, to erect a church and house. We perceived the smoke

of the volcano, Tambura, quietly rolling over the hill-tops, so thickly covered with primitive forests of the wild island bearing the same name. But here our attention was attracted by a large school of porpoises of immense size sporting close upon our lee.

The *Bowen* now crossed Flores Sea and approached the Dutch Island of Flores, abounding in spices, wild cinnamon, and other valuable plants. This island is also famous for its quantity of birds and tortoises. The capital of Flores is *Laaurantooka*. The *Bowen* passed between two islands; that at our right is called *Tiger Island;* and our course now was between the large islands Sambawa and Celebes. The Dutch nation has had a long and difficult war with the Queen of the latter island, and lays the flattering unction to its soul that it is Dutch property, but such is not the case; although for peace sake the Queen is expected to pay a kind of tribute. The Dutch nation pretends to possess many of these islands, but the possession is only on the map. It pretends even to have a claim on a part of New Guinea, but that is likewise on paper.

The principal establishment of the Dutch on the island of Celebes is Macassar (or Bony), said to contain 90,000 inhabitants. The town is large; the houses are built on piles, and very high from the ground, the most of them accessible only by ladders or piles, to guard against inundation. The country around is beautiful, but the town is situated on a neck, or point of land, at the mouth of a river, which forms a harbor, with water enough for a ship to come within cannon-shot of the walls. Macassar is protected by *Fort Rotterdam*. This island is rich not only in spices, cotton, rice, etc., but in gold, silver, diamonds, and other minerals. The cattle are large and abundant; but notwithstanding the pretensions of the Dutch, and their little establishments, the

principal part of the commerce goes into the hands of the Chinese. The natives are strong, stout, vigorous, and industrious; they are divided into several monarchical States. The entire population is about 3,000,000. There is a steamer from Macassar to Singapore, touching at Rhio and Mintock, with the monthly mails; and on arrival of the overland mail, and *vice versa*, there is a steamer for Macassar and the Moluccas. Sambawa is a large island, thickly populated, and has an extensive commerce with Europe in rice, cotton, tobacco, and not only in the productions of the Sunda Islands, but also in bees-wax and sulphur. The city of Sambawa, on the north-east side of the island, has an excellent harbor. The volcano on this island was throwing pillars of smoke on the clear, calm atmosphere. A sailing vessel, supposed to be Dutch, was coasting this island, called also *Sambarawa*. We could discover at a distance of eighty miles the majestic volcanic fire *Bali* 1,100 feet high, on the island of the same name, at whose foot the city of Carang-Assem is located, in a fertile and well-cultivated soil. The *Bowen* neared the luxuriant and beautiful island of Lumbock, whose mountains, loaded with excellent and valuable timber, reach a height of 1,080 feet.

In the evening I paid a visit to the third officer, who had contracted a severe cold, which rendered him not only unfit for duty, but confined him to bed, or to his room. His health was shattered, and he expected to leave the ship at Singapore. This European and Australian line, connecting with the European line at Singapore, is very trying on the officers of the ship, because when at one end of the voyage it is summer, and when at the other end, it is winter, and *vice versa*, besides crossing the line each way from Sydney to Hong-Kong, hence the constitution is continually subjected to a change of climate.

We now sighted the famous, rich, and unhealthy island of Java, the most of which belongs to Holland; two small parts only remain to the original owners. The steamer approached the north-east end of it, and after rounding some small islands, we went near the village called *Sabudi* (or *Saputi*). This is a large town, having many streets and houses. The natives could be distinctly perceived, and the house of the Dutch Governor was pointed out to us. The red, large roof pronounced it to be a Dutch dwelling. Dutch and native vessels could be seen all along the sea-shore, which was lively with natives bathing and swimming. The steamer having rounded a promontory of Java, took the direction of Madura, another Dutch large island on our right, whose luxuriant vegetation was sufficient proof that Madura was a very rich island. We could see many houses of Samanap, the capital of the island. The inhabitants number about 9,000, spread throughout. Here we saw a good number of *catamarans*, that is, native canoes, consisting of three pieces of wood lashed together, and usually manned by five natives. Some consisted of an excavated trunk of a tree in the form of a canoe, and balanced by two large poles, one at each side, and by short pieces of wood, well-secured to the canoe. Some of them had large sails.

Having sailed along the entire southern shore of Madura, we again came in sight of Java. This island, 666 miles long, and from 36 to 135 wide, has a population of 12,000,000 to 14,000,000 of inhabitants, principally belonging to three races—natives, Malays, and Chinese. A chain of high and volcanic mountains, some 12,000 feet high, runs through the whole length. There are forty volcanoes, but all extinct, except a few which emit smoke after heavy rains. It is eminently rich in rice, coffee, sugar, spices, etc. Its fruits are exquisite, minerals valu-

able, cattle abundant, but of small breed. Ferocious and poisonous animals are very numerous, especially the black tiger. All the rivers are short; Solo is the principal. This place boasts objects of antiquity. The *ruins of Brerve-Bulver*, where a great figure represents Menak Djingo, King of Balanojangan; and another represents the Queen, and additional figures of gods, goddesses, columns, altars, and ruins of Hindoo temples, which prove that they were once in a more flourishing condition than at present. This island has been once under the possession of the Hindoos. The *ruins of Moendoet*, situated in central Java. The most remarkable are the *ruins of Pambanantjande Sewoe*, or *Thousand Temples*, about four leagues from Suracarta. In the center of an extensive plain, almost a square, rises a great temple about sixty feet in height. In four or five rows round the chief temple there are two hundred smaller ones of similar architecture. There are eight colossal statues of seated figures, about nine feet high, sitting two by two at the four entrances. Merapia, the largest volcano in Java, soars majestically in the background.

On the bank or bar before Batavia, the flood rises about six feet, and even higher at spring tides. High and low water likewise occur but once in twenty-four hours. The year, as is usual in tropical climates, is divided into the dry and rainy seasons; or into the east, which is called the *good monsoon*, and the west, or the *bad monsoon*. Thunder-storms are very frequent, especially toward the conclusion of the monsoons, when they occur almost every evening. The thermometer seldom rises over 90° in the hottest part of the day, and seldom below 76° in the greatest coolness of the morning; yet in many of the inland towns, and in some parts among the hills, it is often so cold as to render a fire desirable.

The capital of Java and of all Dutch East Indies, or Archipelago, is Batavia, founded by the Dutch in 1619; taken by the English in 1811, restored to the Dutch in 1816. The population, 100,000, is of different races—Javanese, Chinese, Balinese, Malays, and Europeans. It is situated on a wide, deep bay, in which are interspersed many low, green islets, within the inlets of which, ships find safe anchorage. It is rather a roadstead than a harbor. It is easy of access, and, on account of its westerly situation, is the best and most convenient port in the island. The greatest inconvenience is the bar at the mouth, which, at low water, is almost dry, and seldom boasts of six feet of water. The town stands on the Ijeliwong River, or at the union of small rivers which are navigable for boats, amidst swamps, and is a parallelogram 4,200 feet long by 2,000 broad. The streets are intersected by canals, and interspersed with trees planted on each side, and cross each other at right angles, in the Dutch style. Many of the canals are filled with water which is almost stagnant. The miasmata generated in the putrid mudbanks and canals, render the town exceedingly unhealthy, and subject to an intermittent fever, very mortal to strangers. Batavia, on account of the beauty of its buildings and immense trade, has been styled the Queen of the East. But within a few years the town has lost a great part of its splendor. Streets have been pulled down, canals half filled up, forts demolished, and palaces leveled to the dust. The *campongs*, or quarters of the native population, are of mean appearance. In the part inhabited by Europeans, the streets are more regular, and the houses spacious, but not elegant. The public edifices are neither numerous nor splendid. There is a fine Catholic church built and attended by Portuguese, who were the first discoverers of this island, and who

created a settlement. Three-quarters of Java are in the power of the Dutch, whose immediate authority extends over three-fifths of the population. The other quarter is divided between two native sovereigns, in the south-east part of the island. There are several railways on this island.

The Netherlands India Steam Company's boats arrive here in two days from Singapore, in connection with those of the P. and O. Company, and the French Messageries. Now the Italian line of the Rubatino steamers call at Singapore and Batavia.

Having passed Caramatta Island, or otherwise called Carambatta, we could perceive Suraboa (or Suratua) Island and Pic of the same name, covered with high and thick forests. The *Bowen* was now between Java and Borneo, the largest island in the world, because Australia is considered as a continent. The central parts of Borneo have never been explored by Europeans, and the insalubrity of its climate has prevented them from frequenting its shores. The principal chain of mountains is called the Crystal Mountains, from the numerous crystals they contain. Volcanoes and earthquakes devastate the island; the coast for miles and miles is marshy, and is a moving bog. The heat is not excessive, although the island is under the equator, and the sea and mountain breezes moderate it. The island is rich in minerals and vegetation. Gold is found in large quantity. Diamonds, which are found nowhere else except in Hindostan and Brazil, are confined to the south and west coasts, but the best are obtained from Landak. The petty prince of Maltan is in possession of one of the largest diamonds in the world. It is valued at $1,200,000, which is $150,000 less than the Russian, and $500,000 more than the Pitt diamond. The miners are the aboriginal savages. The camphor

is the best in the world. Pearls are numerous and very fine. Several nations have tried to form some settlements, but only the Dutch have succeeded. The population is estimated at from three to five millions, mostly Mohammedan. The shores are inhabited by Malays, Javanese, Bugis, and natives of Celebes, and some descendants of Arabs, who are all subject to despotic princes called Sultans. The interior is peopled by a race of Malay colonists established longer than those on the coasts, and called *Biajoos*, or *Viajas*. The natives are called *Dejakkese*, or *Idaan*. They extract some front teeth and insert pieces of gold in their stead. Their bodies are painted, and their only clothing is a girdle round the middle. The Biajoos hang up the skulls of their enemies at the doors of their huts. The *Harafooras*, a race of the interior, differ from the Idaans in having darker complexions and longer ears. Their dancing girls are much admired by Europeans for their activity and grace. The island is divided among several princes of different races. The animals are numerous and of many kinds. The largest kind of monkeys is here. The monkey of the pongo tribe grows to the size of a man; the orang-outang, which bears the strongest resemblance to the human species in look, manner, and gait, but very stupid in intelligence, is very numerous in Borneo.

Banca Island came now in our sight. This is very well known for the famous Banca tin, which is very pure and easily obtained. Its tin mines, worked by the Dutch East India Company, are estimated to bring £150,000 annually. It contains 60,000 inhabitants; it belongs to Holland, and is one of the vassal States of Palembang.

Here we crossed the line and again entered our native northern hemisphere, and although it was very

warm, I yet fancied that I was at home once more. We rounded Lingen Island—a very mountainous country, north-east of the famous and large island, Sumatra. Penobang is the capital of this notorious Lingen Island, whose inhabitants are all Malays of the worst description. They are famous pirates, and Lingen is the nest of these sea-thieves. Penobang is the place from which they enlist for robbery on pirate Malays' sampans. Several birds called "Men-of-war," were flying round the ship. They are as large as eagles, but their feathers are black with a white edge, and they have a long, forked tail. Protected by these feathered "men-of-war," we entered the straits, and who can describe the beauty of the many small islands which smiled around us? Here we observed native villages, whose houses were built on piles on the shore of the islands, but many yards above water-mark. In front, plantations of cocoanut trees, whose palmy and stretched tops from the shores seemed to contemplate their majestic shadows in the tranquil waters; beside them entire islands reflected their beautiful, but reversed form in the same mirror; while Chinese junks and Malays' sampans were passing and re-passing near our steamer. Having rounded another island, we came in front of luxuriant sugar-cane plantations; but the verdant banana trees, presenting to us their large and pendant clusters of the mellow and sweet fruits, were tempting us by their invitation. When we came in sight of Singapore toward the setting of the sun, the fragrant odor of cinnamon, cloves, etc., reminded us that we were near the land of spices. Having passed a Dutch steamer going to Batavia to repair the cable, the *Bowen* cast anchor in the roadstead of Singapore. Several boats came to see if any passengers desired to land; but all determined to remain on board. It was Monday, the 27th of November.

The evening was excessively hot. To this, add swarms of several kinds of mosquitoes, with their unwelcome music, and cruel biting; these, I say, impressed us with the conviction that a night spent in the harbor of Singapore was not such a delicacy as to warrant being sought after by so long a sea voyage. The most of the passengers, considering that they could not find rest in their state-rooms, requested the steward to have their beds carried on deck to try to sleep there; but during the night a sudden and severe thunder-storm, accompanied by a deluge of rain, caused them to run pell-mell to their state-rooms. Next morning the steamer went to the wharf at the new harbor. Before leaving the steamer, two second-class passengers, in fact the only second-class, came to visit us. One was described as a fool, going to China to take possession of that empire, because he claimed to be the true legitimate heir to the Celestial throne, and, as such, he had published his intentions in the newspapers in Australia, and had sent notices to be inserted in the journals of France. The other, called Hopkinson, was a kind of agent of the French Government in Numea (New Caledonia), the Botany Bay of France. He came among the first-class passengers, and exhibited to us some coffee which he had raised in New Caledonia. The coffee was examined and pronounced excellent. He said that in New Caledonia they were going to plant it on a large scale, and he could sell the crop of next year. I said that I would purchase two hundred kilogrammes. He said: "I can sell them to you for £9, if you pay now, and in six months, perhaps ten months I will send them to your address in Gallipoli, Italy. I shall put them in a box, and I will complete the weight of a ton (as the transportation expenses would be the same for a ton or part of it), with curiosi-

ties of New Caledonia, for which I will charge nothing, but you must pay the transportation expenses. I will send it by sailing vessel to Marseilles, and by steam to Gallipoli. We are several brothers; keep a mercantile house in Marseilles, and also in England. In one year I will be back to Numea."

I had seen this gentleman in Australia; he landed with me in Cook's Town, where he, with great show of devotion, wanted to hear Mass. He said that he was helping to build a large cathedral in Numea; so I thought I would trust him, and advanced the money. I forgot then the old saying that there are two bad payers, "those who pay in advance, and those who never pay." So I handed to him the £9 sterling, and he gave me a receipt, which I keep yet, and he took the written directions how and to whom he was to send the box.*

Here I heard another story from him. He said that his companion (the one going to China to take possession of that empire), while the Chinese landed in Singapore, had lost his chest, which contained all that he possessed. None of the officers believed the story, and I was told that there was some roguery in that. Hopkinson informed me that he believed it, and that he gave him £7 or £9 sterling. He presented me with a fine and large coral plant, which I could not take with me, but he promised to leave it in Brindisi, on his way

* The coffee and box have never been received. I wrote several times from Italy to Marseilles to Hopkinson's brother, but he never condescended to reply. I wrote to Mr. Palmentola, a gentleman from Gallipoli doing business in Marseilles; he was so kind as to go himself to see Hopkinson. He acknowledged the receipt of the letters, but could give no reason why he had failed to reply. He said that he had received no coffee for me, and that he knew nothing about it. I doubt whether it will come before the Day of Judgment! He is said to be a member of the firm of Messrs. Hopkinson Frères, Marseilles, France. It is not creditable to France to keep such a class of agents.

to Marseilles; but in Brindisi he must have forgotten to leave it, in the same manner as he must have forgotten the coffee.

Several canoes arrived early in the morning from the opposite shore, that is, from Malacca, having a great quantity of white coral, shells of every kind, sword-

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fishes' bones, and such-like curiosities to sell; but as I was to come again to Singapore on my return from China, I purchased nothing. Having left my baggage in care of the steward, I drove to the Clarendon Hotel, the best first-class hotel in Singapore. The town is about three miles from the wharf, and this three-mile road can be said to be a continued native bazar.

CHAPTER X.

DEPARTURE FOR CHINA—CHINESE—PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—HONG-KONG—PEARL RIVER—CANTON.

SINGAPORE is a small island twenty-five miles long and fourteen broad, separated from the Johore mainland by a strait from one-quarter to three-quarters of a mile wide. It lies at the south-eastern extremity of the Straits of Malacca. It is the capital of the straits' settlements, comprising Singapore, Penang, and Malacca, or *Wellesley*, and it was founded by Sir Raffles Stamford in 1819, and transferred by the Indian Government to the Crown in 1867. The population is about 100,000, nearly half-and-half Malays and Chinese; there are Germans and other Europeans. The climate is hot, but healthy; it is only eighty miles from the equator, and it stands in a capital center for commerce, opposite Sumatra, Borneo, etc. There is neither summer nor winter, and even the periodical rains are not at all defined. Currency is in Spanish dollars, divided into one hundred parts, represented either by Dutch doits or English copper coins of the same value. Thermometer, 71° to 89° indoors; 100° to 117° in the sun. The showers, which fall two days in three, are always moderate.

I went to the cathedral, because next day came a festival of the B. Virgin Mary, and I desired to say Mass. The bishop, or vicar-apostolic, had gone to Hong-Kong for his health, but I found his vicar. I inquired of him if that was the only church in Singapore, and he the only priest? "There is no other

church," he replied, "but there is another priest, who, at present, is not on the island." In returning to my hotel in company with Mr. Hopkinson we met a gentleman dressed like a priest, and wearing a round hat. "That is a priest," I remarked to Mr. Hopkinson. "He looks like one," he said. I saluted him in French, and he returned the salutation in Portuguese. We joined him, and I asked him, "Esta V. un padre?" "Servir a V." I told him that I was just returning from the Vicar-Apostolic's residence, and was informed that there was no other priest nor church on the island. "Yes, sir," he replied, "we have the Portuguese Church and residence, and there are two priests to attend the Portuguese congregation. The reason why they told you that there were no other churches nor priests is because the Vicar-Apostolic does not like to see any church or priests that are not under his jurisdiction; hence he does not recognize us; but that makes no difference, because we are under the jurisdiction of our Superior—the Archbishop of Goa, who has always been the Superior of all the Portuguese missions in India and the Straits of Malacca, where there is another Portuguese priest, who is vicar of the straits' settlements. Our church is not far from here; we can walk thither; it will not take long. Then I shall have the pleasure of accompanying you to the Clarendon Hotel."

I accepted the invitation, and we went to the residence of the Portuguese missionaries. Mr. Hopkinson remarked to me: "I perceive a great difference between these missionaries and those at the Cathedral. These are affable in their manners, and show an apostolic simplicity; the others were stiff, and displayed a kind of pretension. I perceived that there was some umbrage about jurisdiction."

Arrived at the Portuguese residence, we found the

Superior of the mission, the good Rev. Nicolao Ignacio Theophilo Pinto, whose generous heart did justice to the noble Portuguese nation. We spent a pleasant evening there. They showed me the church, where they were just rehearsing Mozart's Mass, No. XII., for Christmas. There were string instruments, and very good voices, all men. The heat was so intense that I could do nothing but wipe my face. Padre Pinto told me: "We are only two priests here. At Christmas night we like to have High Mass, with deacon and subdeacon. If you could make up your mind to be here on Christmas to sing Mass and preach, you would oblige us very much." I made my calculations, and promised to be at Singapore for Christmas. I was obliged to accept their hospitality, to stop with them on my return from China. Rev. J. P. S. De Cunha accompanied us to the hotel. I promised to say Mass there next day, but it rained so hard that I could not go.

Next morning the servant brought to my room a cup of *black* coffee, some sweetmeats, and a slice of pine-apple. At breakfast the table was fanned by two large fans called a *Punkha*. It is a long beam suspended from the ceiling, and agitated by ropes passed through pulleys. To these beams are attached the fans, consisting of heavy stuff like quilts, over one yard deep, and along the entire length of the table. Sometimes there are two or three of them, which can be either detached or coupled at pleasure, so that one person may agitate all at once. This punkha is used everywhere in India and other hot countries. It is used on the steamboats, offices, Protestant churches, and on their pulpits. At the hotels it is even used over the beds in bedrooms; then the rope and pulley is outside in another room, or in the yard, entry, etc., as it is in the Protestant churches and offices. I have never seen any in the Catholic

churches. At the hotels they make an additional charge for winding it over the bed; not on account of the punkha, but on account of the boy, who has to pull the rope on the pulley, and fan the whole night through. However, the boy falls asleep; the punkha stops, and the sleeping people, passing from the cooling breeze of the fan to the smothering air of the bedroom, get the nightmare, and commence to dream horrible and fearful things. Frightened, they awake suddenly in a great profusion of perspiration, to find that the punkha lies still. Impatient and mad, they halloo to awake the boy, who again commences his patient and monotonous work.

On account of the sun here, it is impossible to go but a little distance without a carriage. In company with Padre De Cunha and Mr. Hopkinson, I went to the post-office. Oh, what a treasure of letters and papers! I had established the Singapore post-office as the place to send letters till the middle of December. After visiting the post-office, we drove around the island to see the beautiful gardens, and the nutmeg plantations.

Returned to the hotel, I found a native waiting for me; he had a counterfeit dollar, saying that I had given it the day before in payment for some things I had bought. As I was well-posted up with these kind of tricks, I took no notice of him, and the hotel officers beckoned to me on the subject. The native then said: "If you did not give it, then it must be this other gentleman." But he had no better success.

After dinner I settled my bill with the hotel. The charge was sixteen shillings per diem, exclusive of all drinkables. They took sovereigns at par, because the only current coins are Spanish dollars, divided into one hundred parts, represented either by Dutch doits or English copper coins of the same value. American

dollars are sometimes taken at par. Gold-dust is sold or taken in exchange by a Malay weight, called the *Bungkal*, equal to two Spanish dollars, or eight hundred and thirty-two grains Troy. For weights, one *picul* makes one hundred *cattles*, equal to one hundred and thirty-three and a half pounds avoirdupois; forty *piculs* make one *cayan* of rice. Accompanied by several friends, and under a deluge of rain, I went on board the *Bowen*, which was to sail for China next day at 7 A.M.

The entire crew belonged to Singapore. All had enlisted here; they were paid off, but all except nine re-enlisted for another trip, and promised to be on board the evening of the day of departure, others early in the morning of that day. A new officer replaced the third officer, who was sick, and who had gone to Scotland, his native country. At the wharf a native wanted me to change a dollar—of course a bad dollar. It is not safe to change money with natives unless they are regular money-changers.

Next day, November 30th, I was on deck before seven A.M. It was raining very hard. Although the number of the crew had been increased, yet there were not Chinese enough on board to make the steamer ready for sail; with the exception of one or two the crew were all Chinese. The company's agent was on board, and Captain Miller was very anxious to sail at seven A.M., hence was complaining to the agent who had enlisted the crew, and yet not even half were on board. The Chinese had had a good time during the night with their families and friends, hence were late to come on board. However, notwithstanding the heavy rain you could see them running and hurrying to the wharf. A little before eight A.M. the entire crew passed in review before the agent, captain, and steward on deck, marched in file down below, and at once took

their position at work, the departure-signal was given, and we were off for China at eight A.M. precisely.

The weather had now become clear and very pleasant. We enjoyed the fine view of so many small isles in the straits. The *Bowen* rounded Cape Romania—a flat, long neck in Johor, one of the provinces of the peninsula of Malacca, and steered for Hong-Kong. Although the China and Japan seas have the well-deserved reputation of being very abominable, especially at this season of the year, when the north-east monsoons often blow furiously, an Australian steamer which left Sydney for Hong-Kong two days before us, full of Chinese returning home, and which, carrying no way-mail, was sailing by the short route, namely, through Flores Sea, and between the islands of Celebes and Gilolo, encountered such terrible storms and heavy seas, that she was several times on the point of being wrecked on the north-east peninsula of Celebes; then, again, she was on the point of foundering in a severe storm off one of the Philippine Islands. The alarmed Chinese perceiving their danger, while the storm was increasing in strength, and the mountain-like billows dashing furiously against the steamer, made a collection among themselves, and having collected four hundred dollars, threw them into the sea to appease the anger of their gods. We saw this steamer into the harbor of Hong-Kong. She appeared as if she had come out of a severe battle. The smoke-stack gone, one of the masts broken, the bridge and the most of the deck-rails washed off, one of the sides opened, and such a quantity of water had got inside that she was leaning over. She had arrived in the harbor only a short time before the *Bowen* did.

On the other hand, in the Gulf of Bengal, on the 31st of October, there had been such a terrible cyclone

that it caused an inundation in the eastern districts of Bengal of such a dimension that in one single night 200,000 people were drowned,* besides an immense number of cattle which could not be computed. Yet, thanks to God, we found the China Sea not only calm, but instead of the north-east monsoon, we were enjoying gentle south-west winds. Captain Miller was astonished at this, and laughed to find some sailing vessels, which were going south-west, expecting to discover the north-east monsoon, but instead they had contrary winds. A gentleman fellow-traveler told me that he had heard the captain say that this was the doing of the prayers of the Catholic priest on board, who suffers so much by sea-sickness. I laughed. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I do believe it myself, and I am very glad that you are on board. I have to go to Manilla (Philippine Islands) from Hong-Kong, and I will face the north-east monsoon. I am afraid of it. Oh, if I had you with me! Do come with me. We will see Canton, then go to Manilla, return to Hong-Kong, and take the same steamer, the *Bowen*, for Singapore. You will go to India and I to Sydney." He was a Protestant gentleman from Australia. I replied that I would be very glad to travel in his company to the Philippine Islands and back to Singapore, but as I had promised to be in Singapore for Christmas I could not go to Manilla.

We passed some small rocky islands; leaving to the right the groups of the little islands called Santo Spirito and Tanbelan, the *Bowen* steered by the Anamba group, to the right the great Natuna Island, west of Borneo. Here we were just opposite to the island of Labuan, 700 miles from Singapore and 1,000 from Hong-

* *Overland Journal*, Thursday, December 14, 1876.

Kong, situated six miles from the north-west coast of Borneo. The name is derived from the Malay word, *Laboo* (an anchor). It has an elevation of about 70 feet above the sea, and is covered with forests. It has an abundance of water, and good fruits and vegetables. The climate is hot and not very healthy. The population of the town of Victoria is about 4,000, and mostly composed of colored people. The harbor is a free port. The island is, in fact, one great cannel coal-field, and could supply two to three hundred tons a day. The mines are leased to the P. and O. Company for forty-two years from 1868, to furnish supplies to the depôts at Singapore, etc. Nearly all the people are employed at the coaling depôt.

In this season of the year, during the north-east monsoons, vessels going from Singapore to Hong-Kong, or returning, navigate toward the Philippine Islands in order to be under the lee of that group. However, the captain perceiving that we were sailing with good south-west wind, steered direct toward Hong-Kong.

We had several hundred Chinese on board from Australia and Singapore. They were all men, except one, who, a few days before reaching Singapore, gave birth to a child. Her husband was with her. It was truly a curiosity to see the Chinese eating. The manner of feeding them on board is as follows: Out of each ten is one appointed to divide and give them the food. To these stewards a mark, or badge, is given in order that they may be recognized by the cooks. In the morning the stewards go to the cook with a basket large enough to contain the allowance for ten, show the badge, and receive the boiled rice, which is taken out of a huge cauldron by dipping each basket in it. While this is done on deck, the Chinese down below are divided in rows by ropes, fastened to the sides of the interior of

the ship, by nine and nine, every one taking his place in that division of the tenth to which each belongs. Each one is provided with a tin plate, tin tumbler, and two small bamboo sticks which answer for spoon and fork. Now the tenths come, each with his basketful of boiled rice well-drained from every drop of water. Each tenth recognizes the nines belonging to his division, separated by a rope from other divisions. The rice having been distributed, curry* and, on some days, eggs are given, to which fish is occasionally added, or potatoes. The manner of holding the two sticks is very peculiar. They insert a finger, generally the fore-finger, between the two sticks, while, with the thumb and another finger, they direct, close, or relax the two sticks, like pinchers, to take hold of the food, to stir it, to pull it, to push it into the mouth, etc. With regard to the rice, they hold the plate which contains it close to their mouth, and push it in with the aid of the two little sticks. For liquids they use small, round porcelain spoons.

When they are placed in divisions waiting for the food, they hum, grunt, scratch their bellies over their clothes, and make every kind of noise with the throat, without articulating, just like hungry brutes anticipating food. After eating, they gently stroke their belly over their clothes, and hum like animals.

Boiled rice and curry are used in all warm countries, It is the first dish at dinner in the hotels, steamboats, and private families, and they consider it the most substantial food; yet I could not endure the curry, because it burned my mouth. I tried it several times, but I could not get reconciled to it. I often ate dry boiled rice, in order to have something substantial; this, also,

* Curry is a kind of sauce made with red pepper, jelly, and other strong spices. It is very strong, pungent, and burns the mouth.

I was obliged to give up, because I was admonished that dry boiled rice without curry was very unwholesome.

We were now opposite the Philippine Islands and at no great distance. I would have liked to have visited Manilla, the capital of these Spanish colonies, discovered in 1521, by Magelhaen; and called Philippines from Philip II. of Spain. True, Manilla is a large city of 110,000 inhabitants, 5,000 of whom are foreigners; and it is beautifully situated on the Pasig River, which issues from Lake Bahia, ten miles distant; but there is nothing there which can not be observed on other islands of the Pacific Ocean. Santa Cruz waterfall and gorge is truly magnificent, but earthquakes are so prevalent, that there are but few houses of more than one story high. Yet had I had time to spare I would have then gone to Manilla. Another difficulty was that the steamers only occasionally run from Manilla to Singapore, Hong-Kong, etc.

On the 6th of December early in the morning we expected to see Chinese land. The north-east monsoons were blowing quite fresh, and the China Sea made me realize the truth of its abominable reputation. Could I complain? No. Sea-sick I went to bed, but at 4 A.M. I was on deck, and I was rewarded even in the dark by seeing fantastic-looking steep rocks and little islands, which I would call the suburbs of Hong-Kong Island.

We could see Victoria Peak 1,900 feet high, which had already signalized the appearance of the *Bowen*. Fishing junks and sampans could be observed in every direction, while winding around the high mountain of Hong-Kong we enjoyed in detail the romantic view of small villages, gardens, and villas built on the side of the mountain. In some little coves you could perceive

Chinamen making ready their nets, others pushing their sampans into the sea, and such like occupations. A native pilot in a Chinese junk approached the steamer, but the captain refused to deal with him.

Here came an exciting scene never before witnessed by me, neither would I have believed it unless I had beheld it with my own eyes. I had heard and read how Malay pirates had assaulted and captured vessels on the high sea. I had read in the newspapers how the American steamer *Spark* between Canton and Macao had been captured by Malay pirates, who killed the captain and other officers, plundered the boat and passengers, and then sailed away. Yet I could not comprehend how they could take a steamer running at full speed and well-armed. I always thought that there was much exaggeration in these narratives. But when the steamer, running eleven knots per hour toward the roadstead of Hong-Kong, was met by junks posted ahead, the Chinese with long poles, surmounted by iron hooks, so skillfully fastened the poles to the rings, ropes, riggings, or such-like of the steamer, and junks succeeded junks with such rapidity that in no time the *Bowen* had in tow over eighty of these ships as a sort of flying escort. The captain had given orders not to allow any Chinaman to come on board, and officers and sailors were on the lookout. I saw the steward holding a Chinaman by the queue, thus hindering him from climbing on board, and pulling him down. Other officers in the stern and on both sides of the ship were doing the same, and in room of the one that had been pushed down you could see five or six heads springing up as if by magic. It was just as well as to try to push back the current of a rapid river, as to endeavor to keep the Chinese from climbing the steamer, which they had already taken by assault. When the *Bowen* had cast

anchor hundreds of Chinamen were running in every direction all over the boat, except in the state-rooms, which had been locked to prevent pilfering. Not that the Chinamen had come to steal, but they were friends and related to their fellow-countrymen on board, and had come to make arrangements to disembark their luggage. One poor fellow in running from place to

HONG-KONG.

place fell through the hatchway and broke his neck. An order was afterward issued by the police that no ship should enter the harbor with open hatches.

We landed at 9½ A.M., Wednesday, 6th of December. I and Mr. Robert Taylor, a gentleman from Australia, and my fellow-traveler went to the Hong-Kong hotel, the only good one in town. At dinner I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of three Italian gentle-

men, who were returning from Japan, and expected to travel through India.

The island of Hong-Kong was ceded to England in 1841, or, with more truth, it was seized by the English Government as a compensation for the opium belonging to the British merchants at Canton, destroyed by the Chinese Government, in addition to a compensation of £5,000,000 sterling paid by the Chinese as an indemnification for the expenses of the war. It was on this occasion that permission was granted to the British to trade at the ports of Amoy, Fuchow, and Shanghai. The population is about 133,000; of whom 130,000 are Chinese and a mixed Portuguese race from Macao. The official name of the principal port is Victoria, but hardly any person calls it by that name. Hong-Kong (island of sweet water), except as a commercial port of the first class, where is stored the merchandise of the great foreign houses established at Shanghai and other open ports, did not strike me as being a charming and comfortable residence. The city is formed of narrow, crooked, and irregular streets, which ascend one above the other along the rocks. Carriages are never seen here, all burdens being transported on bamboo poles laid across the shoulders of men. You see nothing else but sedan-chairs, and the people are so used to them that they never walk even for a very short distance. The exaggerated cleanness, except in a few streets, I did not see. Neither did I understand the comfort of the people, who, except on duty and business, do not like to live here. I speak of the Europeans. And truly as soon as their time expires in China and Japan they return to Europe or America. The climate is unhealthy in the rainy season, and very hot and stifling in July and August. The changes of temperature are trying to European constitutions. The Victoria Peak un-

fortunately shuts out the south-west breeze and the cool air during six months of the hot season. At such times fever occurs, as the burning sun strikes down on the barren granite boulders and thin shrubs which cover the surface of the ground. It is true that in the lower part of the town there is more animation and business, but with the exception of a few officers and soldiers, stiff Parsees, half-naked Hindus, swarthy Chinese, and dirty Malays swarm everywhere around. Now and then you meet with some European lady and half-caste Portuguese in European style. Yet in spite of all this, the harbor being a free port, the roadstead presents an interesting and animated scene. The crowd of frigates, gun-boats, mercantile steamers, besides those belonging to the regular lines of the great companies, sailing vessels of every description, and the great number of small vessels round the large steamboats loading and unloading, causing them to look like hens surrounded by their chickens, give to the harbors of this city a very great animation. Hong-Kong is the center of all the Eastern mails, by branch steamers, which carry passengers and goods to Amoy, Shanghai, and other Chinese ports, also to Yokohama and the Japanese sea-bound cities.

The city is considered two miles long, but this is understood only of the shore-road along the wharves level with the sea. The principal street is Queen's Road, lined on both sides with Chinese shops filled with the most curious articles of the East—China crapes, lacquered furniture of every description, porcelain vases of the most valuable kind, camphor-wood boxes, silks embroidered in the most skillful fashion; and every article is so well arranged and in such good taste as instantly to decide the hesitating buyer. I purchased many articles, but I had no silver, which is the only currency in China, Japan, and the Straits of Malacca.

Gold being at twenty per cent. discount, I lost very much at the banks in exchanging for silver. Yet I succeeded in inducing the Chinese to accept sovereigns at par in payment of my purchases. While thus negotiating this matter I saw in this shop a sickly and emaciated Chinaman, smoking the fatal opium-pipe. "You are killing yourself," I told him. "And if you do not quit this opium, you will soon be in the grave." The shop-keeper said: "This is my brother, and he knows that he is killing himself; I told him very often; but he is so strongly attached to this vice, that he says he is not able to abandon it even at the price of life."

I went to see the market, but felt quite disgusted at the way in which the comestibles were kept, and the manner in which they were handled by the venders and buyers. You see vegetables, fish, rats, frogs, meat, fowls, paste bags of chopped pork fat, eels, tendons of deer, onions, garlic, etc., put together in a scale and sold by steel-yard weight. Without mentioning the dust and other kind of dirt to which they are exposed in the shops and outside where they are kept, the venders handle them with their hands, whether clean or not, and put them pell-mell in the scale. The buyer takes them all together—fish, meat, rats, onions, vegetables, etc., in his hands, and in this manner he bears them to the house. At the hotel, with the exception of a few servants, all are Chinese. At dinner, looking at the food, the market scene recurred to my mind, and considering that the cook and the compradors were Chinamen, I could not eat; and although before dinner I had an appetite, I lost it at the table. Notwithstanding that I was paying four dollars per day at the hotel, I was very thankful for the kind invitation of his Lordship, Dr. Raymondi, Bishop of Hong-Kong, which I accepted *con amore*, and not being able to stay with him altogether, on

account of my other traveling companions, I gladly took my meals with him, as at his residence the cook and other domestics were Europeans.

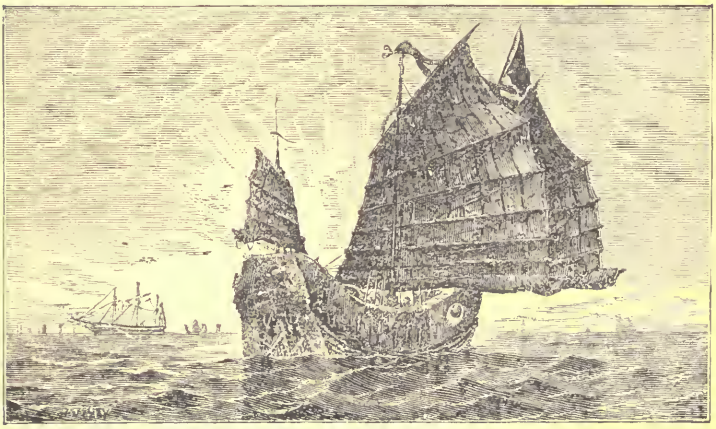
One day after tiffin* I heard the military band playing at the wharf close to the Hong-Kong hotel. Curiosity attracted me to the spot, where I found a number of policemen and British soldiers trying to keep the people from a part of the road and from the landing. It was the Chinese Embassy to St. James that had arrived in a steamer, and about to embark in the P. and O. boat next day for England. They were to be guests of the Governor, who, with other officials, had come to receive them. They disembarked in a small row-boat, and when they landed the forts saluted them by firing a number of guns, while the band played "*God save the Queen.*" Perhaps people thought they might harm the Queen. They bowed to the authorities, and were borne away in a number of sedan-chairs by ragged Chinamen, who did not seem to appreciate the dignity of having the honor of carrying such passengers up the streets to the Governor's residence.

At eight A.M., in company of my friend Mr. Taylor, I embarked on the *Kin-shan* for Canton, and owing to an opposition line of steamboats the fare was only one dollar and fifty cents for first-class European passengers. It was a splendid day. High, barren, but romantic islands presented themselves to our view, till we passed the mouth of the Canton River, which here is about eight miles wide, just a short distance from where it enters into the sea, when the land assumed a flat and more agricultural appearance. What surprised me was that, on entering the saloon, it had the look of a fortress ready to resist an attack from the enemy. In

* Tiffin is the name given in India to the noon luncheon.

the middle there were two piles of loaded muskets with bayonets arranged in a circle, in the fashion of those belonging to the soldiers on guard. On one side there were swords, cimetars, and cutlasses; on the other side a good number of axes. Then a table full of pistols and revolvers, and close to this another table containing a quantity of ammunition, consisting of cartridges, powder, balls, shot, etc. I went on deck astern. There I saw an officer holding a drawn cutlass in his right hand, while his left hand clasped the butt of a revolver, peeping from his breast pocket. He had one foot on deck, and another on an iron grate, which was a ventilator for the hold where there was a large number of Chinese, on whom he had fixed his eyes. I asked him for an explanation of this proceeding. "These Chinamen," said he, "are a set of people not to be trusted. They are thieves, assassins, and pirates. They plot with the Malay junks, which they signal at some distance in the river or bay. At the approaching of the junks to assault the steamer the Chinese revolt, and if they succeed they seize the ship, assassinate the officers, and murder or rob the passengers, and after having plundered the steamer, they either sink or abandon the vessel. Now they can not do it, because where they stay there are no windows, nor are they allowed to leave the hold. An officer armed to the teeth watches the gate down below, which is a strong iron grate, and it is well secured by iron bars and locks. At the least movement or signal of revolt on the part of the Chinese, the guard fires on them down below, and I do the same from above. Should a pirate junk approach the steamer, there are plenty of arms, not for the crew, but for all first-class passengers and respectable Chinamen, who are on the second deck. The Malays and Chinese in this river, and on this coast in general, are the great-

est thieves and pirates of the world." I went to the second deck, and perceived that these Chinamen were respectable people; they were merchants, office-holders, and such-like. I had the curiosity to descend to the low class. Oh, what a sight! A grated, heavy iron gate, well secured with massive padlocks, giving the appearance of a dungeon, and an armed officer holding a revolver ready to fire. He was kind enough to open the gate for me, and having taken a short



CHINESE SAMPAN.

glimpse into the prison, full to its utmost capacity with men, women, and children; some squatting, others asleep, and others whispering; and the atmosphere not being very pleasant, I soon returned to the saloon.

We met several Chinese sampans and Malay junks, all well armed, and having one or two cannon on deck, apparently all for self-protection against pirates; but a number of them are pirates themselves when a favorable occasion presents itself, while others are alternately pirates and traders. We passed several decaying forti-

fications, some still armed with old cannon; and notwithstanding the treaty with England and France that no fortifications should be either built or repaired from Hong-Kong to Canton, on the river, yet I saw that the Chinese were restoring two of them. At one P.M. I took tiffin, for which I paid one dollar. It consisted of soup, fish, several kinds of fowl, vegetables, sweetmeats, two kinds of good European wines and brandy; coffee or tea at the end.

The country is truly beautiful and romantic. We passed Bogues, known also by the name of *Bocca-Tigris;* then *Whampoa* and the handsome tower or pagoda, having nine elegant and graceful stories. At this port of Whampoa, all foreign sailing vessels are to discharge their cargoes when destined for Canton. In the village there is a British Consul, who displays the English colors every time that the steamers pass each way. The scenery now changes. Near Honan (Whampoa) the stream divides into several branches, and that on which the travelers sail up to Canton, is called *Pekiang* (Pearl River), fifteen miles from Canton. By a sharp bend the steamer *Kin-shan* turned to the right. The river becomes narrow, the banks very low, the land flat and covered with rice-fields, orange and lemon trees, sugar-canes, and groups of large, majestic trees. Here and there you see villages thickly scattered about, but they are chiefly composed of miserable huts, built on piles driven into the bed of the river, and depôts of pawnbrokers, having towers resembling Gothic spires or crenellated castles. The fields now unfold extreme beauty of vegetation. We met some Chinese men-of-war, mounting twenty to forty guns, having two immense painted eyes let into their prow, to enable them to find their way across the dominions of Neptune, as the Chinese affirm.

Here the officers opened the iron gates which shut the Chinese in the hold; but they did not yet allow them to come out of their prison. The presence of the men-of-war stationed at different places along the river is a sufficient guarantee for safety against riot.

The scene on the river is exceedingly animated and

WHAMPOA.

amusing. At a great distance are seen the outlines of the *White Cloud* Mountains, and their name is exceedingly appropriate. There you may see numerous junks of immense size (from 500 to 1,600 tons burthen) most curiously shaped, having poops that hang over the water, ornamented with large windows, extensive gal-

leries, and covered in with roofs, like houses. Numbers of houses are seen on both sides of the river, and on the island of Honan. Flower-boats, with their galleries tastefully decorated with flowers. Other boats, stationary, are used by the Chinese as places of amusement, both by day and night. They contain large apartments, having the walls hung with mirrors and silk drapery, and suspended from the center of the vessel, ornamented with chandeliers, paper lanterns, flower-vessels, etc. Here plays, ballets, and many conjuring tricks are performed. Quack dentists operate upon all afflicted with the toothache, and most dexterously (by sleight of hand) extract with a small pin the small worm, which the deceitful dentist declares is snugly housed in the aching tooth. No females frequent these boats, except those whose character is very questionable.

The details of the scenery are the same as are seen in other Chinese towns, but the whole is interesting and imposing. The *Kin-shan* passed through an avenue of boat-hotels in which native travelers, arriving in the morning in their junks and about to start again the next morning, take a night's lodging. They could not go into the town, because the doors of the city are shut at sunset and opened about the rising of the sun. On the arrival of the steamboat at the quay, the scene became more animated. A crowd of small rowing-boats surrounded us, but we were glad to find a boat belonging to the proprietor of the Canton Hotel, the only hotel in Canton (the others having been washed away by the river last year), who took charge of our baggage, and transported us to the opposite shore of the river on the island of Honan,* where the hotel was located. This island is in front of Canton and forms part of the city.

* Honan is also spelled Honam.

CHAPTER XI.

CANTON *continued.*

THE landing at the hotel reminded me of Venice. A flight of over half a dozen of stone steps leads to the large door of the hotel, and the boat brings you just to these steps. At high tide you disembark just at the door. This hotel, like all the rest in China, possesses nothing very attractive. An intelligent traveler* speaking of *Che-foo* as a place of resort in the Yellow Sea, opposite Corea, remarks, that during the hot season, rich merchants and diplomats repair to that town whose climate is the most healthful and temperate on the whole coast. "Then," he says, "this solitude is brightened up a little. One sees smart and elegant ladies and gentlemen in bathing costumes, all lodged in two or three wretched little houses, but well fed by a certain Signor *Pignatelli*, an enterprising Italian, who has had the courage to open a hotel (the best in China) on this inhospitable shore." The rooms are separated from each other by a thin board compartment, seven or eight feet high, but all open at the top under one single roof, so that it can be said that it is only one long room divided into two or three partitions. From the top of these partitions to the ceiling there is a height of about eight or nine feet of empty space common to all rooms; hence the same air circulates in all rooms; you can

* Baron De Hübner, "A Rambler round the World."

CANTON.

hear everything that is done in the other rooms against your will, and peep, too, if you like, through holes and cracks, covered with paper, or by stepping on a high chair.

Our hotel-keeper—a very accommodating Portuguese—condescended to be our guide in Canton. Soon after

THE GREAT STATUE OF BUDDHA.

our arrival we commenced our visits, beginning at the island of Honan, where our hotel was situated. On the way to the Honan Temple (the best in all China), we saw several temples dedicated to Buddha. They were not large; an altar in the end, and a statue of Buddha in a squatting position, the hands on the lap,

the face in a sober, meditating expression, and the head covered by a short, round cap. Flowers, grains of rice, and joss-sticks,* were on the altar, near which were people standing, or squatting, or bending in profound meditation; but the large crowd outside, begging and annoying you, is truly a pest. I gave a few copper coins to get rid of them. But, lo! instantly I became surrounded by such a crowd of people of every age, opening their hands, howling, and pressing on me in such a manner that our guide, perceiving my distressed position, came to my rescue, and instructed me that if I would wish to avoid such an unpleasant position again, to give nothing in public. Before entering the temples, there is generally a large porch, and, on passing the arched gate, you find two colossal statues, either of Buddha, or of the god Pion,† or of musicians. This is the general view of the Chinese temples, which nearly all present the same features. We then directed ourselves to the great temple of Buddha in Honan. Passing the avenue and two gateways, we reached the first pavilion, which is the temple where the Bonzes officiate early in the morning, and at five o'clock P.M. This pavilion is entered by three large doors, all on one side, fronting the gateways. A small silver coin opened the middle door, and gave us admittance into the pavilion. In the middle of it, and fronting the center door, there is a kind of large altar, on which there are three large gilt statues of Buddha, before which are candlesticks with candles and joss-sticks. In front of this, about two yards from the altar, on the right side on entering, there is a small instrument, which the officiating priest, or one of the officiating Bonzes, strikes

* *Joss* means God, holy, or such-like.

† *Pion* means door-keeper.

with a tiny bamboo stick, or hammer, when they say the prayers. Small statues of idols are placed in front of the two side walls, before which there are joss-sticks. On the right side wall, near the door, there are two bells, one very large, which is rung with a bamboo hammer before worship, a small water-tank, and some other implements used in the Buddhist worship. The pavilion is not large, as far as I recollect; it is a parallelogram about twenty feet long and twenty-two wide

STREET SCENE IN CANTON.

In the second pavilion is a marble pagoda. This temple is not very ancient; it was only founded A.D. 1600, and enlarged about A.D. 1700. The grounds contain six or eight acres. We passed to the west side by two narrow corridors, and at our right, in a large stone inclosure, there were three big fat hogs. These are the *sacred pigs*, fattened by many sacred offerings of food. Woe to him who would molest them! They are the only individuals of that species allowed to die a natural death. We went to pay a visit to the Superior, who

received us very kindly in a neat room full of curiosities, some very childish. He gave us tea and sweet, dried fruits, the product of the garden. Not being to my taste, I thankfully declined them. The Superior took us into the garden, which is truly worth seeing. There were many flower-plants for sale. In one corner of the garden, on the east side, is a place for burning the bodies of dead Bonzes, and a mausoleum for their ashes. There they have placed the urns containing the ashes of each carefully ticketed. Although the Chinese are always meditating on death, yet they have a horror of a corpse. There is a separate building which is the abode of the dying. This convent maintains the cruel custom of carrying thither those sick monks who may be given up by the doctors, or who have arrived to a very old age. What goes on inside is not revealed. This, however, is certain, that he who has been carried thither, will never come out of it alive. The convent looks like a miniature town, streets, and houses—the abode of the monks. The Superior showed to us a room where there was a number of coffins placed vertically and ticketed with the names of the owners. "These coffins," said he, "do not belong to us, but they are deposited here, because it is a holy place. They are generally presents by affectionate children to their parents when they have arrived at their sixty-first year." The number of Bonzes is about one hundred and fifty.

Being the hour for their supper, we passed by the Refectory. They were eating boiled rice. There were no table-cloths on the tables. After supper they rose, and after prayers in a low voice, they defiled in silence. The Bonzes have no reading at table; they make no noise in saying grace; they only whisper. Fronting the Offertory there is a kitchen, which is very simple

and possessing but few utensils; the Bonzes are very modest in their meals. The Superior showed us an ancient, colossal cauldron, used only to boil rice, and distribute to the people in time of famine. Here the Superior said *chin-chin* (good-bye), and went away. Let us go now to the temple to see their manner of worship, because it is near six o'clock P.M. No person, not even a Buddhist, is allowed in the pavilion during worship; but we were permitted to look from the middle door, which was expressly opened for us; a very low balustrade, however, was placed on the threshold, through and over which we could see perfectly well.

All candles and joss-sticks were lighted. The Bonzes, about twenty in number, had commenced to worship. About five Bonzes were in front of the altar; one, who appeared to be the celebrant, was near the door, and turned to the west, had a kind of yellow pluvial, not clasped, but folded over on the left shoulder. The others were distributed all round the walls, with the exception of four, who were at the foot of the altar; all on their knees, with joined hands, and dressed in yellow silk robes, like pluvials without clasps, and having their back turned to the altar, and with nothing on their shaved heads; except the Superior, they had the appearance of monks. I must do justice to the devotion, piety, recollection, and earnestness which they manifested. Except the Superior, or director, who only once turned his eyes to us, the rest were intensely plunged in a profound meditation. I was very much edified with them. May the Lord illuminate their blindness, and open their eyes, that they may turn their heart from idolatry to the worship of the true living God in the bosom of the holy mother Catholic Church.

Although we could not understand their prayer, the nearest idea that I can give of it is, that it resembles a

recital of the *Rosary*. The Superior kept time, accompanied by the tam-tams, by striking the above-mentioned instrument with a small stick; then, after a space of time employed for the recital of a decade, he gave one stroke to the bell near to him, and all changed tone. After the space of a *Gloria*, they resumed the former tone, as if it were another decade, the Superior continuing to keep time, and tapping as before. The prayer was recited in two choruses alternatively. After a number of these, which I call decades, they all rose from their knees, turned themselves, now against the wall, now fronting each other, and always saying prayers, making inclinations, genuflexions, etc. The celebrant kissed the earth two or three times, then prostrated himself on his face, and praying in this position, having the face on the earth. I observed that in making genuflexions all knelt on the ground, except the Superior, under whose knee a pillow was placed, just as I have seen done with some of our bishops when they kneel. Perhaps he was a bishop, as he wore on his head a kind of crown, not precisely of the form of a mitre, nor of that kind on the head of Buddha, but of a shape which participates of both forms. After some other prayers in the time and tone of the Rosary, all, one by one, went in procession round inside the temple close to the wall; this three times singing and marching in the same tone and time; after which they retired by a door beside the altar. In returning to the hotel we saw joss-sticks burning before the *Manes*, or the image of Buddha sculptured on the wall near the door of nearly every shop. The Chinese pay a kind of religious worship to their ancestors, and perform certain ceremonies around their tombs, and keep the *Manes* in a kind of shrine in their shops, before which, morning and evening, they burn joss-sticks. It

is certain that Confucius had enjoined it as a duty to his disciples to revere their ancestors, but he never taught

A GARDEN.

them to pay a kind of religious worship to them. Generally, the sticks were about half a foot, or less, in

length, and one-fourth of an inch thick. The number was mostly three; seldom one or five. Near the hotel there was one of the best factories of Chinese crockery. I was permitted to inspect the process of coloring, gilding, baking, etc., the porcelain. Although the nature of the two kinds of earth, the union of which forms the porcelain, is found and used in Europe, yet the European porcelain is inferior to the Oriental in hardness, strength, durability, and the permanence of its glaze. Nor even the French, who are considered the best Europeans in manufacturing porcelain, have yet succeeded in learning several of the processes successfully practiced by the Chinese.

I was surprised to see the amount of labor bestowed on the external decoration of this porcelain. Each piece is separately painted by hand, with devices of different subjects. The colors used are the same as those employed in other kinds of enameling. When one color requires to be laid over another, this is performed by a second operation; and it often happens that a piece of porcelain must go into the enamel-kiln four or five times, especially when a great variety of colors is contained in the painting. The value of the finest and most costly kinds of porcelain is not so much derived from the quality of their material as from the labor bestowed on their external decoration; hence, when the pieces are separately painted by hand, their value depends upon the size of the piece, the number and brilliancy of colors, and especially on the skill and finish exhibited by the artist in the design, as specimens of art. France sends manufactured porcelain to be colored in Canton. The best porcelain sold in every part of China is manufactured or colored in Canton.

Next day being the festival of the Immaculate Con-

ception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, I desired to say Mass. Arrangements were made with the hotel-keeper to go early to the Cathedral, and after Mass to return immediately to breakfast; have three sedan-chairs ready, and spend the day in visiting the principal objects of the city. It is a well-admitted fact, that he who has not seen Canton, has not seen China, no matter how many cities of this nation he may have visited; and he who has seen Canton, can be said to know China. Because all cities are a copy of Canton in a diminutive and imperfect manner.

At daylight, in company with the hotel-keeper, I took a sampan and descended the river about a mile on the opposite shore, being the nearest landing to go to the Cathedral. In the sampan there were joss-sticks yet burning before the image of Buddha, and at the other end, where there was a bed, other joss-sticks were burning before the *Manes*. This was the residence where two women, or a wife and husband, were dwelling. The bed was in a disordered state, which showed that the occupants had just got up. The kitchen occupied the middle of the sampan, and was covered with canvas, as it is used also for a dining-room. I remarked to the woman, the only person in charge of the sampan, that those burning joss-sticks might set fire to the boat and to us. She and the hotel-keeper smiled. It was a strange sight to pass, as it were, through an avenue of boats of every size and description, whose inhabitants were just rising, dressing, or preparing to sail. In nearly every boat I could see the burning joss-sticks. The woman managed to steer the sampan clear of the current and the crowd of boats, but when making for the landing it was difficult to pass through the large number of vessels; yet by pushing this, hooking that, speaking to one, and crying to another, she succeeded in reaching

the landing, and we stepped on the road of the Cathedral.

A missionary, looking and dressed perfectly like a Chinese, took me to the vestry and arranged everything for me to say Mass. His *queue* nearly reached his feet, but the most of it was only artificial. After the chasuble was put on, he took a mitre, or what appeared to be a mitre—it was certainly an Episcopal crown, having even the two flat tails hanging on the shoulders—and laid it on my head. I remonstrated, and tried to take it off. He insisted. I said that I never cared for it, and would not like it to be said that I had worn a mitre. He insisted again, saying that it was an order from Rome to wear it. Hearing Rome, I obeyed him immediately, and allowed him to put the mitre on my head. But I could scarcely subdue a convulsion of laughter. Arrived at the altar, I removed the mitre, but the sacristan took it and put it again on my head. At the Gospel I took it away, but it was at once put on my head again. At the consecration I removed it, and left it on the altar, watching that nobody should put it on me again; but I allowed it to be put on my head after communion.

After Mass one of the two missionaries came to me saying that his lordship, Mgr. Guillelmine Rinè, had just finished Mass, and was waiting for me to take breakfast. I thanked them very much, and excused myself, because I was expected to return immediately to the hotel to breakfast with the party. But this proved of no avail. The hotel-keeper said that he would wait for me; so I went to breakfast with the Bishop. He absolutely wanted me to stop with him during my stay in Canton, but I remarked to him that I could not remain long, hence I desired to spend that little time to visit the city and what was worth seeing

A Chinese Street Scene.

therein, which I could not do very well were I to accept his kind hospitality. He invited me to dine with him, which honor I was obliged to decline for the same reason; but I accepted an invitation to sup with him that evening.

Returned to the hotel, we found everything arranged for spending the day in visiting the city. Before leaving the hotel the landlord changed a few dollars into small silver coins of ten or twelve cents for each of us, as it is necessary to have such small change while visiting a Chinese city. We crossed the Pearl River in a sampan in charge of two women, and saw the custom-house, where the chief officer was an Italian; then in the same sampan we passed under several massive stone bridges which connect the *Shameen* to the main-land. Shameen is the chief residence of foreign merchants. The wall around it was built in 1859–62, at a cost of about $325,000, including the filling. The Shameen contains a library and reading-room. On the main-land we found three sedan-chairs prepared for us, and eight Chinamen, two for each chair, and two to spare, who often relieve the others. Those two poor creatures who were detailed to me found it quite a job, as the other two of the party being light, it was easier work for the others.

In going through those long, very narrow and crowded streets of Canton it was very amusing to hear the Chinamen who carried us, crying loud: "Tai-quòt, hè tuway —Hawà—Astawè—Wastàlla-wèn—Wastàllawè" (out of the way—look out for your bones—take care of your limbs), and such-like expressions. In *Canal Street* we saw the lacquerware and silversmith shops. In *White Rice Street* the chinaware for the European market, etc., etc.

In front of *Mi-chau* temple is Beggars' Square, where

many beggars pass the night. They charged at us begging, but our Chinamen chased them. In Sai-loi Street we entered the Temple of 500 Genii, or Flowery Forest Monastery, founded A.D. 503; rebuilt A.D. 1755. About sixty or seventy Bonzes dwell in it, and it is one of the wealthiest temples in the city. On the left of the entrance to the first pavilion is the dining-room. On the left of the first pavilion is the guest-room. In the first pavilion are images of the three precious Buddhas, and in the second a marble pagoda. On the left of an open space in the rear of the second pavilion is the hall of 500 gilt statues, some life-size, but many of them only busts. This hall was built only in 1846. In the center of the north side of this hall are the three precious Buddhas, and just in front of them an image of the Emperor Kien-loong, who ascended the throne A.D. 1736, and reigned sixty years. What surprised me was that amongst these 500 genii there was the statue of Marco Polo near that of the Emperor. Marco Polo was magistrate or mandarin in Canton. (See Archdeacon Grey's work on Canton). Opposite to it in the same hall there was that of St. Francis Xavier dressed like a Spaniard. Some have denied that it is St. Francis Xavier, for the only reason that this saint was never in China. But if they had known that these statues had come from India they would not have made this objection. There was the statue of Confucius and other great personages, amongst whom was that of the eminent Italian astronomer and missionary, Father Provàno, dressed like a Jesuit. In the middle passage is a bronze pagoda. In the rear of the pavilions is a space for *Man Fat Lau*, or hall of 10,000 Buddhas, which is about to be built, and in the rear of that a garden. Rooms for Bonzes are on both sides of the principal buildings. Coming out of this temple by Longevity Lane is the

Temple of *Longevity*, founded in 1573, and attended by about sixty-five Bonzes. In the first pavilion are statues of the three precious Buddhas. In the second pavilion is a seven-story pagoda with seventy-nine images of Buddha in it. In the third pavilion is the statue of a *laughing* Buddha reclining—the only one statue of Buddha in this expression that I have found in the East. At the entrance to this temple a fair is held every morning for the sale of jade-stone and other ornaments. Near this lane in Tai-hong Street you can see silk-damask weaving, and shops with many other objects worth visiting.

We passed to Hemp-Market Street to see the splendid Catholic cathedral, built on the site of the Viceroy Yeh's Yamun, begun 1860. It is 236 feet long, and 88 feet wide. The walls are of solid granite from Kowloon, opposite Hong-Kong. The tower is 80 feet high. In the rear of the cathedral is a school for boys, with about one hundred scholars, and an orphanage for girls, built in 1862. But I was very much surprised to find close to it a temple dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, *T'in-hau*. This temple is well built, airy, and neatly kept. In Four Monument Street there is the *Smooth* Pagoda, 160 feet high, built by Arabian travelers, about A.D. 900; rebuilt in 1468. Near this locality there is a school to teach the Koran in Arabic. In East Cross Street there is the Temple of *Emperors*. Only imperial buildings have yellow tiles. The Emperor's tablet is placed in the north pavilion, and all the mandarins, both civil and military, worship the tablet by prostrating themselves in the second pavilion toward the tablet. The ceremony takes place before daylight on the Emperor's birthday; on the first day of the Chinese year; and on the occasion of an Emperor's marriage. This is one of the reasons why no Catholic

can become a madarin, because he could not prostrate himself and worship the tablet of the Emperor, without committing an act of idolatry.

Passing along Great Market Street we entered the Temple of *Five Genii*. There is an ascent by steps from the entrance to the first pavilion, in which the chief idol is Shangti. On the east side of this pavilion is a hall with several idols. Behind the first pavilion is a square tower with an arched passage 20 feet high; over a square opening in the middle of which is suspended a large bell, said to weigh 10,000 pounds. When the city was bombarded in 1857, a cannon-ball knocked a piece out of this bell.

In the rear of the bell-tower is the Hall of the *Five Genii*, and in front of the statues are five stones, representing five rams. The legend is, that the *Five Genii* came to Canton, riding through the air on five rams, which were turned into stone, and preserved in this temple. The *City of Rams*, one of the names of Canton, originated from this tradition. Not far from here, in Nam-hoi Street, is the Confucian temple; where, besides his statue, there are others of his most distinguished disciples and commentators. Students occupy rooms in the building in the rear.

The Flowery Pagoda is an octagon of nine stories high; each side is 16 feet. Height of octagon, 170 feet; built about A.D. 500. In the *Kwong-hau* Temple —one of the principal Buddhist temples, founded A.D. 250—there are two small granite pagodas in the front of the principal pavilion. In the second story of a building on the east side is a statue of Buddha sleeping.

Now we ascend the Hill of the Goddess of Mercy, which is devoted to temples, and is considered a very sacred place. It was the headquarters of the English and French forces, during the occupation of the city by

the allies from 1858 to 1862. The Temple of the *Goddess of Mercy* is resorted to by officials and people. The idol is of brass, and there is a sacred bell. The allies used this and other temples as barracks, and one was converted into a chapel.

On this Hill of the Goddess of Mercy there is a Hall to encourage literary men. Three scholars appointed by the Viceroy issue texts, and prizes of from one to three taels* are given four times a year, for the best compositions. Besides many other temples, there is a Buddhist nunnery. I called there. The inmates look and dress like nuns. They received me kindly; their number is about sixty.

Up now to the *Five-Story Pagoda*, which is on the very top of the hill, and on the very northern extremity of the city and on the wall of it. There we were to rest and take our dinner, which was sent from our hotel. We gave some money to our Chinamen to buy something to eat for themselves, who, besides, got all that was left from our dinner. My men wanted something more than the others, and I gave it to them; they well deserved it. Poor creatures! They were in a full perspiration!

This pagoda was built in the years of the Lord 1366 and 1399. From one of the upper stories there is the finest view of the city and surrounding country. We could see plainly the two nine-story pagodas toward Whampoa. Eastward, the White Cloud hills presented themselves with such majesty, beauty, and precision, that it seemed as if you could touch them with the hands. The Sai-chin hills, in the south-west, displayed a charming view of rich vegetation and romantic charm.

* A *tael* weighs 1⅓ ounces. A tael of fine silver is worth about 6*s.* 8*d.*

But I can never forget the enchanting panorama which the north side unfolded to our eyes. An immense plain, studded with picturesque villages as far as we could see! The entire canton was under our eyes and feet. The magnificent *Pearl River* was silently rolling its clear and abundant water, and its branch, encircling the northern and western sides, joining again the main water, gave to Canton the appearance of a panorama framed in silver.

After dinner we commenced again our tour. We went through the street of Benevolence and Love. In a temple we observed a woman prostrated before the altar of the idol, upon which she had laid offerings of flowers and grains of rice. She had kindled joss-sticks, then prostrated herself before the altar, commenced to pray in silence. I asked the guide what she was doing. The guide said, "She wants to have children, and this is the temple of *Fecundity*." She got up, took from the altar three pieces of wood about four inches long, where there were some figures engraved, threw them on the altar, and observed the position and figures presented in the falling, just as gamesters throw dice. By the manner in which they would fall, she would see whether she would have children or not. She tried several times, but did not seem to be satisfied. We observed that she even shed tears. Perhaps the signs were against her petition. We left her and went to the Tartar part of the city, which had the appearance of a war-like district. Then we passed into the Judgment Hall for the examination of criminals.

In visiting the grounds we saw a good number of deer. In passing by the residence of the French Consul, we observed a great crowd of Chinese, with banners, flags, and other national ensigns. Then some mandarins in state, going into the same porch. They

THE TEMPLE OF HORRORS.

had gone to pay their respects to the consul, who was to depart for Europe by the next French steamer.

We entered the Temple of *Horrors*. The idol is the guardian of the city. This temple is a place of great resort for worshipers, and others. In the large yard of the temple, before entering it, we were surrounded by a number of fortune-tellers, peddlers, gamblers, quacks, etc., who do a large business here. It was with great difficulty that we got rid of them by entering the temple at once. The superintendent pays the *Kwong-chau-fu*, magistrate, and his subordinates, about $3,800 for three years, or during his tenure of office, and remunerates himself by renting stalls to those who sell incense, printed slips of responses, and to others who do business here. Great crowds resort to the Temple of the New Year.

There are ten punishments exhibited in the temple, five on either side, as follows:

WEST SIDE.	EAST SIDE.
1. Transmigration.	1. A man with the cangue (a kind of narrow cage, allowing only the head out of it).
2. Grinding a man.	2. Sawing a man between two boards.
3. Boiling a man in oil.	3. Transmigration.
4. Placing a man under a hot bell.	4. Bastonading a man.
5. Beheading a man.	5. Trial of a criminal.

We now went to see the prisons. First we entered a dungeon whose profound darkness was only relieved by a few rays of light from a somber room. The sight was shocking, the smell disgusting, and the cries and sighs impressed us with horror and fright. There a man chained to the wall half naked and starved, with the look of despair, was slowly pacing a few feet of space allowed by the chain. He, with tears at his

eyes, turning to me with an agonizing groan, showed to me his flesh, rotten and full of worms, and falling to the ground from his arms and legs in small bits. Behind him another criminal condemned to the terrible torture of the cangue. Both pitifully extended their hands for some money. Who had the heart to refuse it! The jailors turning to me said: "To us you must give it, and not to those rascals." I gave also something to the jailors to satisfy them, and left the dungeon, not being able to stand the sight, smell, and horror of it any longer.

They wanted to show us other dungeons, but I objected; they asked me to see the prison for women, which I declined; and I even refused to see the apartments for prisoners who have money or position, which are comparatively well kept and clean. This class of prisoners, by paying an exorbitant price, obtain the use of a separate room. They can be liberated even from death by paying money. One of the perquisites of the mandarin director of the house is the letting of these rooms.

We entered now the Judgment Hall, which is a little oblong court close to the great prison. I must confess that I saw none of those cruelties and barbarous tortures so much exaggerated by travelers with strikingly vivid colors. The judge was seated with great dignity in an open gallery, with a table before him full of papers. The clerk was seated on his right, and an interpreter on his left. Whether these were all judges, or only the one in the middle of them, I could not say. On the same gallery there were two culprits leaning to the wall; another was holding his trowsers, already loosened, prepared to receive a number of lashes; while another, prostrated face to the floor, trowsers dropped to the legs, and the back uncovered to the shoulders,

was receiving a number of lashes applied by the executioner with a small bamboo rod.

The executioner was kneeling and administering the lashes in rapid succession, counting them in an audible voice, striking the back not upon the flesh, but upon something black like India-rubber, of the size of an half-dollar, pasted on the skin. Although I could hear the blows very distinctly, yet I do not think that the culprit was hurt much, if any at all.

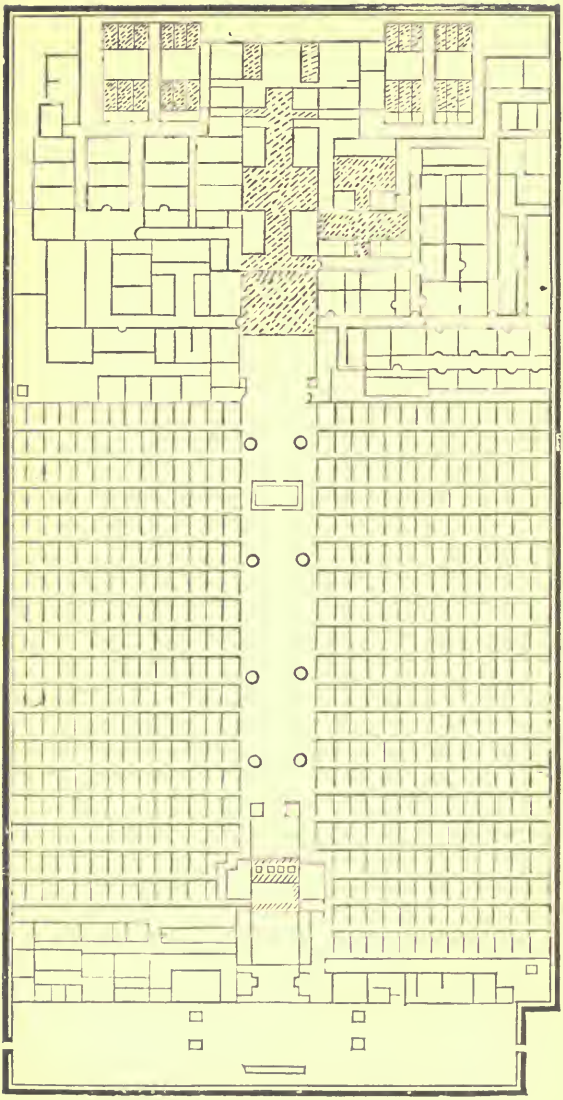
Having finished the required number, the executioner stopped, and took a paper from the floor near him, while the lashed man rose, drew up his trowsers without removing from his back what appeared to me the black India-rubber, and without any other ceremony went away, satisfied that the performance so far as he was concerned was over. At the same time the other delinquent leaning against the wall of the gallery, who had already prepared himself by loosening his trowsers approached the place of lashing, dropped the trowsers down on the legs, uncovered his back, and I saw that the black India-rubber of the size of an half-dollar had already been pasted on his back upon the flesh. The executioner commenced to apply the lashes in the same manner as before. No spectators were there except ourselves, and we did not remain very long.

We entered the Confucian Temple. It seems to be an error to believe that the Chinese worship Confucius. They venerate him only as a great philosopher and founder of a sect, or, I would rather say, a school, which can be compared with that of Zoroaster, which yet exists in China. In China it is extremely difficult to draw a line of demarkation between religion and politics; between the worship of the gods and the ceremonies which only symbolize the respect due to the Emperors, and which are purely civil acts. This gave rise to the accusations

brought by the Dominicans against the Jesuits, charging them with having adopted superstitious and idolatrous practices; we perceived the origin of the difficulty between them. But Benedict XIV. definitely settled this question by forbidding the missionaries thenceforth to conform to Chinese customs.

Confucius (Kon-Fu-Tse and Kung-Fu-Dsu) lived about 550 years before Christ. He was a mandarin of royal family, and a great teacher of morality. His religious opinions are uncertain, but with great probability he admitted the immortality of the soul, and favored and propagated the existing belief in fate and soothsaying, and in the worship of certain good spirits who watch over the elements and the various parts of the earth. In the most impressive manner he enjoined universal benevolence, justice, virtue, honesty, forgiveness of injuries, etc. He resigned his dignity because the King would not follow his advice, and went to the kingdom of Sum, and became a teacher of morals. He did not attempt to overthrow existing establishments, hence he did not meddle about religion, but he left the people to believe what they were already believing.

We now entered the Examination Hall. Here triennial examinations are held of candidates for the *Kuyan*, or second literary degree. There are 9,537 stalls, and in the rear of these stalls are rooms for about 3,000 officials, copyists, police, and servants. The candidates are put in the stalls with only pen, ink, and paper, and all write essays on texts from the classics. One day and night is allowed for writing. There are three sessions, with an interval of three days between. At the time of this examination many thousands of strangers are in the city. Large sums of money are staked on the issue of the examination. The main hall is about 1,380 feet long by 650 wide.



EXAMINATION HALL.

The principal entrance leads to a hall, in which there is a large gate, called the *Gate of Equity*, which leads to another hall of about the same size. In this hall there is another large gate, called *Dragon Gate*, which leads to the main hall, in the middle of which is a place called *Look-out;* in the second story is the *God of Literature*. Still a little further there is the following inscription: "*The opening heavens circulate literature.*" Further up there is a hall, where essays are handed in, called *Hall of Perfect Honesty*. Still further, there is a hall where title-pages of the essays are sealed up, and it is called *Hall of Restraint*. The *Hall of Auspicious Stars*, where essays are examined, is the last up in the same direction. Side by side with these last three halls there are private rooms of the Chief and Second Imperial Commissioners, of ten assistant examiners, private rooms of the Governor; rooms where essays are copied in red ink; rooms where essays are read and compared; and private rooms of monitors. Near by is the Temple of the God of Literature.

Over the double gate-way there is a *water clock*. Close by there is a Buddhist Temple in which there are three wooden statues of Buddha, in sitting posture, 16 feet high; across breast, 7 feet 6 inches; seat and pedestal, 8 feet high. This temple is attended by about fifty Bonzes. In Kau-in Street is the *Yamun* of the Literary Chancellor. Examination of candidates for *Sau-tsoi*, or first literary degree, are held here. These are the principal temples of the city worth seeing; the others, more or less, are very much like these. Canton has more than one hundred and twenty-five temples, and four Mohammedan mosques.

In the evening, in company with Mr. Taylor, we went to the bishop. Crossing the river in a sampan managed by two women, we took a Chinaman and lanterns

to take us to his lordship. The gate of the wall was closed. At the knocking by the Chinaman, an officer opened, and having explained our object, and being Europeans, we were allowed to pass. The same ceremony occurred at the other gate. The good bishop was waiting for us. Although Mr. Taylor did not understand French, he was so much impressed at the cordiality, piety, and humility of that prelate, that he remarked to me, "Truly that bishop is a saint!"

During our visit to the Catholic schools the boys were saying the evening prayers in Chinese. Mr. Taylor took me by the hand and made me listen to them. "Are these not the same prayers that we heard at the Honan Temple by the Buddhist Bonzes?" "No," I said. "These are Catholic prayers, which the boys say in the evening." "If these are not the same prayers," he replied, "it is the same tam-tams' time and manner used by the Buddhist Bonzes; nobody can tell the difference. Perhaps the words may be different." As his lordship and the two priests could not understand English, they did not know what Mr. Taylor was remarking. Mr. Guillelmine, whose saintly face gave ample evidence of the long and hard labors performed in China, had been Bishop of Canton for twenty-five years. He wanted me to go to Sanciano Island, which is under his jurisdiction, and where he goes once a year with a large crowd of Catholics to venerate the grave of St. Francis Xavier. Oh, what would I not have given for this great grace! But my promise to be in Singapore for Christmas prevented me.

After supper, and after promising to the good bishop that on any occasion upon which I might be in Canton, I would stay with him, and, after exchanging cards, accompanied by a missionary, to whom the gates were

immediately opened, we returned to the place where our sampan was waiting.

At the hotel we had a long discussion upon the accusation that the Catholic Church had borrowed the pomposity, robes, lights, and other ceremonies from the Buddhist religion; that monks were a Buddhist institution; that prayers were said by Catholic boys after the Buddhist manner; the tablets crowned with dragons and resting on tortoises round the sarcophagus or slab over the grave of Father Ricci in Peking, and the twelve dragons (or lions) surrounding the two tablets, one in Chinese and one in Latin over the grave of Father Provano, an eminent Italian astronomer and missionary, who rendered so many services to the emperor, and who died near Canton, but had got sick on the sea returning from Italy, where he had been sent by the emperor on a mission, as I was told in Canton, was buried about two miles from the city. The Chinese Government ordered the erection of the above-mentioned monument, put a watchman to keep this monument, and assigned the revenue of a rice-field for its care and preservation. Formerly it was given to the Bonzes to become its guardians, but afterward it was handed to the French. These facts were brought to me as a proof of what they asserted.*

I replied that to suppose that the Catholic Church had borrowed the pomposity, robes, lights, and other ceremonies from the Buddhist religion, betrayed ignorance of Asiatic history. Far from thinking that the Catholic Church has borrowed these things from the Buddhist religion, it was the Buddhists who took these rites from the Jewish ritual. Although, according to Abel Remusat, Buddha, whose historical name was

* Archdeacon Grey. Work on Canton.

Tsha-kia-muni, was born in 1029 B.C. His Philosophy, or religion, which is nothing else but a metaphysical, allegorical mysticism, can not be fixed before the year 332 B.C., under the reign of Hian-wang; that is, 618 years after the death of Tsha-kia-muni.

It is true that before his death, Buddha (Tsha-kia-muni) entrusted his disciple, Mahakaya, a Brahmin, with his mysteries, the first saint or patriarch of Buddhism, which secrets were bequeathed by him to his successor, Ananta. The Buddhists count thirty-three patriarchs, including Mahakaya, in chronological succession, each of whom chose his successor, and transmitted to him the secret doctrine of Tsha-kia-muni, who was afterward worshiped as a god, under the name of Buddha. Several of them died, or, as they call it, emigrated voluntarily into the flames. Among them, Maming (in Chinese, *Phu-sa*, and in Sanscrit, *Deva-Bodhisatua*), the successor of Buddha, who gave names to the gods of the second-class, was worshiped as his son, born from his mouth, because he perfected the doctrine of Buddha. All this did not take place in China, but in India. Buddhism is not a Chinese nor a Japanese creation; it is an Indian institution, and properly originated in the kingdom of Makata, which lay in the center of India.

Now, the Indians were well acquainted with the Jewish religion, and the magnificence and splendor which God had ordered Moses and Aaron to use in the practice of religion. Queen Saba had heard wonders of the grandeur of Solomon, and of the famous temple built by him. She confessed that what she had heard in her country was all true.

I do not mention that Sesostris, King of Egypt, is reported to have invaded India, and made way, not merely to, but even beyond the Ganges; nor about the

invasion of India by Bacchus; but we know from Herodotus, that great Greek historian of the fifth century, B.C., and justly called the "Father of History," that during the reign of Cyaxares, King of Persia, the Scythians overran the whole of Western Asia. One of the more modern of the Hindoo sacred books, represents that India was invaded by a *Takshak*, or serpent race, which overthrew the Magdala kingdom. Darius Hystaspes invaded India, and annexed part of it to the Persian dominion. Alexander the Great, King of Macedon, who is known in India as Iskander, or Secunder, having disposed of the Persian Empire, crossed the Indus at Attock, and marched through the Punjaub early in the year 327 B.C. If all this is not sufficient, the transmigration of the Jews to Babylon may be sufficient to show that the Indians were acquainted with the ritual and solemnity which was practiced by the Jewish nation in the celebration of their festivals. Where is now the assertion that the Catholic Church borrowed the use of vestments, lights, etc., from the Buddhist religion, when these vestments, lights, etc., were used by the Jews long before the existence of Buddhism?

Now, about the monks being a Buddhist institution is also another great error. We know that since the time of the prophet Elias there were contemplative people called prophets, living in grottoes round Mount Carmel. The grotto where the prophet Jeremias lived, and in which he wrote the famous *Lamentations*, is in sight of Jerusalem—that unfortunate city—the subject of his dolorous strain. To this very day that grotto is pointed out to pilgrims and visitors to the Holy Land, and I consider myself fortunate in having seen it. The Nazarites among the Jews existed since the time of Moses They devoted themselves to the service of God

for a certain time or for life. They made vows, abstained from strong drink, etc.; therefore they lived retired to grottoes in meditation. There was no existence of Buddhism at that time; in a word, monastic seclusion and ascetic life existed before the times of Buddhism. The inclination to a solitary life arose with the corruption of society. The better disposed persons, finding themselves unequal to resist the corruption of the world, sought in solitude a protection against temptation. The Oriental philosophy had a tendency to a contemplative life; the aspiring to shake off the fetters of the body and senses, gave the charm of a peculiar sanctity by the flying from the world. The inhabitants of Southern Asia have an indisposition to action, and a fondness for undisturbed contemplation. The *Gymnosophists*, or Brachmans, so called because they went naked, made their philosophy to consist of constant meditation and the severest ascetic habits, by which they sought to overcome sensuality, and to unite themselves to God, and often they burned themselves alive, the sooner to become pure. They existed before monks were instituted in Buddhism. But these, and those who profess the religion of Brahma, Fo, and Lama, are full of fakirs, and santons, tanirs, or songeses, talapoins,* bonzes, and dervises, whose fanatical and ab-

* *Talapoin*, or *talopin*, a Siamese priest; in China called *Seng*; in Tartary, *Lamas*, and in Europe *Bonzes*. The religion of Fo, Foè, or Fohi, was introduced in China in the first century of the Christian era. The Emperor Ming-ti XV. of the Hang dynasty, bethought himself of the words of Confucius, "In the west shall be found the holy one," and sent two grandees of the empire in that direction with orders not to return till they had found that holy one, and learned his precepts. They returned with the religion of Fo, who was born from the right side of his mother, in Cashmere, 1027 B.C., and his father was the king of that country. While she was in travail, the stars were darkened, and nine dragons descended from heaven. Imme-

surd penances are rather arts of deception than fruits of piety. From this kind of philosophy the Buddhists borrowed the pattern in the institution of their monks. But this is not the kind of monks that exists in the Catholic religion. The life of the *Essenes* and *Therapeutes*, who flourished in Palestine and Egypt about the time of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was entirely founded on the idea of separation from the world, was the form of our monastic institution, whose discipline and piety prevailed in the better period of Catholic monasticism.

With regard to the Chinese manners and rites, some of which had been adopted by Catholics, I remarked that persons well acquainted with the Chinese customs, etiquette, and religion, consider the honors rendered to Confucius and deceased relations as purely civil, and not at all religious; and those dragons and tortoises and other symbols in appearance pagan, are by many considered to be purely civil and political. I know that in China religion and politics are so mixed up together that it is extremely difficult to decide what is merely political from what is only religious. This was the cause of the accusation which the Dominican Fathers brought against the Jesuit missionaries. This affair,

diately after his birth she died. In the beginning of her pregnancy, she dreamed that she had swallowed a white elephant, which is the cause of the veneration paid these animals in India Others say that his mother was impregnated by a ray of light. His doctrine contains the principles of infidelity. "From nothing all things have sprung, and to nothing all must return, and there all our hopes must end." He gave good precepts of morality. But there is a great contradiction in his doctrine. The god Fo was born to save mankind, and bring back those who had gone astray from righteousness; he suffered for their sins, and obtained for them a blissful resurrection in the other world. Now, is not that a contradiction to what was asserted above? How, then, all our hopes end when all must return into nothing? I omit the other nonsense and absurdity of his doctrine.

which was the cause of endless disputes, attacks, and explanations, was stopped by Pope Benedict XIV., who forbade the missionaries henceforth to conform to Chinese customs. It was a condemnation of the Jesuit missionaries, who immediately obeyed the voice of Rome.

The manner of saying the prayers by the Catholics in the Chinese fashion, is due to the nature of the Chinese language, which having but four hundred and fifty distinct monosyllabic roots, by the mode of speaking, form from forty thousand to fifty thousand words. Thus: *Ba*, *bà*, *bá*, *bǎ*, if properly pronounced, is said to mean: "Three ladies gave a box on the ear to the favorite of the Prince." By means of these accents the Chinese speak in a kind of *cantilena*, or *recitative*, which is not, however, much observed when they speak fast in their ordinary conversation. It requires a nice ear to distinguish those varieties of tone, and in saying their prayers they pronounce words very fast, and with that Chinese *cantilena*.

In conclusion, the god Buddha—the most effective propagator of intellectual atheism predominant in Buddhism—does not exist. He has attained the eternal happiness, which, according to Buddhists, consists in the perfect annihilation, because they say that perfect happiness can not be found in existence. As long as one exists there is always something which disturbs his happiness, hence perfect happiness is found only in the annihilation. Buddha, by degrees, became more and more perfect by mortification, meditation, etc., even after his death he may have transmigrated into some more perfect being, till having reached the highest degree of perfection, was annihilated.

The engravings of Buddha in Nèpàl, Tartary, Ceylon Burmah, Siam, China, and in any other country to

which Buddhism has been carried from India, are represented in a variety of postures—standing, sitting, or squatting—sometimes with feet drawn up and the knees protruded; sometimes with one foot up and another down; and sometimes with both feet on the ground, and as though receiving worship and enthronization, as dispensing blessings, or as engaged in contemplation. They are almost uniformly destitute of such monstrosities as a plurality of heads, arms, legs, etc., as are seen in Brahminical images. Abstraction seems to be their general characteristic; and the expression indicates little life, genius, or reflection. According to the Buddhist conception of beauty, many of them have curled hair and pendant lips, as of an African type.

Buddhism is an infidel religion, the existence of Providence is denied, and it is very doubtful whether the existence of God is admitted. I was assured by the Bishop of Canton that the Buddhists find the Catholic religion by far more reasonable than Buddhism; they do not feel satisfied that their end should be a perfect annihilation; yet the conversion to the Catholic religion is the work of the grace of God, and not of persuasion. The Vicar of the Bishop of Hong-Kong said to me: "The Chinese say, 'We like your religion, it is good, it is holy, it is so; but it is good for you, but for us it is not. Keep you your religion, and we keep ours.' It is just what our Saviour said, 'No one can come to me unless the Father draw him.'" The Chinese are very superstitious, but they are not fanatics in matters of religion; nay, in both learned and unlearned, even amongst the Chinese Buddhist clergy themselves, fanaticism in religion is unknown. They believe that every one may save his soul in his own way. It is quite the reverse with the Mongols, and the nearer one gets to Thibet the more the intolerance in matters of religion increases. The

exception made for the Christians in China comes from political motives, and not on account of their religion.

Canton is the principal city of the Chinese province of the same name, otherwise called Quang-tong, or *Koanton*, and next only to Peking in *China proper*. The population is about 1,250,000, including the boat population of about 250,000; and the city is nine miles in circumference. The walls, which are high above the city, have a promenade on the summit behind the embrasures. The streets, 6 to 12 feet wide, are densely thronged with artisans of all trades, and are paved with granite slabs. The houses are one story high, the shops with gaudy sign-boards, and the population naked to the waist. The streets have gates, which are closed after dark. During the night policemen pace to and fro; every minute or two they give three strokes to a bamboo or drum, and two strokes to a small silver gong. It is said with truth, that he who has not visited Canton, has not seen China. Canton represents China. Peking represents Mongolia.

The costume of both male and female among the lower order consists of wide trowsers and large garments generally made of blue calico. The heads of the men are shaven, with the exception of the back, the hair of which is allowed to grow, and is then plaited into a queue, which is twisted around the neck when they are at work, but when the owner enters a room it is let down again. It is against etiquette and politeness for a person to appear with his queue twisted. Females, on the contrary, comb their hair entirely back of their forehead, and fasten it in most artistic plaits about the head. Men sometimes wear bamboo hats, which are very durable, and keep off both sun and rain. Common people generally go barefooted, but the better class use sewed stockings, and shoes made of black silk, the soles

of which are composed of layers of strong pasteboard or felt, pasted together, and more than one inch thick. Young people wear neither beard nor moustache, which

CHINESE VISITING.

is a privilege only for those who are grandfathers. A Chinese woman is proud of her beauty in proportion to the smallness of her eyes, the protuberance of her lips, the lankness and blackness of her hair, and the smallness of her feet. The manner in which they deform their feet is as follows: Four of the toes are bent under the sole of the foot, to which they are firmly pressed, and to which they grow; the great toe is left in its natural state. The fore part of the foot is compressed with strong bandages, so that it shoots upward, and appears like a large lump at the instep, where it forms, as it were, part of the leg. The lower part of the foot is scarcely more than four inches long and one and a half inches broad. The value of a bride is determined by the smallness of her foot.

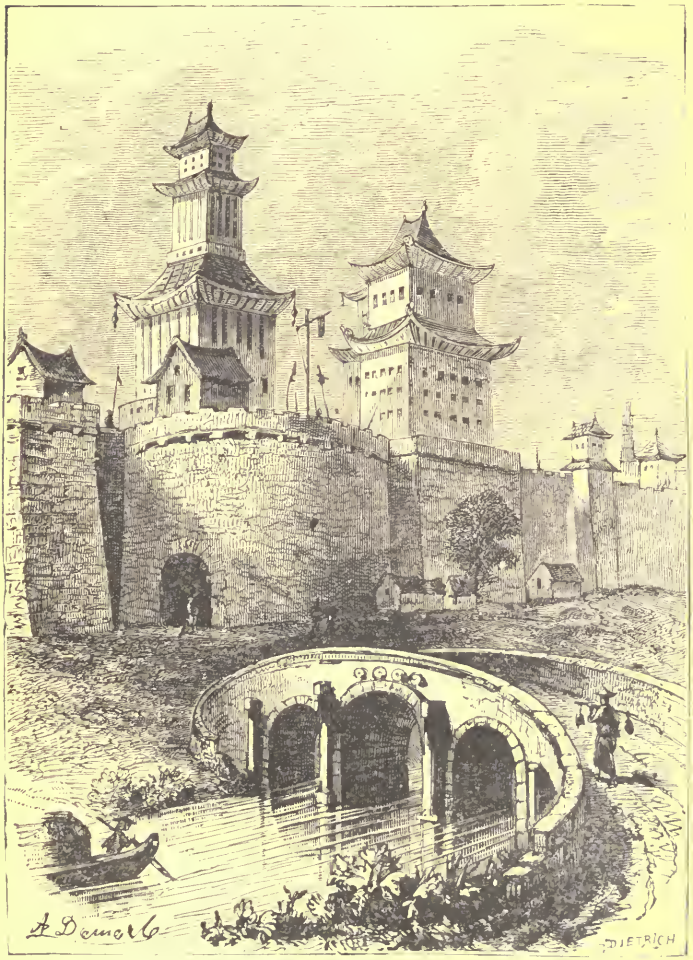
The Chinese are of middle stature; and with the exception of the rich people and ladies, who are white, their color is sun-burnt. Their faces are flat, broad, and ugly; their mouths large, their fingers long and thin; the nails of the aristocrats are allowed to grow about one or two inches. The features and shape of the skull prove their descent from the Mongols. By the men, corpulence, as the sign of an easy life, is regarded with respect. Lean people are considered void of talent. The Chinese are industrious, drink no strong beverage, and are a commercial people. The Government is an absolute monarchy, but the mandarins and tribunals are permitted to make respectful remonstrances to the Emperor, who calls himself "*Holy son of Heaven, sole guardian of the earth, father of the people.*" He has three wives, but only one has the rank of Empress. He generally resides in Peking, and never appears in public without two hundred lictors, bearing chains, axes, and other instruments characteristic of Eastern despotism. His person is worshiped; his subjects prostrate

themselves in his presence; offerings are made to his image and to his throne.

The high state of agriculture that exists in China is due to the honors conferred on it by the Government. Every year, on the 15th day of the first moon, the Emperor repairs, in great state, to a certain field, accompanied by the princes and principal officers, prostrates himself, and touches the ground nine times with his head, in honor of *Tien*, the God of Heaven. He pronounces a prayer, and, as High-Priest, sacrifices on the altar a bullock to heaven. Then he throws aside his imperial robes, lays hold of the handle of a plow, drawn by a pair of oxen tricked out with ornaments, and opens several furrows. The principal mandarins do the same. The festival is concluded with the distribution of money and cloth amongst the peasantry. In the same manner the Emperor again comes to sow the seed. In the provinces the viceroys perform a similar ceremony on the same day.

China, called by the natives *Tchou-Koue*, "center of the earth," is one-third of the whole continent of Asia. East and west it comprises all the countries from the sea of Okhotsk to Kokhan and Badakshan, about 3,350 miles; and north and south from Tonquin to Asiatic Russia, a distance of about 2,100. The population of China proper is estimated to be 414,000,000. Others, with more truth, estimate the population so as not to exceed 200,000,000. The country is diversified, flat, fertile, and intersected by numerous large rivers, canals, and several chains of granite mountains. The climate in the south is very hot, but in the north they have an European winter. The *Great Wall* on the north border, built about 300 B.C., stretches up high mountains and deep valleys for 1,200 miles; it is 15 to 30 feet high, and about 12 feet wide, and by means of arches spans

wide rivers. At distances of about 200 paces are distributed square towers, or strong bulwarks. The foun-



CHINESE TOWERS.

dations and corners are of granite, but the principal portion is of blue bricks, cemented with pure white mor-

tar, but now it is in a state of decay, as is also the Grand Canal from Canton to Peking, 1,400 miles. To construct the wall it took thirty thousand men forty-three years. It was commenced in the thirteenth century. According to the Chinese notions, China was governed for many millions of years by the gods Tien-Hoan-Chi, and the fabulous families of kings, Ti-Hoan-Chi and Kiehu-Tohu-Ki. The authentic history of China appears to begin with the great dynasty of Han, about 200 B.C. That China is a very ancient nation nobody can deny, and it is equally true that many of our most useful inventions are to be found among that people. They printed books before the art was invented in Europe, with characters carved in wooden tablets, which is still their present practice. They used the magnet before it was known to us. Yet architecture has been too much exaggerated, and the pretended wisdom of the Chinese laws may be reduced to good police regulations, accompanied with good lessons in morality.

TEMPLE, WITH TOMBS OF THE MIKADOS, AT KAMAKURA.

CHAPTER XII.

MACAO—DEPARTURE FOR COCHIN-CHINA—CAMBODIA RIVER—SAÏGON—SIAM—SINGAPORE AGAIN.

AT eight A.M. on a fine Saturday, I embarked on the Portuguese steamer *Spark*, commanded by a Bostonian. This is that famous American steamer which several years ago, on a trip from Canton to Macao, was taken by Malay pirates, who killed the captain (an American), several officers, and the engineer, wounded some sailors, plundered all the passengers, robbed the boat of all its valuables, and, having driven it on shore, left it. The steamer was recovered and repaired, but nobody knew what became of the pirates. She was armed and guarded, and the Chinese were kept in custody in the same manner as in the *Kin-shan* steamer. I asked one of the watchmen, who, armed to the teeth, held a foot on the iron grate, what he was doing. He replied, "Estes estão picaros e ladrãos; devemos guardar-os:" (These are rascals and thieves; they must be watched). The steward approached me and very politely asked, "Esta, V. M. hum padre?" (Is your grace a priest?) "Sim, senhor." (Yes, sir). He informed me that clergymen paid only half fare. Formerly, they were permitted to go free, and had their dinner besides; but as Protestant ministers traveled very often for amusement, taking their wives, children, and not seldom their relations, or what they passed for their relations, the company found that it was an expensive compliment, and was obliged to alter and limit this favor. He re-

MACAO.

lated to me that in two months he, and a large number of people, the Bishop of Canton and other missionaries, were to go to Sancian (Chang-Tchouen-Chan), an island on the Gulf of Canton inhabited by fishermen, to visit the grave of St. Francis Xavier, who fell sick there, and after a long and painful illness, died on the second of December, 1552, and was buried on the shore, without having had the satisfaction of entering China. Although a short time after his remains were transported to India, and deposited in St. Paul's Church at Goa, yet the faithful, and many Protestants and heathens too, every year resort to Sancian to pray on the grave of this illustrious apostle of the Indies, and those suffering from sickness or disease, rub themselves with the grass growing on the grave, and become cured. The steward said that he had had a bad leg. No doctor had been able to do anything to cure it, notwithstanding the many remedies applied to it; he went to the grave of St. Francis Xavier, rubbed the leg with the grass growing on the grave, and became entirely healed.

In approaching Macao, the steward pointed out to me a steamer which was from *Hong-Kong* going to Macao, and when near to this city was caught in that terrible typhoon which two years ago caused so great havoc in Macao and Canton. The loss of life was fearful. People perished by thousands, and the destruction of property was reckoned by millions. The steamer sank at once, and nearly all on board perished. We could only see the tops of the masts springing from the sea. They expect to raise her, but, so far, nothing has been done. Macao presents a beautiful view from the sea. The three forts, built upon eminences, and well planted with artillery, make an imposing show of her past strength and importance. The *caserna* and the esplanade in front of it, and facing the ocean, produce a fa-

vorable impression of the city. The noble flag floating from the fort reminded one of Portugal. The *Spark* doubled Port-da-Barra, and we soon landed at Macao. As the only hotel had failed and closed two months ago, I went to San José College, to solicit the hospitality of the good Portuguese Fathers, who received me with open arms and open hearts.

Padre Antaõ Joaquim de Meteros was the president of this college. He was convalescent from a fever which he had contracted in the island of Timor—one of the Molucca Islands, where his zeal had carried him to revive the Catholic religion, centuries ago planted by Portuguese missionaries, encouraged by the Government and money of Portugal. After several months of hard labor, during which he suffered from illness, he was obliged to repair to Macao, but with the intention of returning after the restoration of his shattered health. On leaving the island, he took with him several native boys to educate in Macao for the priesthood. He had prepared to return to his mission soon after the arrival of the Archbishop of Macao from Europe, who was expected every week.

One of the professors of that college was the saintly and learned Father M. Antonini, D.D., a Roman by birth, who, with other missionaries, had in vain worked in New Guinea for the conversion of those Papuas, and when that mission was given up, repaired first to Sydney, but being requested to go to China to teach theology, he went to Hong-Kong, and afterward to Macao. He was so kind as to be my guide through the city.

In the evening at supper, one of the Fathers, whom I had not seen in Macao, came and took his seat close to me at my left side. I noticed that he had done it intentionally. He asked me several curious questions,

but was very particular not to turn his face toward me, except now and then, and only with a wink, which was observed, and even enjoyed, by the others. He asked me plainly, "Have you ever been in Jerusalem?" This question aroused me. I looked at him attentively, and said, "You are Padre De Govèa, whom ten years ago I met at Jerusalem!" Here we fell into each other's arms. Oh, what consolation we experienced in this meeting! We never expected to again see each other in this world. He was much pleased at the opportunity afforded him of my being his guest, because he was the Vicar-General of Macao. He had already recognized me, and at the college they all knew of it, but awaited to ascertain whether I would recognize him or not.

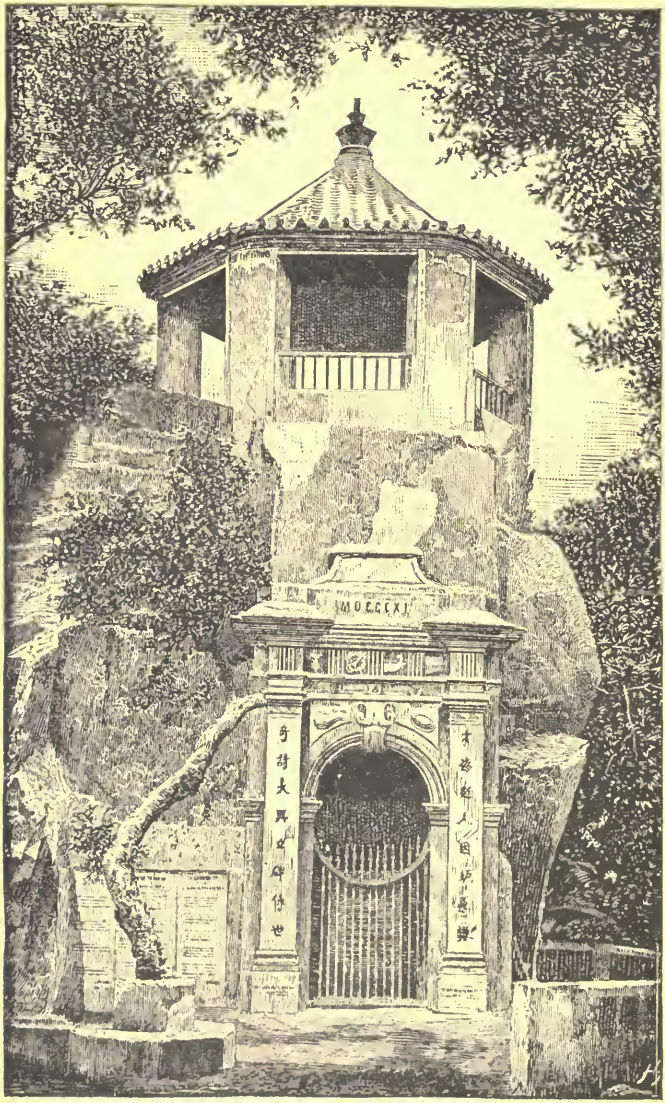
We commenced to relate our experience in Jerusalem. Padre Manuel Lourênço De Govèa arrived in Jerusalem just when I had commenced to recover from a severe sickness, with which I had been laid down in Palestine, and which threatened to make me leave my bones by Mount Zion, or in the "*Potter's Field.*" We spent several days together in Jerusalem, till I felt strong enough to travel and quit the Holy Land. He related to me, that fearing a like sickness, he did not venture to go any further in Palestine, but after nearly one month of stay in Jerusalem, went to Portugal.

The next day, Sunday, in company of Dr. Antonini, I visited the city. We went, firstly, to the Church of St. Lazarus, which is the first church built in Macao. The pastor was a Chinese priest, who was, on the occasion of our visit, baptizing a Chinese child. The lepers of Macao are permitted to attend Mass in this church, but in a room apart, from which they can see the priest and altar. I remarked that on the altar-piece there was a large painting of the Blessed Virgin Mary holding an

anchor, and also a large anchor painted on the ceiling. The church was not large, and had only one nave.

We went to the English factory, in the garden of which is shown the grotto of Camoëns, where he composed the "Lusiad." O Senhor Lourênço Marquez—the gentlemanly proprietor of the garden and grotto—received us with great kindness; he sent his son to accompany us and show everything in the garden, which was truly romantic, and enriched with tropical trees, plants, and flowers. Amongst the venerable old trees and natural rocks, the great poet's grotto is pointed out on a hill, from whose summit the enchanting view of the city, the grandeur of the sea, and the solemn silence and solitude of the place, interrupted only by the rustling of the leaves and the warbling notes of the birds, must have greatly aroused the prolific imaginative power of that hero of Portuguese literature and ornament of Europe. From the top of this hill we could see very plainly the destruction of many venerable trees in this garden, and the demolition of many houses in the city, caused by the late typhoon.

Louis de Camoëns was born at Lisbon in 1524. From despair he became a soldier, and in a battle before Ceuta an arrow deprived him of his right eye. Envy opposed his claims to a recompense for the wound, and his talents were not appreciated. Full of indignation at seeing himself neglected, he embarked, in 1553, for India, and landed at Goa. Witnessing the abuses of the Government in India, he was so displeased that he wrote a satire, which caused his banishment to Macao. Here he lived several years in no other society than that of nature. Here he composed the "*Lusiad*," whose subject was Vasco da Gama's expedition to India, and in conformity to the taste of the time, in this poem he united a narrative of the Portuguese his-



GROTTO DI LUIS CAMOENS, IN MACAO.

tory with the splendor of poetic description, and Christianity with mythological fables, tracing the descent of the Portuguese from the Romans, and considered Mars and Venus the progenitors and protectors. As Bacchus had been represented by fables to have conquered India, it was natural to Camoëns to represent him as jealous of the undertaking of the Portuguese. Patriotic feeling pervades the entire poem, and the national glory of Portugal appears in every form. The versification of the "*Lusiad*" possesses something so charming, that not only cultivated minds, but even the common people are enraptured by its magic, and learn by heart and sing its beautiful stanzas.

Camoëns was at last recalled from his banishment. At the mouth of the river Mecon, in Cochin-China, he was shipwrecked, and saved himself by swimming; holding in one hand, above the water, the manuscript of his poem—the only thing saved from the waves. In Goa he was confined in prison for debt, and was not allowed to embark for Lisbon until his friends became security for him. So great was his poverty, that, at night, a slave he brought with him from India, begged in the streets in order to support the life of his master. In this misery he wrote lyric poems, some of which contain the most moving complaints. At last, in 1579, he died in the hospital at Lisbon, in the eighty-second year of his age.

O Senhor Lourênço Marquez regaled us with port wine and sweetmeats. He also requested us to sign our names and country in the book of visitors, where I found the names of the Prince of Wales and other distinguished travelers. There I had the pleasure to make the acquaintance of *Francisco Pedro Gonçalves, Missionario do real Padroado Portuguez.*

We visited the remains of the magnificent cathedral

of St. Paul, built by the Jesuits at the end of the sixteenth century, and entirely destroyed by fire some years ago, except the façade, which is truly very fine. Four or five statues, nearly of life-size, said to be solid bronze, remain yet in their niches. They represent St. Ignatius and other saints of the Society of Jesus. On this façade there are several monoliths of granite, and other ornaments in *alto* and *basso-relievo;* amongst which I noticed, in particular, the Blessed Virgin Mary on the top of the mast of a ship. A flight of many granite steps, of the full length of the façade, rendered the ascent to the church very toilsome. In the basement was the grave-yard. The coffins were deposited in tiers round the walls, just as in the Catacombs, and closed over by masonry. Several coffins were open, and the bones scattered about. I noticed the grave of Monsignore Melchior Carneiro, first Bishop of Macao; the grave of the first and other Bishops of Japan. These prelates were buried in graves covered by marble slabs, some of which were broken.

Macao at present has no importance. The only trade which was left, that of the coolie slave trade, has now been abolished; and it was a mystery to me how those 30,000 inhabitants, many of them Chinese, can live. The houses are of stone, but low, and make but little show; the streets crooked and narrow, just as in old European cities, except the esplanade, which gives some idea of *Chiaja* in Naples. The town is built on a peninsula of about 106 square miles. It has a Portuguese governor and a Chinese mandarin. This city was occupied by the Portuguese in consideration of having assisted the Chinese to destroy the pirates who infested this coast, and for giving an annual payment to the Chinese Government. Yet the Chinese Government

would never recognize the occupation by the Portuguese of the Macao peninsula.

I received several invitations by Portuguese families. The president of the college presented to me the boys from Timor, who were studying for the priesthood. They are a fine-looking youth. I gave to them some copies of my Indian almanac, which pleased them very much, and spent a long time in interpreting it.

I returned to Hong-Kong. In company of a number of Italian gentlemen, I embarked for Cochin-China on the fine French steamer, the *Djumnah*, Captain San-Benoit (called Penoit). Some of the passengers were quite indignant with the agent of the French line of steamers, who had refused to take gold in payment of the passage. He absolutely wanted silver, and in such coins as are received in Hong-Kong. They were obliged to sell gold-money at a discount, and purchase silver at a premium. I was also in the same predicament. A Venetian doctor exclaimed to me, "Ma voi, buzzaroni* di Francesi, come è che ricusate it vostro proprio danaro? Vi oftro Napoleoni, e non li volete ricevere! Per . . . . ce!" (You worthless Frenchmen, how is it that you refuse your own money? I offer Napoleons to you, and you refuse them! By —!)

The French consul at Canton was in this ship, and was returning to France. He related to me that during the eight years of his consulate, he had rendered many services to the Catholic religion in China. "But," he added, "Rome should yield a little. I could have done more, but Rome is stiff. Many Chinese things are not, and can not be, understood there. On my way to France I will pass through Italy, and visit Rome to

* *Buzzaroni* is not Italian, but only a dialect. It is a word expressing contempt and indignation.

have some discussions and arrangement with the Pope, with regard to Chinese ceremonies, practices, bows, inclinations, etc., to Confucius. These are only national acts of respect, and not of religion. As long as things remain in this way in China, there will never be a Catholic mandarin. These acts are performed to the Pope, and even to some bishops, and who ever dreams to say that we hold them as gods?"

We passed close to the eastern shore of Hainan, a rich and large, but sickly island in the Gulf of Tonquin, which is famous for being particularly exposed to the ravages of the typhoons. The sandy banks on the coast of Cochin-China were invisible, but not so with the lofty chain of mountains of the north-west. It is here that the true cinnamon is found. The forests are well stocked with valuable timber for building and furniture. There are fine fruits, and the oranges are exquisite; we had them very often at the table. The climate is considered healthy, and neither hot nor cold. The character of the natives is mild and active. They are small-sized, but very industrious. They are not allowed to eat animal food, nor even milk, which they hold in abhorrence, considering it as blood. Having passed the shores of Siampa (or Tsiampa, or Champa), the *Djumnah* steered toward the mouth of the Cambodia River, which rises in Thibet, passes through Yunnan, a province of China, the countries of Laos and Cambodia, and runs into the Chinese Sea; the river at its mouth is two miles wide, and is navigable for the largest vessels for one hundred and twenty miles. It takes different names in different parts of its course. The steamer signaled for a pilot, with whom came a French officer desirous of recruiting his health lost in the French possessions of Cambodia. We went up the river, and at five in the afternoon were on the wharf of Saïgon, the small capital of the French

possessions in Cochin-China, at the mouth of the Cambodia River, or Me-Kong, where floating docks have been constructed. In Cambodia, behind it, are remains of the great city of Angor, and the Buddhist temple of Nakhon Wat, dating from the thirteenth century. The mouth of the Me-Kong, one of the principal rivers in South Asia, is about eight nautical miles broad just before it enters the sea. The fortifications on the tops of the hills render the view quite romantic and picturesque. It being Sunday, I desired to say Mass. We were navigating the Cambodia River, therefore the water being perfectly calm, there was no movement of the boat nor danger of becoming sea-sick. The good commissaire asked me to allow him to answer Mass. I had some old altar-bread, but requested the commissaire to have some fresh altar-bread made, who instantly gave the order to the cook, with instructions how to make it. When it was brought to me I saw that it was a kind of cake baked in the oven upon a tin pan. It was of the size of an altar-bread, but very thick. From the appearance and smell of it, I doubted very much its purity and reliability, but the commissaire assured me that the cook had told him that it was made of flour only, and that it was baked in a pan where pies were baked. Yet I did not feel satisfied that it was *materia valida*, and I thought it better also to consecrate with it an old altar-bread. I prepared the altar in my state-room, and the commissaire served Mass. At the communion I found that the cook had made the altar-bread from the same dough prepared for pies, hence there were butter, sugar, and eggs mixed with it, as the cook afterward confessed. Which of the two altar-breads had been consecrated? Both? None?

I landed to visit the town, which I did not like. It is perfectly Oriental. The houses are low and scattered,

the streets dusty, and the heat unbearable. After supper, in order to avoid the great heat and the swarms of mosquitoes on board, I landed, intending to take some fresh air in town along the river, but in going out of the steamboat company's grounds I asked the officer that was at the gate of the inclosure, whether there was any danger to walk out in that hour of the night. He replied that it was not safe, but I could walk inside of the inclosure without fear of anything. So I followed the advice of this watchman, and commenced to walk along the river, inside the inclosure.

On the wharf there was a number of natives dancing the native round dance. This dance consisted of about eight or ten men holding each other by the hand and forming a circle, but in such a manner that the right hand of one holds the right hand of the next, and his left hand holds the left hand of the next on the other side; in this manner one had his face turned in the inside of the circle, the next had his face toward the outside of the circle, and so on. The next step is by changing position, that is, those who were turned with their face inside the circle, take the opposite position, turning themselves to the outside of the circle, and those who were turned to the outside of the circle take the opposite location by fronting the circle. In this manner they are obliged at each step to change hand, position, and location; thus they go round, singing and keeping time to the tune.

The commissaire of the steamboat and myself had received an invitation to visit the mission house and Sisterhood of Saïgon. A missionary came on board early in the morning, and we went in a carriage to the mission house. I said Mass, and we took breakfast there. After visiting the schools, we were much pleased with the needle-work and embroideries of the children,

besides the school classes, in the study of which they were well posted. In their grounds and yards we observed some very peculiar trees, which at that time were in bloom. In some manner they looked like horsechestnut-trees, but richer in color and more fragrant, and the trees were larger. The name of these trees is *Colvillea Rossemosá;* they are native of Madagascar. We drove round Saïgon, but there was nothing particular to note; the houses are of stone, low, and built in the old Eastern style, except the Government buildings. The streets are long, wide, and dusty, but shaded by trees. The empire of Cochin-China, which includes a part of the kingdom of Cambodia (or Kamboja), Cochin-China proper and Tonquin—the last two are called by the natives by the common appellation, *Annam*—is attended by the French Foreign Missions. It is divided into eight Vicariate-Apostolics, which include Tonquin, but not Siam, which forms a Vicariate-Apostolic apart. The population of the entire Annam does not exceed 6,000,000 inhabitants. The climate, although considered healthy and temperate, in Saïgon is unhealthy and very hot. The interior of the forests is not much inhabited on account of the poisonous serpents and ferocious animals, which are very numerous. The royal tiger, famous for its ferocity, is found here.

At 1 P.M. we sailed for Singapore. The Cambodia River (or Me-Kong) is of dangerous navigation, on account of the strong, irregular currents and quicksand which cause banks to grow and localities to change nearly every day. Nearly all the Chinese and Indian rivers are so circumstanced. In going up to Saïgon we saw a large vessel just near to us descending the river, and in less than one minute she was turned by the current with great violence and cast on shore. The same

was yet on shore, and notwithstanding all the assistance given, she was fast aground. We passed three other vessels that were aground, one being French, who signaled us for assistance, which could not be given by our steamer. Finally we got aground ourselves, yet by the quick backing of our ship we succeeded in getting into deeper water. The captain was quite alarmed, and ran to the pilot, in whose charge the steamer was, and the passengers were in great consternation. The Italian doctor was near me and commenced to swear, "*Sangue di*——, *D*——" (Blood of G——), I tapped him on the shoulder and told him not to swear, and that it would soon all be right. He stopped swearing and felt very glad to see the steamer steering all right toward the Gulf of Siam. I felt ashamed to hear an Italian doctor of good education and standing swear; yet the profanation of the holy name of Jesus by the Americans in swearing is abominably common, especially amongst the lower class. In comparing the swearing amongst the Italians with the swearing amongst the Americans, I reflected that the Italians, by saying "*Sangue di*—— *D*——" (Blood of G——), even in swearing, make profession of the true orthodox doctrine, acknowledging Christ to be God, while the Americans say, in swearing, Blood of C——, and never of G——, thus professing to be heretics, not believing Christ to be God.

Late the next day we were opposite Bangkok, the handsome capital city of Siam, near the mouth of the Menam, the great river of Siam. The population of Bangkok is estimated not to exceed 50,000. Ayuthia, the old capital, is the next considerable city of the empire, and is eighty miles from the mouth of the same river, which has become navigable. The greater proportion of the territory is rather mountainous, although it

contains some rich plains. The population is thin, which must be ascribed to the barbarism and bad government. The country of the Laos—a people speaking a dialect of the Siamese language—appears to be divided between the Siamese, the Chinese, and the Birmans, with which latter empires, that of Siam is thus brought into contact. Subsequent to the civil war which broke out in Cambodia in 1809, that kingdom was divided between the Siamese and the Cochin-Chinese governments. The Malay States tributary to Siam are: Queda, on the western coast of the peninsula, with Patani, Kalantan, and Tringano on the east. The Siamese are shorter than Europeans, their complexion is darker than that of the Chinese, and although they are considered to be the most civilized of the group of nations inhabiting the tropical regions beyond the Hindus and Chinese, yet they are represented by travelers as servile, rapacious, slothful, disingenuous, pusillanimous, and vain. Their religion is Buddhism, resembling in its morality and doctrine that which prevails in Ceylon, from which country it was introduced in Siam in the seventh century. It differs considerably from the Buddhism of Tartary, China, and Japan.

CHAPTER XIII.

PORTUGUESE MISSIONS IN SINGAPORE AND INDIA IN GENERAL—CONFIRMATION BY THE BISHOP OF MACAO—CONCORDAT WITH PORTUGAL—CHRISTMAS AT SINGAPORE—MALACCA—PENANG—SUMATRA—ACHEEN — NICOBAR ISLANDS — MALDIVE ISLANDS — LACCADIVE ISLANDS.

THE captain, the commissaire, the French consul, and nearly all on board requested me not to stop in Singapore, but to continue my traveling with them, because they wanted to hear Mass at Christmas, and they thought it woful to be without; but I begged to be excused on account of my promise to the Portuguese Padres. Here they related the devotion of the people of Europe in attending Christmas midnight Mass. Amongst other things the following was told: "On Christmas eve a lieutenant-general had some officers of rank and a marshal of France to dine with him. Dinner being over, some one asked how they were to pass the rest of the evening. One of the guests answered carelessly, 'Suppose we go to midnight Mass.' 'So be it,' replied the others. They entered the church of St. Roch. You may form an idea of the devotion of these officers, who went to church after a convivial dinner, merely by way of curiosity and pastime. Looking around, laughing and talking, were all that they did. But all at once appears a little man wrapped in a large cloak. He resolutely approaches the merry group, and says in a quick, authoritative tone, 'Gentlemen, you are acting badly; very badly. When you come to church you ought to comport yourselves with propriety. Re-

spect and silence, gentlemen!' That little man in the gray cloak was the Emperor Napoleon himself, who had come to assist at the midnight Mass. You may imagine the astonishment of our officers when they recognized him. During the remainder of the divine office not one of them so much as turned his head." These poor Christians did through fear of Napoleon what they ought to have done through fear of God and of the infant Jesus.

Early in the morning we doubled Cape Romania, in Johore Malacca, and at eight A.M. of the twenty-first day of December, I landed in Singapore and drove to the Portuguese Mission's residence, where the Portuguese fathers were waiting for me with great anxiety. The room which had been occupied by the Bishop of Macao just four days ago, had now been prepared for me.

I found the two good Portuguese missionaries, Padre Nicolao Ignacio Theophilo Pinto and Padre J. P. S. de Cunha very tired, but in great good spirits. There had not been Confirmation administered to the Portuguese population of Singapore for many years, and as the new Bishop of Macao was to pass by Singapore and stop here one day, on his way from Lisbon to Macao, the Archbishop of Goa (under whose jurisdiction were the Portuguese Missions of Singapore, as well as those of India), had given permission to invite the Bishop of Macao to give Confirmation, while stopping at Singapore. For a long period of years Macao had been deprived of a bishop, and the diocese had been united to that of Goa in India; but thanks to Pius IX., who has provided a bishop for Macao, and separated its diocese from that of Goa. Those two missionaries had been working very hard to prepare hundreds of people of nearly every age, in order to be confirmed; besides other arrangements necessary for such an occasion. No

assistance was given to them by the French missionaries of the Vicariate-Apostolic, who look on the Portuguese missionaries as schismatics, and I have been informed that the French missionaries have even spoken from the pulpit, warning the people to have no communication with the Portuguese priests, because they were schismatics. This is nothing else but a desire for jurisdiction, as the Vicar-Apostolic wants and claims jurisdiction over the entire island. This feeling unfortunately exists also in many parts of India where there are Portuguese.

The Bishop of Macao arrived at Singapore in the French mail-steamer, which stops at Singapore twenty-four hours. The Portuguese missionaries met the bishop at the wharf, and invited him and the nine missionaries brought by him, to their residence, and the next day was appointed to administer the Confirmation. None of the French missionaries had the decency to be present at the Confirmation, even to pay a visit to the Bishop of Macao. Nay, on the morning of the Confirmation the Bishop of Macao had forgotten the *Manuale Episcoporum* to give Confirmation. He thought that it could be borrowed from the Vicar-Apostolic (who was absent), but the Portuguese priests were informed that there was no use to send for it, because the French priests might not lend it; hence the poor bishop was obliged to send one of his priests on board the steamboat in order to take the *Manuale* for the Confirmation. The steamboat wharf is three miles from the town. The French priests remained at home with their dignity, but the most of the French congregation were present at the Confirmation, and the principal members of the congregation visited the Bishop of Macao. The Confirmation succeeded with propriety, dignity, and solemnity.

When at Hong-Kong, I remember that I mentioned to the Vicar-General of that place, a good and pious Italian, that I had promised to be in Singapore for Christmas to assist the missionaries. "I suppose," he said, "the French missionaries?" "No," I replied, "but the Portuguese." "Do not do it," he said; "it would displease the Singapore bishop (Vicar-Apostolic) very much." "I have promised it," I said, "and I will not disappoint them. For these petty feelings I do not care. I have given my word, and I will keep it."

The origin and cause of this trouble is as follows: For many years there have been disputes in India and Ceylon between the European and Goa priests. Ecclesiastical patronage in the East seems to have been vested in the King of Portugal in the sixteenth century. Several bishoprics were created, and priests, owning submission to the Archbishop of Goa, were gradually scattered over different parts of the East. After a time both the zeal and means of the Portuguese Government diminished. The Pope then invited the Superiors of Mendicant Orders to send missionaries into these countries, where congregations were left without pastors. Many missionaries were sent out to India who were placed under Vicars-Apostolic directly under Rome. The Goa priests, claiming the Concordat with Portugal, the patronage vested in the King of Portugal, and their jurisdiction from the Archbishop of Goa, refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the Vicars-Apostolic. In 1838, Gregory XVI. published the Bull, *Multa præclare*, whereby it is said that the Pope abolished the four Indo-Portuguese bishopries, situated outside the territories, in political subjection to the then Queen of Portugal, and called upon the Indo-Portuguese and Goanese priests to take jurisdiction from the Vicars-Apostolic, to whom the suppressed bishoprics

were all parcelled out. But as I have not had an opportunity to read the Bull, I do not vouch this to be a correct interpretation. This, however, is certain, that the Goa priests did not interpret it so, and still refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the Vicars-Apostolic, many of whom abused the Goa missionaries, terming them schismatics, calling on the congregations not to receive the Sacraments at their hands, and so forth. Pius IX. settled this scandalous affair in the East. On the 21st of February, 1857, a Concordat between the Pope and the King of Portugal was signed at Lisbon. It provided "for the continuance of the exercise of the royal patronage in India and China." New bishoprics may be erected. Article XVI. is as follows: "As soon as the circumscription of any of the suffragan bishoprics in India is established, and the Episcopal See provided with convenient means, the presentation of the bishop made by the Royal Portuguese Patron shall be recognized by the Supreme Pontiff, and as soon as the respective confirmatory Bulls are issued, the Vicar, or Vicar-Apostolic, who may be in the territory of the bishopric, shall successively be removed, in order that the appointed prelate may enter on the government of his diocese."

At present every Portuguese or Goanese missionary who attends Portuguese missions, either on Portuguese territory, or on foreign territory, receives $100 per year from the Portuguese Government. Hence Padre Pinto and Padre de Cunha, although on British soil, receive each $100 per year from the Portuguese Government, because they attend Portuguese congregations.

Notwithstanding this, the Goanese priests continued to be abused and called *Indo-Schismatic* priests, and are abused to this very day by some Vicars-Apostolic and some of their priests. To stop this, Pius IX. de-

clared that he gives to them "a personal extraordinary jurisdiction,"* (*Jurisdictio extraordinaria personalis*). This explains the reason why the Vicars-Apostolic are against the Portuguese ecclesiastics, because these vicars may be removed and replaced by prelates presented by the King of Portugal and approved by the Pope.

I feel surprised that Dr. Fennelly, Vicar-Apostolic of Madras, in his pastorals has expressed his opinion about the Concordat. He doubts the ability of Portugal to undertake the work. He abuses the Portuguese in these words: "The Portuguese is a very lazy animal, who would rather squat the live-long day on the side of a mountain with half a loaf than work to earn the other half. Portugal has not yet given one-sixteenth of £100,000 a year to the propagation of faith." Another objection is stated to be that the schismatic priests are received into favor. The change which will be produced by the Concordat is stated by him as follows: "Turning out the Vicars-Apostolic and the clergymen serving under them, commendable alike for piety and learning, and letting into their places half-educated priests of unsound faith and more unsound morals."

Dr. Fennelly must certainly have forgotten the service rendered to the Catholic Church by the Portuguese kings and missionaries with St. Francis Xavier at the head. One of these Vicars-Apostolic, missionary at Bombay, spoke to me very lightly of the Portuguese, but on Sunday when I looked at the congregation, I saw nothing else but Portuguese descents, with very few exceptions. So that, using the language of Dr.

* See the Apostolic Brief, "*Ad reparanda damna*," dated March 21, 1861.

Fennelly, I could say, "If it was not for these good Portuguese people, the missionaries of Bombay could squat the live-long day on the side of a Malabar mountain."

While Dr. Fennelly complains that the "devoted friends of the Pope are . . . . cast off like an old shoe," I am surprised that he adds the following: "But it is in extreme cases that the Papal authority is most beneficial to the Church, and if the Pope could not do things of this kind, we might as well have no Pope at all."*

Here comes *apropos* an article on this subject in the New York *Tablet*,† extracted from a letter written by a secular correspondent sent to Goa to witness the imposing ceremonies at St. Francis Xavier's celebration. This correspondent writes to the Allahabad *Pioneer* as follows: "From Panjim to Goa there is a fine, broad causeway the whole distance. . . . . There are houses all the way; first, the village of Rhibandar, and then that of St. Pedro, the old suburb of the city of Goa. Everywhere are signs that we are in a purely Catholic country. Instead of the emblems of Mahadoe, Devi, and Hanuman,‡ that would be seen up-country, there is in almost every compound and at every other gate-way a small cross, with frequent crucifixes by the wayside, and arched recesses with paintings of the archangel Michael and other saints. The churches, too, which are nearly all large, sumptuous edifices, stand with open doors, and the villagers as they pass put down their bundles from off their heads and go inside for a few moments, either to say a prayer before the image of the Blessed Virgin, or to assist at Mass, if they happen to find a priest

* Indian Year-Book for 1862, by John Murdoch. Madras, 1863

† The New York *Tablet*, May 10, 1879.

‡ These are idols.

officiating at the altar. The cottages are all built of masonry, and have a substantial and comfortable look, ... and through the open windows it may be seen that many of the rooms are decorated with sacred pictures and images. The people, too, seem not only better housed, but also better clothed and fed than in British India; and the little glimpse of Goanese village life obtained by a short drive, can not but prove to any unprejudiced observer that the work done by St. Francis Xavier was really a great and beneficial one, and that it would be a grand thing if the whole of India could be moved by a like spirit. Unlike the majority of modern converts up-country, who look like mere masqueraders in foreign costume, the people, though Catholic to the back-bone, have not lost their nationality, but are in all their ways as thoroughly Oriental and Indian as their heathen brethren."

Padre de Cunha got sick two days before Christmas, but so anxious was he to have High Mass with deacon and sub-deacon at Christmas, that he would get up in order to officiate as sub-deacon. The church was crowded to the uttermost, and the heat was most intense, notwithstanding all the windows, which are very large, were open. It is sufficient to say that we were only eighty miles from the equator. At Christmas night, attended by a confraternity dressed in sacques, white caps falling over the neck and shoulders, and holding lighted candles, we came out of the vestry in procession, and sang matins, after which I sang High Mass, assisted by Padre Pinto and Padre de Cunha. After the Gospel, I preached from the pulpit, and I admired the attention and devotion of the people, amongst whom there were some Protestants. Accustomed to the cold and deep snows of Maine in the United States of America, preaching and singing Mass nearly under the equa-

tor was a very trying experiment for me. The perspiration was pouring off me, and all my garments were truly soaked. I remembered what Very Rev. Monsignore Fitzpatrick, D.D., told me in Melbourne, that in this climate it is difficult at Christmas to impress on the minds of the people, who are oppressed with heat, that the infant Jesus, when He was born in the heart of the winter, was suffering from cold. I am a witness of the truth of this observation.

In these latitudes all masses are celebrated early, and on Sundays and holy days of obligation, Mass is also celebrated early, not only on account of the heat of the sun, but also on account of the soldiers, who go to Mass early. In every place where British troops are stationed, the missionary, or one of them, if more than one priest resides, is also a military chaplain, paid by the Government. The same is the case with the Portuguese and French chaplains in Portuguese and French territories.

After I had retired into my room a Malacca policeman, who, the day before, had taken a prisoner to Singapore, and who had imbibed a little too much, came to the missionary house, and very loudly demanded of the Padre to see the priest who had preached. They told him that the priest was tired and about retiring, but to come in the morning and then he could see him. "No," cried the policeman, "I must see him now." "You can not see him now," said the Padre, "we can not disturb him." "I must," said he, "ask him some questions about the sermon; I will have it printed, it was a grand sermon, eloquent," etc. The Padre succeeded in persuading him to go away, but after imbibing a few more drops he returned, and commenced to cry louder than before, insisting upon the same subject, but they sent him away, closed the gate of the large porch on him, and retired to bed.

In the morning I received a visit from Rev. Mr. Thompson, an Episcopalian minister, who was present at Mass; he assured me that he felt much moved by the sermon, and when he heard the *Pater Noster* sung, could hardly restrain the tears. Many other persons of respectability came to welcome me and bid good Christmas. At Christmas all children with respect and devotion have the custom of kissing the hands of their parents and of the pastors and other priests, and bid them a *good Christmas*, not only small children, but grown young men and women. This tribute of respect toward their parents and clergy contributes very much to preserve and protect youngsters from evils and bad company, which is the spring and nursery of vices, irreligion, and infidelity.

In the morning, after breakfast, the cook—a native—went to Padre Pinto, the Superior of the Missions, and said: "Father, I want two hours to visit my friends; to-day it is Christmas; I am a Christian, and I want to make Christmas like all other Christians." Padre Pinto gave him permission to go to see his friends for two hours, but earnestly recommended to stay no longer than two hours, and to return soon, because he had to prepare Christmas dinner. He promised faithfully that he would surely return in two hours, and went away.

Two hours passed, three, and four, but no appearance of the cook. This put the Padre in some anxiety, especially as there was no dinner prepared. They inquired about him, and learned that he had got drunk. You may think of the distress of those poor Padres. A kind of dinner was gotten up as well as circumstances permitted, yet Christmas day passed over in joking about the manner in which all Christians make Christmas according to the notion of this native cook.

After Christmas I spent my time in visiting the

island. Singapore or Singapura, meaning in the native language, "*Tiger City*," is the capital of the Straits Settlements, comprising Singapore, Penang, and Malacca. It stands at an excellent center of commerce, on an island twenty-five miles long by fourteen broad, separated from the Johore mainland by a strait one-quarter to three-quarters of a mile wide, opposite Sumatra, Borneo, etc., with a population of about 100,000, of whom fully 55,000 are Malays and Chinese. There are also many Germans. The total population of the settlements is 308,100 inhabitants, chiefly Malays and Chinese. English and French steamers arrive every other week from England and India, for China and Japan, and every other week from Japan and China for India and England; that is, one week the English, and the other the French, so that every week there is a steamer each way. Besides these, an Italian line runs to Batavia. Dutch steamers run every week to Batavia in two days. The Dutch steamers run also to Samarang, etc. Spanish steamers run to Manilla and other ports of the Philippine Islands, but not regularly. The *Eastern and Australian Company's* steamers leave every four weeks for Queensland, Sydney, and Melbourne. I visited the Buddhist temple and the joss-house, with the statue of a Sun having a large carved bull in his mouth at the entrance gate. Joss-sticks burned as is usual in the Buddhist temples, and there was a large drum and bell hanging from the roof. Perambulating restaurants, with natives beating bamboo sticks to draw customers, are found very frequently. There is a fine esplanade. Singapore, being a free port, is a great *entrepôt* of European and Asiatic merchandise. The city is situated on two sides of a salt creek, which empties itself into the sea at the west head of a deep bay, and which is navigable for small boats only, hence vessels are

obliged to lie at the wharves three miles from the town. There are two excellent markets daily, for vegetables, fruits, fish, meat, etc. I have purchased good pine-apples for a cent apiece. A captain returning from Siam, brought to us a large quantity of sweet Siamese oranges. In front of the island there is a chain of islands inhabited by a few wild tribes little known. We visited Mr. Whampoa's country seat, whose elegant and extensive gardens are truly magnificent. Although it was not the season for nutmegs, yet I visited those plantations, which were in full bloom. From Buket Temah, five hundred feet above the sea, the highest spot on the island, there is a grand and magnificent view all round. Near the town a European garrison is permanently located.

One day, while walking, my attention was attracted by the sound of a gong and at intervals the striking of bamboo sticks. A large crowd of natives and Chinese men, women, and children, were occupying the full width of the road, marching and keeping time to the sound of the bamboo. As the movement was rather brisk, the dust was rising in clouds, thus sheltering the multitude from the scourging rays of a tropical sun. It was a Chinese funeral. The procession opens by two Chinamen, holding two tall trees, on the summit of which there were fastened white cotton or linen cloths hanging on the outer sides; on the middle sides the cloth joined in the form of a canopy, but held by two poles distant one yard from each other; then a little temple of the size of two or three yards held by two men. This temple contained an idol, I believe to be Buddha, and it was followed by a Chinese priest dressed in full clear blue robes, and Chinese mitre, and a man holding an umbrella without ornaments, to shelter the priest's head. Here came two men carrying a stretcher covered

with a light-colored pall, on which lay the corpse uncovered, whose head was sheltered by a highly-ornamented umbrella, embroidered in silk and gold, carried by another man walking behind the corpse. Here a large multitude followed in silence and without order, occupying the entire road, and tramping to the sound of the gong. I retired close to a wall to give room to the procession, and at the same time I had leisure to observe it while passing before me. I was so lucky as to meet the same procession returning after the burial. They marched with the same order and in the same manner, except that the stretcher was carried privately and aside, and they marched at a quicker step, and many were throwing bundles in the air and catching them again. I do not know what these bundles were, but I perceived that some were white handkerchiefs with knots. I do not know whether these bundles thrown in the air were signs of joy or respect; perhaps they meant that *the soul of the dead person had gone up to heaven, just as these bundles were going up to the air.*

Accompanied by the good Padres and by many friends, I went to the *Malwa,* one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, Capt. Tomley, an experienced and gentlemanly officer; and after many cordial embraces, kisses, and shaking of hands, I sailed for Malacca and Penang. It was raining very fast, but the sea was calm, and I had no fear of sea-sickness. My state-room was in a good location, and I was alone therein.

Very early in the morning, in about sixteen hours, we were opposite to Malacca, a city on the western coast of the peninsula of Malacca or *Malaya*, on the straits of the same name. Formerly it was a prosperous city of about 34,000 inhabitants, and its port was the principal place for exports of tin, sago, pepper,

canes, gold-dust, etc. but since the occupation of Pulo-Penang by the British it has lost much of its importance, and the population has declined to 12,000.

This city has several spacious and handsome streets, and many houses well built of stone. There is a good roadstead about one and a half miles distant from the town, but the entrance of the river by boat is difficult. It is just opposite to the Island of Sumatra, a little over two degrees north of the line, hence the climate is very hot. The city was built in the thirteenth century by the Malays—a people of Asia, who intermarried with the Arabians, whose religion and language they adopted, and formed themselves into a distinct nation, and thus became separated from their original stock, and formed a powerful empire. Their Sultans subdued Sumatra, where they seem to have dwelt previously to their settling in Malacca. They afterward occupied the rest of the Sunda Islands, the Philippines, the Moluccas, and even some of the Australian islands, and carried on a very extensive commerce in Asia, and the harbors of Malacca were not only filled with their own ships, but also with those of China, Cochin-China, Hindostan, and Siam. They planted many colonies, where they propagated their religion, the Mohammedan. They are now divided into distinct tribes, without any general head, owing principally to the superiority of the Europeans, and to the feudal system of the Malays, by which the national power has been divided, and the power of the vassals increased, who obey their superior — the Sultan — only when they please. The great body of the nation consists of slaves; their masters are the *oramkai*, or nobility, who are independent, and sell their services. These Malays are different from the Hindoos, Birmans, and Siamese. They pay more respect to their absurd laws of honor, than to justice and humanity. Force contin-

ually triumphs among them over weakness. Their treaties and promises of friendship continue so long as their interests are safe. They are strong and nervous, and of a dark brown color. Their hair is long, black, and shining; the nose large and flat; their eyes full of fire and brilliancy. They are treacherous, impatient of constraint, violent even to fury, artful, have a great love of plunder, piracy, and blood. They are always armed, and are perpetually at war amongst themselves, or engaged in plundering their neighbors. No free Malay is seen without a dagger; the people in general are very skillful in preparing weapons, particularly daggers. When they find opportunity they will attack European and American vessels by surprise, and kill the crews if they succeed in capturing them. They are the most terrible pirates in the whole world. It is but two months ago that a sailing vessel, between Malacca and Penang, was caught in a storm, and threatened with wrecking on the coast, when a number of Malays swimming and surmounting the furious billows, assaulted the ship, seized it, murdered the crew, and plundered the vessel. The Malays are active only in war, where they are excited by the thirst of robbery and blood, while at home they are indolent, sluggish, even cowardly, and they despise agriculture. Labor is left to be done by their slaves.

The peninsula of Malacca, or Malaya, is connected with Siam by the Isthmus of Krau, which is about 775 miles long and 120 miles broad, and is surrounded by the sea in all other places. A chain of lofty mountains longitudinally runs through the entire peninsula. It is difficult to penetrate into the interior, on account of the extensive forests and marshes. The fruits are excellent and abundant, but grain is not produced in sufficient quantity to supply the inhabitants. It is rich in

diamonds, precious stones, gold, silver, tin, sago, etc., but few of these great resources are yet developed. The division of this country into a number of petty independent States is a great drawback to this fine peninsula. Malacca formerly belonged to the Dutch, but in 1825 it was ceded to the English in return for the Presidency of Bencoleen, of which the capital was Fort Marlborough, in Sumatra.

One revolution of the earth and many of the engine, brought us to Penang, or Prince of Wales Island; called by the natives *Pulo-Penang*, or Betel-Nut Island, on account of its resemblance to the areca-nut, which grows here in abundance. It is one of the *Straits Settlements*, two miles off the north-west side of Malacca Straits, and facing Delih in Sumatra; lat. 5° 25′ north, hence the climate is hot; January and February being the dry, and April, May, and June, the rainy months: but the seasons are not well marked. The mornings are cool, and sometimes so cold and foggy that warm clothing must be worn. The population is about 132,000 (chiefly Chinamen, Malays, and Klings, from the Coromandel coast), including the *Province of Wellesley*, on the Malay peninsula, opposite. The Chinese carry on nearly all trades. This island is twenty miles long and nine broad, divided longitudinally by a ridge of mountains. The *Flagstaff Hill*, 2,500 feet high, is a fine point of view for overlooking the sea, the peninsula of Malacca, etc. At the bottom is a pretty waterfall, or cascade, 50 to 60 feet high. The P. and O.* Company's steamers, outward and homeward bound, call here every fortnight. There are about one hundred sorts of fruits, amongst which are mangoes and

* P. and O. means Peninsular and Oriental. N.B.—The peninsula signifies the peninsula of Spain.

mangosteens, considered by the Chinese, who style it the fruit of Paradise, to be the most luscious fruit in the world. Wellesley is a strip 35 miles long, by an average of 80 miles broad, bought of the Rajah in 1800. The capital of this island is Georgetown—a free port, purchased by the East India Company from the Rajah of Quedah, in 1786, now transferred to the Crown. Here we found several Dutch men-of-war, belonging to the Dutch squadron besieging Acheen, trying to reduce that empire, which had revolted against the Dutch.

Having taken a full cargo of tin, filling even the vacant state-rooms, the *Malwa* left for Point de Galles, in the island of Ceylon, steering toward Sumatra. In a few hours we sighted the majestic Mount Ophir, or the Gold Mountain, in Sumatra, immediately under the equinoctial line, whose summit, like a stupendous cone on the horizon, being elevated 13,842 feet, is the highest visible ridge from sea. This island, the largest and most westerly of the Sunda Islands, is crossed longitudinally by a range of mountains, whose ranges are, in many parts, double and treble. The island is about 1,000 miles long, and 165, on an average, broad. Among the ridges of mountain, are extensive plains of great elevation, and of temperate climate. The soil is generally fertile. A great portion of the island is covered with impenetrable forests. There are many lakes and marshes. It is rich in minerals, and it has always been famous for gold, which is yet produced in considerable quantity. A great variety of exquisite fruits and precious herbs are found in abundance, and it teems with wild animals, such as elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, alligators, etc.; also birds of various kinds. There are several volcanoes in action, and the island is subject to severe earthquakes. The natives are divided into

several sections, called empires; namely, the *Battas* in the north-west; the *Gongus*, who live amongst the mountains; the *Lampungs* in the south; and the *Reyang*, who dwell between these last two peoples. The Malays generally occupy the harbors and the cities along the sea-coast.

We rounded Cape *Diamond* and soon came along Acheen, where we found a number of Dutch war vessels. The Dutch have tried for several years to extinguish the revolt at Acheen (or *Atcheen*, or *Achem*, or *Achen*), but so far they have not succeeded. They have lost many men by fevers and other sickness; the expenses have been immense, and I understand that they are now faring badly. The kingdom, or empire, of Acheen extends from Cape Diamond in the north, to Barous in the south. It contains 200,000 inhabitants, originally Malays. They are stronger, better formed, darker, and more industrious than the rest on the island, but Mohammedans, superstitious, and wicked; they always carry a poisoned arm, which they call *Cric*. The land is rich in rice, cotton, etc., and excellent fruits; there are mines of gold, silver, and copper. There are many animals, plants, and fruits quite unknown in Europe. The capital of this kingdom is also called *Acheen*, and the population is about 36,000. The chief trade now is with Hindostan, and consists in gold-dust, receiving in return, jewels, sapan-wood, betel-nut, sulphur, and a few other articles; but opium, arms, iron, etc., are brought there by the Europeans. The people are expert and bold sailors, and employ a large number of vessels in trade and fishing. The weather was splendid, and I greatly enjoyed the passage to Ceylon, and the agreeable company. The officers of the *Malwa* were gentlemanly and sociable, but the table was abominable, and did no credit to the P. and

O. Company. At some meals we had only cold food, which nobody could eat or relish. Between nine and ten o'clock we had tea, and as I can not drink it, the captain ordered coffee for me.

We passed between Acheen and the island *Way*, then north of the island *Tondo*. We went south of the islands Nicobar, which archipelago is formed of nineteen islands, on which the Danes, in 1756, formed a settlement, but were obliged to give it up on account of the mortality among the colonists. The thick forests and heavy dews render the climate unhealthy to foreigners. They produce plantain, bread-fruit, sassafras, etc. An island of the same name is the principal and capital.

From the Nicobar Islands to Point de Galle, in the Island of Ceylon, the steamer makes the run in three days. In the Indian Ocean, on several occasions, we saw schools of porpoises, and many large flying-fishes. While we were amusing ourselves on deck, looking at the sea-hogs, or porpoises of enormous size, a friend of mine, a fellow-passenger, asked me whether I would like to be introduced to his Highness the brother of his Majesty the king of the Maldive Islands. I accepted the invitation, and I was taken to the fore-part of the ship, where the third-class passengers were; there I saw a thin, tall, beggarly-looking native, dressed like a Mussulman, wearing an old, dirty cashmere brown gown, over a not over-clean shirt; he had a cap and sandals; his name was Alididi. Though the clothes were very dirty and in rags; the face very dark, and emaciated; yet the features were regular, but without expression; the eyes small and brilliant, without fire. He appeared melancholy, and had little to say. He was the highness, the brother of the king of the Maldive Islands. He gave us some information about these islands. This cluster is formed of twelve thousand

islands, mostly small, many of which have no inhabitants, and are situated in the Indian Ocean, about 270 miles south-west of Cape Comorin. They supply vessels with sails and cordage, cocoa-nuts, dry fish, and other articles. They are divided into seventeen *Attoloons*, or provinces, each of which has its particular sultan, who rules with great oppression. The subjects are very poor, and none of them dare wear any dress above the waist, except a turban, without a particular license. These sultans are all subject to one Great Sultan, who resides at Malediva, the capital city of this chain of islands, in the Island of Malediva. They have only four ports in which their few articles of commerce are collected. The climate is intensely hot and very sickly for Europeans, who have never formed any settlement on these islands. The Laccadive Islands, a cluster of thirty-two small islands, are at the north of the Maldive cluster, about 120 miles from the coast of Malabar; they are all small, rocky, and covered with trees. They are generally visited by English ships on their way from India to the Persian Gulf. The principal traffic of the inhabitants are the produce of the cocoa palm, as oil, cables, and cordage prepared from this plant. They carry dried fish to India, and in return they get rice, etc. They trade also with Muscat, in large boats, and bring back coffee and dates. Ambergris is often found floating off these islands. The inhabitants are called *Moplays*, and are mostly Mohammedans. These islands are supposed to be what Ptolemy called *Insulæ Numero XIX.*

CHAPTER XIV.

CEYLON—POINT DE GALLES—COLOMBO—CANDY OR KANDY—TOOTH OF BUDDHA—COLOMBO AGAIN—REMARKS ON CEYLON—SAIL FOR THE CONTINENT OF INDIA—LANDING AT TUTICORIN.

On the last evening of our voyage to Ceylon, the first-class passengers, not many in number, arranged to have a dance on deck, and found some musicians amongst the deck passengers. I was invited to dance with an English lady, but I politely declined the honor. An English lady also refused to dance. She told me that three months ago her husband, an officer in the British army, had died of typhoid fever in Shanghai, China; that she had four children, and that the Sisters of Charity there had taken charge of a girl, while the three others, including a baby of a few months, were with her on their way to England. She was a Catholic. At 8 P.M. I, first of all, discovered the light-house on Ceylon, and at 2 A.M., Wednesday, the 3d of January, the noble *Melva* cast anchor on the roadstead of Point de Galle.

In the morning the steamer was surrounded by a large number of catamarans, called also *pilot canoes*, which are very long, but only sixteen inches broad, and very swift. Outriggers prevent them from upsetting. Only few passengers ventured to land on them, and I with four Australian gentlemen united in one party, landed together in a large boat, took care of our baggage, saw it through the custom-house, stayed together

at the same hotel, and traveled in company to Colombo.

While on board we contemplated the extremely picturesque view of the coast—a fine, undulating, well-wooded country stretching to the water's edge, fringed by cocoanut-trees; lofty verdant ranges towering in the distance, covered with groves of Palmyra palms and other timber, while far in the distance rose the zone of purple hills, behind which towered the sacred mountain, *Adam's Pick*, 7,420 feet above the level of the sea, with its summit enveloped in clouds. The blue sea of the bay and wooded hills that encircle it truly presented a magnificent panorama.

A number of vendors of precious stones came on board. Capt. Tomley notified the passengers that those stones were only imitation precious stones, and in landing to beware of the numerous dealers in these bogus articles, who ask for their goods eight or ten times what they are worth.

Canoes, not carrying more than two persons, can be hired, sixpence each inside the harbor, one shilling outside,—boats carrying four or six persons, as licensed, sixpence inside, one shilling outside,—if only one person, one shilling inside, two shillings outside. Our party made a special bargain for us and baggage. After landing, the entire luggage was put on a cart and carried to the Custom-house, where both cart and baggage were left in a spacious hall, while we went to the Oriental Company's handsome hotel, which charges about $5 per day.

The heat was extreme, yet I tried to visit what little was worth seeing, namely, the fort, the Buddhist temple, with colossal figures on it, and the old Dutch wall, twenty feet thick. Having withdrawn our luggage from the Custom-house, where our word was found

sufficient, the polite officers letting it pass without opening anything, I visited the Catholic church, a small, neat chapel. The Catholic population of Point de Galle is 1,730. The hard-working Father Andreas Bergeretti, the only priest on the place, has to attend four other churches. He has to say one Mass for the troops, and another for the congregation. Then I went to the native town called Pettah, where there is nothing worth seeing. The houses are one story high, and spacious, each having a veranda supported by pillars the entire length of the front. The streets are narrow, and although the town is said to be healthy, yet several cases of cholera were reported. Point de Galle is the name given by the Portuguese when they held possession of the island. It is supposed to be the *Serindeb* of the Holy Bible—at present is named "Cock's Point." The natives call it *Galla* (open ground). With the exception of a few public buildings, there is little to be found of interest to the visitor within the town, and a few hours will be found sufficient to visit all. I made arrangements to leave the same evening by the mail road for Colombo, the capital of the island. The population of Point de Galle is 7,000. The horse mail to Colombo, the road being about seventy miles along the coast, runs in eleven to twelve hours; it changes horses ten times, and it goes twice a day, that is at 6 A.M. and at 6 P.M. The cost is £2.

The road is rich in scenery; it is literally an avenue of palm-trees and cocoanut-trees, of which there are about twenty millions in the island. About half way there is a hotel called Bentotte. Here we were requested to pay a rupee* each. We went to the hotel, which was very romantic and primitive, with hardly a

* A rupee is a silver Indian coin of about half a dollar.

chair in it, and although there was a large table, nothing to eat nor drink could be found, notwithstanding that by law they are required to have ready coffee and tea, milk, soup, meat, or fish, fruits and bread. For myself I required nothing, but the other passenger (we were only two) wanted something warm. The hotel-keeper said there was some soup, but it was cold. It was brought, but it was nothing else but the remains of the previous day's repast, and it was calculated to make us lose all appetite. I need not say that it was rejected. My friend ordered tea, while I took some ale, for which we paid half a rupee. During this trip, in passing close on the shore, which was lined with cocoanut-trees, I observed that all these trees were inclined toward the sea, and the wind, which causes trees to bend on the other side, produces a contrary effect on the cocoanut-trees.

At 5 A.M. we were at Colombo, and I went to the principal hotel, the accommodations of which were very good at $4.00 per diem, without wines. During the afternoon I strolled out to take a general survey of this English capital of the island, but on the next day I started for Kandy, the ancient capital of the rich and interesting country of that name (anciently *Maagrammum*). The railroad for the first few miles runs through low land, well-cultivated in extensive rice-fields. The vegetation all around is luxuriant and magnificent. Pine-apples are seen bending from their short stems, and resting on the ground; ripe bananas hanging in large yellow clusters from their soft herbaceous stalks, while majestic palm-trees display but a portion of the rich vegetation of this happy island of the Indian Ocean, or rather of the Gulf of Bengal.

Now the railroad commences to ascend, and gradually unfolds a grand panorama that for bold grandeur,

romantic scenery, and luxuriant tropical vegetation, distances all that I have observed, either on the long Pacific railroad across the Rocky Mountains of America, or on the railroad across the Alps in Europe. These generally present barren and desolate rocks, mountains destitute of vegetation, inaccessible peaks that frighten you with their grim loneliness, while in Ceylon, in crossing the chain of steep mountains, the railroad either winds round them, or serpenting their sides, presents grand and charming views. In looking down the abyss and deep chasms that gape below you, the verdure and luxurious vegetation of the rice-fields, of the coffee plantations, gladdens the eye; the luscious fruits invite you, and the cool, foaming streams refresh you. In the Rocky Mountains and the Alps, you discover a chain of hoary tops of hardy and weather-beaten mountains, which have faced the frosts of ages, have been pelted with rain and hail, and shouldered the storms for centuries. Nothing of this kind exists in Ceylon. During the occasional windings of the road, you sight high mountains that smile with tropical verdure, and primitive, thick, and impenetrable forests.

Before reaching the top of this chain of mountains that divides the entire island in two, you discover Pedastallagalla mountain, the highest, whose peak is 8,300 feet above the sea, which can be seen, in clear weather, at a distance of 150 miles; then behind it, the summit of Mount Adam—the sacred mountain of the Buddhists, who make pilgrimages to it, and known to them by the name of *Hamalcel*. The betel-leaf is exchanged by them as a sign of peace, for the purpose of strengthening the bonds of kindred, confirming friendships, and reconciling enmities. A priest then blesses them on the summit, and enjoins them to live virtuously at home. Upon the top, surrounded by venerable old

trees, particularly the rhododendra, the priests show a footstep, which, they believe, was made by Buddha. They, the Hindoos, and the Cingalese, on the summit of this mountain, worship the colossal footsteps of Adam, who, according to their belief, was created there, and, according to the religion of Buddha, is Buddha himself.

I reached Kandy in the afternoon and took my lodging in a very modest hotel, but the best that could be found in the place. I made arrangements with my Australian old friends, in whose company I had the pleasure of traveling for many days, to visit the famous gardens several miles out of town. We were much pleased with the ride, but much more with the gardens, which are the most complete that I have ever seen. Not only is every tropical plant and tree found there, but also the most of the plants of the temperate zone. Here I beheld that palm-tree which blooms only once in one hundred years; also several varieties of the traveler's palm-tree, whose trunk, thrust with a knife, jets limpid water to refresh the thirsty and weary traveler. I drank of it several times, and always felt refreshed.

It would be impossible to enumerate the many species of palm in these gardens, or to mention the various descriptions of trees. The kind conservator and our guide made us taste every variety of fruits that were ripe. Oh, what rich and fragrant flowers! Oh, what expense to keep these gardens in such good and elegant order! to water them, to prune them, to re-place, re-plant, clean them, etc.! The plants and trees were disposed in lots, some located on the summit of hills, others on the sides, more or less exposed to the sun, and to different currents of air; others on open fields; others down deep slopes, others along the shores of

rivulets, others down shaded ravines, in order to suit the different nature of the plants and trees. The guide called our attention to a new kind of coffee-tree, whose berries were very large, and the trees also were, by far, larger than the common coffee-plant, needing ladders to reach the fruit. No fees are required, and the guides accept nothing.

It was dark when we returned, but we spent the rest of the evening in rambling about. At 6 A.M., from my hotel, I heard a kind of bagpipe; the sound was accompanied by bamboo-sticks. It came from the Dalada, or Dagoba (a temple), where the Buddhist priests were calling the people to worship the tooth of Buddha kept in that Dalada. At 6 P.M. the priests of Buddha do the same, and so on every day. This tooth is set in solid gold, with very valuable diamonds and other rare precious stones, forming a very rich treasury, kept in a closet closed by three different keys; one kept by the priest, another by the mayor of the town, and another by a dignitary. I was quite satisfied in seeing the Dalada, and the closet where the tooth is kept. This Dalada is on the side of a hill, therefore must be ascended to by a flight of stairs; but the principal door is kept closed, except in time of prayers. In the porch outside, there are many pictures of different transmigrations, and other stories concerning Buddha. Another private door is continually opened, through which access may be obtained.

Ceylon is famous for Buddhism. There is a great deal of confusion and uncertainty about the date of Buddha's death. That which obtains the most general credence is the Ceylonese one, B.C. 543. There is, however, reason to believe that 477 B.C. was the more probable period. This confusion is caused by not observing that Buddha means "*the enlightened one*," and that three

Buddhas had already lived. Now a fourth was born at the foot of the mountains of Nepaul, north of the present Oude. His father was king of Kapilavastu. When young, he was thoughtful and averse to play, and too much given to contemplation, which did not suit his father's tastes. It was not until a much later period that he attained the designation of Buddha. His parents, seeking to draw this handsome boy to a more active life, married him to Gopa, an accomplished princess, daughter of Dandapani. Although the marriage was a happy one, yet he was still thoughtful. He was in the habit of saying, "Nothing is stable on earth, nothing is real. Life is like the spark produced by the friction of wood: it is lighted, and it is extinguished. It is like the sound of a lyre, and the wise man asks in vain whence is came, and whither it goes. There must be some supreme intelligence where we could find rest. If I attained it, I could bring light to man; if I were free myself, I would deliver the world." One day, driving to one of his pleasure parks, he saw a decrepit old man. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "are creatures so ignorant, so weak, and so foolish as to be proud of the youth by which they are intoxicated, not seeing the old age which awaits them? As for me, I go away. Coachman, turn my chariot quickly. What have I; the future prey of old age, what have I to do with pleasure?" And without visiting the park, he returned to the city. On another similar occasion he came upon a poor man, lying in fever, deserted, and ready to die. "Alas!" he cried, "health is but the sport of a dream, and the fear of suffering must take this frightful form. Where is the wise man, who, after having been what he is, could any longer think of joy or pleasure?" And he ordered that his chariot should be turned and driven back to the city. Another time he came upon a dead body laid

upon a bier, round which the relatives and friends of the deceased were sobbing and tearing their hair. "Oh!" said the Prince, "woe to youth, which must be destroyed by old age! Woe to health, which must be destroyed by so many diseases! Woe to this life, where a man remains so short a time! If there were no old age, no disease, no death. If these could be made captive forever. Let us turn back; I must think how to accomplish deliverance." Finally, seeing a devotee leading an austere life, and receiving explanations on the subject from his coachman, he said: "The life of a devotee has always been praised by the wise. It will be my refuge, and the refuge of other creatures. It will lead into a real life—to happiness and immortality." And ordering his chariot back, returned to the city.

Buddha now intimated to his father and to his wife his intention of retiring from the world. Soon after, he escaped from his palace while the guards were asleep, rode all night, and in the morning sent his horse and his ornaments back to Kapilavastu, and became the disciple, first of one, and then of another Brahman; but soon left them, being dissatisfied with their teaching. He then created his own system, and taught it at Benares, Rajagriha, the capital of Magadha, and other places, and died about the age of seventy or eighty years. The great emperor, Asoka, was converted to Buddhism, and through the instrumentality of his power and wealth, this sect was introduced into Ceylon, whither he sent his brother Mahindo, and his sister Sangamitta on a missionary embassy to the Court of Ceylon. Gradually it spread into Burmah, Siam, and other countries. Asoka presided at the third Buddhist Council held at Palibothra. Buddha's tooth was sent to Kandy, where a temple (the Dalada) was erected to hold it, and another temple was built in this island to

hold Buddha's collar-bone. I have been assured by well-informed people at Ceylon, that the Portuguese, who were the first to take possession of Ceylon, removed Buddha's tooth and all the treasures, and substituted a horse's tooth, false gold, and imitation stones. So the Buddhists now are actually worshiping a horse's tooth. They only offer flowers, rice, and fruits. They believe that their transmigration depends upon their previous life; if they have lived virtuously and performed good works, they will transmigrate into a wealthy and great person; but if they have spent a wicked life, and have done bad actions, they will transmigrate into a poor, deformed, blind person, even into an animal.

Kandy, or Candy, stands on the banks of a miniature lake, overhung on all sides by hills. There is a fine road from Kandy to the sanitarium of *Nuera-Ellias*, fifty miles distant. It is surrounded by many coffee plantations. It has some bungalows. Here you can find every kind of European vegetables. About forty miles north in the *Rajahratte*, or royal district, is *Anarajpaoora*, the ancient capital, now a small village; amongst extensive remains of buildings, pillars, carved stones, etc. Here and elsewhere are remains of dacobas or temples, one hundred and fifty to four hundred feet high, as old as B.C. 300. One called the Brazen Palace, was nine stories high, on 1,600 pillars. The English Government is about to restore the great tanks, of which there are several. I accepted an invitation to supper with the good Father Balangeri, and to say Mass at his church. The population of Kandy is 10,000, out of which 2,838 are Catholics. There are two clergymen stationed at Kandy, but they have to attend other churches from this place. The churches near to Kandy are visited every month, others at a long distance only twice a year.

On my return to Colombo I found the bad news that the steamer *Dakka*, on which I was to embark for Tuticorin, was lost on the coast of Coromandel about Negapatam, therefore I was obliged to stop in Colombo another week, till the *Goa*, the next steamboat of the British-India Steam Navigation Company, would arrive from Calcutta. At the hotel I found two French gentlemen, who had been my fellow-companions in traveling through China and the Straits of Malacca; they were in the same predicament as myself. We tried to make the most of our time in Ceylon. I did not like the bed accommodations at the hotel. Behind the bed there was a large window, having no glass, according to the fashion of the place; and although there were large Venetian blinds, yet there was much circulation of air. To this, adding that all the rooms at the top opened into one common large hall, it increased the draught of air very much. The hotel-keeper tried to fix the windows in the best way he could with blankets, but I found no comfort from his operations.

Saturday afternoon I went to visit Rev. C. J. B. Fernando, the zealous pastor of the Catholic church at Colombo, Pettah. He received me as a father; he would not allow me to stay at the hotel; he wanted me to stay with him. In vain I remonstrated that I was with other friends at the hotel; that I had already engaged a room during my stay at Colombo; that I intended to visit the island; that I might inconvenience him; that the steamer *Dakka* being lost, I did not know how long I might be detained at Colombo; but to no purpose. He showed me a room ready for occupation, but we compromised by my stipulating that I should return to the hotel for that evening, and that next day, after celebrating Mass, I should remain with him.

In the morning, at F. Fernando's residence, I found his lordship, Rt. Rev. Hillarion Sillani, the Vicar-Apostolic of Colombo—a venerable and apostolic-looking old gentleman, full of life and intelligence. He embraced me, and said: "Ora pro me," ("Pray for me," that is, Go to say Mass). Then turning to Father Fernando, "You will take good care of him, and bring him to Kotahena, to see our establishment." While I was saying Mass, the good bishop, being obliged to visit another mission, had departed. After breakfast, in company of Count Botticelli, I drove to the hotel, and, having settled my bill, I took my effects and returned to the residence of Father Fernando.

Count Botticelli belongs to one of the principal families of Rome; he is a great musician and a charming composer. Through political motives being obliged to quit Italy, he went to Marseilles, France, where he practiced music. A French lady brought him a composition in verse, which was to be sung in a political revolutionary meeting, requesting him to set it to music, which he accomplished in a short time, for which he received four hundred francs, and an invitation to attend the meeting, which he did.

A few days afterward he was summoned to appear before the court. He at once understood the case, and made up his mind to feign ignorance of the French language. Brought before the judge, he answered all interrogations by shaking his head, to make believe that he did not understand. The judge presented to him a copy of the poetical composition set to music by him, and Count Botticelli, with his finger running over every line of the music, expressed pantomimically that he had composed it.

The judge did not feel satisfied. He bade the Count to be seated, and sent for an Italian to interpret. This

Italian was a friend of Count Botticelli, and acquainted with the affair; he kept a saloon where the Count was in the habit of taking his meals. The Italian said that if he was to be interpreter, he wanted to be paid a sum to be settled beforehand. The judge asked this Italian how much he would ask to serve as interpreter in the case. He asked an exorbitant fee—four hundred francs! The judge reproached him for asking such an extravagant fee; but the Italian said that he would not serve as interpreter for less; so the judge told him to go away and sent for another Italian.

Now the Count Botticelli got up, and pointing to his stomach, made signs to the judge that he was hungry, and, pointing to his opened mouth, made indications that he wanted something to eat. The judge, by signals, bade him sit down and wait.

The other Italian came, belonging to the same establishment, and asked six hundred francs. The judge got angry, and ordered him away with bitter remarks, and sent for another Italian. Count Botticelli got up again, and pressing his stomach with one hand, and with the other pointing to his opened mouth, made the judge understand that he was very hungry and wanted to eat. The judge made signs to him to sit down and wait.

The other Italian (belonging also to the same establishment) came and asked eight hundred francs. The judge got mad, and sent him away. He then made Count Botticelli get up, gave him a very severe reprimand, and asked him, "Comprenez vous?" ("Do you understand me?") The Count, shaking his head, gave sign that he did not know what was the matter. The judge angrily commenced again to call him every kind of name, while the Count made himself appear as a stupid, not knowing what was the matter with the judge. This farce elicited laughter even from the *gen-*

darmes. The judge again asked, "Comprenez vous?" ("Do you understand me?") Count Botticelli appeared again as if he did not know what was the trouble with the judge; who, having administered another angry lecture, sent him away—Botticelli laughing in his sleeve.

The Count then left for California, and lived for some time in San Francisco, where he taught music and made considerable money, depositing it in the Bank of California, or San Francisco, which failed, and the unfortunate Count lost his all. Then he left for India, and having landed in the Island of Ceylon, took up his residence in Colombo, where he married and resides at present. He is a very good and pious Catholic; he has a great devotion for the Blessed Virgin, before whom he always keeps an olive-oil lamp burning, day and night. His confidence in her is so great, that he would rather go without dinner, than permit the lamp, burning before a picture of the Blessed Mother of God, to become extinguished.

I found the accommodations very good, except the bed. It consisted of a bedstead, a blanket, and a pillow; nothing else. I could not sleep; but soon I remedied it. I purchased some cotton cloth, sufficient for two sheets, then, without cutting or hemming it, I laid it over the blanket; then I turned the other end up toward the pillow, and I put my shawl upon it, and thus made a very comfortable bed.

In the company of the good Father Fernando we drove to Kotahena, Colombo, where his lordship resides. There I saw the large and magnificent cathedral in course of construction, which, when finished, will be a superb stone edifice. I visited the printing-office belonging to the Vicariate-Apostolic, from which two weekly Catholic newspapers are issued, one in

English and the other in Singalese; this latter is edited by Father Fernando, who is an able and very intelligent scholar, besides being an eloquent preacher in English, Singalese, Tamil, and Portuguese. He can also converse in Italian very fluently and correctly. We likewise visited the convent-schools of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and the schools of the Christian Brothers, who do an immensity of good in this Vicariate.

In the afternoon we rode to Colombo, Grand Pass, where there are 3,800 Catholics; from thence we went to Colombo, Mutwal, to a large and handsome church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist. In this place there are 6,330 Catholics. Rev. V. Palla was occupied in pacifying two parties of fishermen, who were arrayed one party against the other, in such a manner that a bloody fight was feared, and even the bishop had not been able to settle their trouble.

Their quarrel was this. One party of these fishermen were strangers, and had come expressly to fish; the other party belonging to the place, would not permit the strangers to come and thus take away their trade, and refused point blank to sell bait to these strangers. This was the cause of the brawl, and they were all at the residence of Father Palla, who had just succeeded in inducing them to come to terms, and pacified them as we entered.

Next Sunday I preached at Mass. In the afternoon there was a distribution of premiums for the Sunday-school children of both sexes. The hall was filled with spectators, amongst whom there were a number of principal persons that had been invited for the occasion. His Lordship presided, and made me distribute a large number of premiums. Then we passed into another hall, where there were refreshments, and speeches were

made complimenting the Bishop, Father Fernando, etc. In the evening I was invited to a formal supper prepared at Father Fernando's residence for the singers and teachers of the Catechism.

Next day, in company of my French friends, I went to see the interior of a temple, but there was difficulty in gaining admission. My friends applied to the priest, who promised to take us to the temple in the afternoon. We drove to his house at the appointed time; took him in our carriage, and drove to the temple, but they would not let us go in; we, however, were allowed to look in from the outside.

Now several cases of cholera were reported, not only in Colombo, but also all over the entire island, and in the north and west of Ceylon many deaths had occurred. We received letters from Jaffna, Trincomalie, and other districts, that the cholera was spreading there very rapidly, and that the fatal cases were numerous. Strict quarantine regulations were put in force in Colombo. Two days afterward several corpses were found floating on the shore of the harbor of Colombo. They were taken, examined, and were found to be coolies from South India, dead of cholera. Next day more bodies were found floating in the same manner; next day still more, but one of them was yet alive. The city doctor, who every day went to the shore to examine these bodies, discovering that this coolie was dying, not by cholera, but by starvation, gave him some restoratives, took him in his carriage, and drove him to the hospital, but the poor wretch died just as he arrived. For this humane action the kind doctor was to be discharged, because he had taken to the hospital a sick man, supposed to have the cholera.

Many opinions and stories were in circulation to explain how these corpses - victims of the cholera—found

their way to the shore of the harbor of Colombo. Many believed that they were washed away from the southern coast of India through the Gulf of Manaar, where the cholera was then raging; but this theory was not probable, because the winds and currents would have carried the corpses either through Adam's Bridge into the Gulf of Bengal, or into the Indian Ocean.

The real cause was that the bodies had been thrown overboard from some of the sailing vessels on the roadstead, which were in quarantine. These vessels carried hundreds of coolies in their holds, and the sanitary physician was every day visiting each vessel in quarantine to inspect the cargo of coolies and crew, and if cholera cases were discovered, the ship was to be kept in quarantine a longer time; hence when some person sick with cholera was discovered on board, he was thrown overboard by the ship's officers in order to avoid detection.

The case of the starving man is this. When the coolies engage their passage for Colombo, where they go to work in order to avoid the famine in South India, they provide themselves with victuals for just so many days as they calculate the voyage to last; hence if by some accident the passage should be longer, and the quarantine should extend over their calculations, the coolies will starve and be thrown overboard. Much fault was found with the English Government, which allows coolies to be taken on board without registering their number or their names, just like cattle.

I felt alarmed by the cholera, especially when I found that both my French friends were taken down with it at the hotel, but, thanks to God, they got well in a few days.

During my stay at Colombo, I visited the cinnamon gardens, out of which 340,000 pounds of cinnamon are

annually sent to England. There is a port in the course of construction, upon which the English Government is expending £600,000. This is considered a waste of money, because in the eastern part of the Ceylon island there is the bay or harbor of Trincomalie, the finest port of all India; it has a coast line of thirty or forty miles, with deep water everywhere. Trincomalie, a town of 9,800 inhabitants, 2,000 of whom are Catholic, is built on a bold peninsula, between the outer and inner harbor, and is strengthened at the entrance of the inner harbor by the batteries of Fort Ostenburg, for the defense of the port and the arsenal.

It was in 1505 that the Portuguese Almeyda by accident discovered this island of Ceylon (Seilan), and the Portuguese were the first to form settlements, but in 1603 they were expelled by the Singalese, assisted by the Dutch, and in 1795 the English took possession of it. This island contains 19,469 square miles, and lies between the parallels of 5° 50′ and 9° 50′. The climate in the whole is mild and healthful, and although near to the equator, the heat is more moderate than on the continent, on account on the sea breezes. The difference between the longest and shortest day is only fifteen minutes. The interior of the country is rather unhealthy. All the tropical fruits grow wild; the coffee is considered one of the best berries in the world. There is gold, silver, iron, etc. There are twenty different kinds of precious stones, amongst which are the famous *cat's eye,* diamonds, etc., which are brought down by the rivers after heavy showers. The thick forests, which are seldom visited, contain numerous wild beasts, herds of elephants, leopards, etc. The eastern part of the island is barren, rocky, and full of wild animals, especially elephants. The pearl fishery on the western coast, in the Bay of Condatchy, was formerly very prolific.

The aborigines number about 1,500,000, and are divided into two principal nations, quite distinct from each other, namely, Weddas (10,000), a rude people, living in the interior of the forests, without any social order, agriculture, or cattle-raising, but depending altogether on the produce of the chase for support; they are nearly black, go naked, and have no houses or camps; but the Singalese, who have attained a certain degree of civilization, practice agriculture, work in iron, gold, silver, etc. Like the Hindoos, they are divided into certain castes, and each has its separate laws, customs, and dress, and their religion is Buddhism. The entire population of Ceylon is over 2,000,000. A Singalese enabled me to see a masterpiece of work in silver, which he had made on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Colombo. This was a silver snuff-box, on which were engraved, with great skill, all the principal animals, birds, trees, and plants of Ceylon. The Prince of Wales tried to purchase it, but the Singalese refused to sell it at any price.

Apropos of the visit of the above-mentioned Prince of Wales in Ceylon, they related to me that he wanted to go hunting elephants; but as this kind of chase is rather laborious and dangerous, and he was desirous of the honor of killing an elephant, they drove one into an inclosure, and thus the Prince satisfied his desire in this direction by shooting it.

Amongst the natives of Ceylon there is a peculiar kind of marriage, at least so called by them; and it is that two men can marry one woman, and live together. This kind of polygamy or polyandry is not found in any part of the world except in this island; and although the English law does not recognize it, yet it is practiced to this very day.

Besides the above-mentioned natives, there are in

this island about 7,000 whites; in addition to these there are Hindoos and Moors. The Hindoos come from Southern India to work in the coffee plantations, where they receive from eight to twelve cents per day, and by law are not allowed to have any coffee in their possession, nor can they even purchase it; and if any coffee is found with them they are severely punished, as it is considered stolen from the planters.

The missionaries have a hard time in the eastern part of Ceylon, and as there are no roads, they are obliged to travel on stretchers carried by two coolies, bearing provisions and the bed. Once an Italian missionary fell asleep in a kind of desert, and the coolies becoming frightened by the cholera and famine, left the stretcher, and went away. The missionary awoke, and finding himself alone, left the stretcher to look after the terrified coolies, who with great difficulty were induced to continue the journey. They always carry torches to put to flight elephants during the night. In this part of the island there is no wheat, hence no bread, which must be procured with considerable trouble. Another Italian missionary has not used bread for four years.

A gentleman, who a few years ago had visited Boston, in Massachusetts, came to see me, and in conversation with several other persons, related that when in Boston, he went to attend a meeting of the Foreign-American Missions, where an American Protestant minister, who had been some time in Colombo, was relating wonders of the numerous conversions *by the American Church in Colombo*, and how the harvest was very abundant, and it would be still more plentiful if more money would be sent thither. This gentleman could stand no longer to listen to such false stories, so he got up and refuted all these lies. He said that he

had attended some of the meetings at the American chapel in Colombo, and declared that the number of attendants was so small that they had decided to close the meeting-house for good, after the death of the present minister, who being very old, was allowed to remain there for his support.

Colombo, the capital of the island, has a population of 120,000 inhabitants, about 17,000 of whom are Catholic. It stands on a peninsula, surrounded on three sides by the sea. The new buildings within the fortification are of a handsome European architecture. The modest dwellings of the Dutch and Portuguese are outside. The houses of the Singalese, Tamils, Moors, and Malays are generally of whitewashed mud, covered with tiles, or thatched with the plaited fronds of the cocoanut palm; this only in the ancient quarter called *Pettah*, or Blacktown, extending to the banks of the Kelangganga, a small river. Nearly all the rivers here in dry weather are of no account, but very dangerous in the rainy season; the natives living in other quarters vie with Europeans in their dwellings.

The entire island is divided in two Vicariates-Apostolic, Colombo and Jaffna. It is surprising to see the number of conversions that take place every week. Father Fernando told me that if they had missionaries enough, the entire island would be Catholic, but with their present number they can only attend the existing Catholics, except those that come forward of their own accord. In the year 1876 there were 340 converts from heathenism, and 120 from Protestantism. Truly- -

"*Messis quidem multa, operari autem pauci,*"
("The harvest is large, but the workmen are few.")

The steamer *Goa* was expected on the 16th of January, but did not arrive till the 17th, and after a cordial

farewell to the good bishop and kind Father Fernando, accompanied by numerous friends, together with my French friends, I embarked for Tuticorin on the steamer *Goa*, which stood far out in the roadstead, as there is not yet a proper harbor, and at 7 P.M. steamed up for the continent of India. The sea was rather rough, and as the waves across the Gulf of Manaar were striking the boat sideways, I suffered very much from sea-sickness. The next afternoon we sighted Tuticorin; at 3 P.M. the *Goa* anchored in the roadstead, and we were transferred to a very large but inconvenient and disagreeable kind of boat, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ P.M.

LOTUS.

CHAPTER XV.

TUTICORIN—MADURA—TRICHINOPOLY—TANJORE.

TO form an idea of this transfer boat, you must call to your mind Charon's crazy craft for ferrying the souls of the dead over the dark flood of Acheron. Like the souls to be carried over the Styx, we were actually leaping from the *Goa* into this boat, as there were no accommodations to do otherwise, and the swells were frequent. An old, black-looking man of gloomy aspect, having no garments except a belt round the loins, whom we could mistake for Charon, standing on the edge of the boat, was sternly watching the waves, and when he discovered a good chance he made a sign, and all leaped into his boat, minus deck, chairs, and benches, but we prostrated ourselves pell-mell over some freight, and over the limbs of others; one of my legs was used as a pillow by a woman, while my head was leaning over the elbow of another passenger, and so on. We were all very sea-sick, therefore incapable of moving; our faces were ghastly, and of death-like pallor. Charon stood at the helm and directed a lateen sail for nearly four miles, and when, in a pitiless manner, he came to collect the fare (a rupee each), which the passengers had prepared beforehand, and which they tendered him in a doleful manner, amidst the groans of others, I truly imagined that I was in the boat of Charon crossing the Styx, dreaded even by the immortals. However, as now and then we were profusely splashed by the waves, which

sent a liberal quantity of spray into the boat, it made me reflect that it could not be the Styx after all. About 5½ P.M., more dead than alive, we arrived at Tuticorin, where we experienced another difficulty in landing on account of no proper accommodations to disembark.

Hailing from Ceylon, there was no inspection of baggage by the customs officers. I and my French friends took our luggage to the railroad station, and I requested the station-master to check mine directly for Trichinopoly, in order not to be burdened by it on the way to that town; but when I went to pay, the station-master refused to receive paper money from the Bank of Colombo, saying that it was not current in India, and the nearest place to change it was Madras, where there was a branch of the Bank of Colombo. The treasurer of that bank offered me specie, but what a burden it would have been to me to carry rupees in sufficient quantity till my arrival at Madras. Gold is not current in India, and is only a merchandise. However, I had inquired from the treasurer whether that paper was receivable in India, and he had assured me that it was. Yet I did not feel embarrassed, because I had had the precaution to carry with me some gold, which is available under nearly every circumstance.

Here another trouble came to confuse me. There was no hotel, and we could not leave Tuticorin before morning at eleven. There is a law in India, that at any railroad station where there is no hotel nor bungalow,* the master is obliged to keep the station open even entire days for the accommodation of European passengers, and to provide food and beds, as good as the place can afford, for which the passengers must pay according

* Bungalow, the kind of house in which European gentlemen live or stop temporarily in India. Bungalows are like large, square, thatched or tiled cottages of a single floor.

to a printed list of prices; the station is free. My friends had been informed that a night's lodging could be obtained at a certain Mr. ——'s, but for me, I had resolved to ask the hospitality of the missionary fathers, whose residence and church were close to the station. We passed by, and saw two venerable and smart-looking personages walking in the inclosure of the church. They wore a white cassock fastened round the waist with a red belt, and having on their heads a red *barrette* (cap). "Here are two cardinals!" my friends exclaimed. "Oh, no!" I replied, "there are no cardinals in India." "But do you not observe them wearing red caps?—is not that a distinctive privilege of cardinals?" "So it is, but as the Pope has granted permission to them to dress in white cassock, which is peculiar to the Pope; and this permission was granted on account of the burning sun and extreme heat of Southern India, so also for some other reason he has extended the privilege to wear red caps to others than cardinals." "Oh, what expense and trouble must it cost to send red caps . . . . . to Cape Comorin!" replied my friends. "We have read in the *Gazette* that some noble personage was dispatched from Rome with a box containing a red cap across the ocean to give it to a cardinal in America; I remember the description of that great ceremony and solemnity that took place. Oh, what an immense crowd! . . . . Now, my friend, what burden and expense must it be to these poor missionaries who are obliged to travel in the marshes and wilderness of Cape Comorin, and carry with them all the necessaries of life, even the bed to sleep in; to submit to all those things!" "Would not another color do as well?" "My friends," said I, "you confound the investiture to the dignity of *cardinalship* with a simple permission to wear a red cap." . . . . Here we were at the gate of the missionary residence.

My friends proceeded further in order to secure a lodging for the night, promising to meet me next day at this place, and I entered the modest house of the fathers, who received me with great kindness, and cordially offered their hospitality, which I was very glad to accept.

While they were preparing supper, I was shown my room, furnished with a table, chair, and bedstead, covered with a simple blanket, a pillow, but no mattress, and a candle. There is no need to mention that in India and the Strait Settlements everything is made of stone or bricks, nothing of wood, not even the floor, because the *white ant*—this formidable scourge of India—penetrates into every chink and crevice of the walls, and into all wooden trunks, except those made of *camphor-wood*. It is not an uncommon thing to open a wardrobe and to find everything covered with masses of these destructive beings.

Father L. Verdier was the Superior, and there were two other missionaries, G. Pouget and C. Dairiander, besides a lay brother in charge of the school. After supper I visited the church, which is of a good size Latin cross, with three naves. The abundance of mosquitoes made me dispense with light.

After my Mass, we took breakfast. I changed some sovereigns, and my French friends soon made their appearance, complaining very much that they could not sleep on account of the bugs. One of the missionaries accompanied us to visit the town. He pointed to us near the church a place where they had located a large stone statue of Buddha, which had been found by digging in a street. The natives going to church were bowing to this statue every time that they passed by. The fathers fearing that these natives, or some of them, might get the notion that in the church they were worshiping Buddha, requested the town authorities to re-

move the statue to some other place. We saw this statue, and it was of good workmanship, but very much defaced. Tuticorin has nothing worth seeing except a small temple. The population is 10,600, and it is called a *port*, and the only port of Cape Comorin. Cotton, rice, and cocoanuts are grown. The Cootallum Falls and pearl fisheries are from thirty to forty miles distant. Receiving a hearty farewell from those good fathers, at 11 A.M. (Madras time for all India) we started by railroad for Madura.

The country along the road is very flat and uninteresting. Only once or twice we had a view of the Ghauts.* There were fields of cotton, rice, tobacco; also palm-trees. The land was rich, but it presented a lamentable appearance for want of rain, which had not fallen for two years, hence a terrible famine was prevailing all over Southern India; no vegetation of any consequence could be seen; cattle were dying everywhere, and the yellowish and sickly appearance of trees gave sufficient indication that they were perishing for want of water. Many half-starved natives were seen hard at work digging wells, and being scorched by the perpendicular rays of a blazing Southern-Indian sun, under no other shelter than that of a metallic sky. Who had the courage to refuse them a copper or some food, when at the stations, crowding round the cars, they were begging in a piteous manner for something to eat? The distress compelled them to feed on unwholesome food and every kind of trash that they could get hold of in order to satisfy the powerful clamors of their empty stomachs. This naturally increased the already exist-

* *Ghauts* is an Indian word generally supposed to mean a range of mountains; as the "Western Ghauts." This is, however, a mistake. A ghaut is, properly, a mountain-pass; sometimes, also, a flight of steps down to a river.

ing cholera to such an extent, that it carried away half the population of many towns, cities, and districts. It was not very pleasant to travel through this land under such appalling circumstances.

At 12.17 P.M. we were at Maniachi Junction, about sixteen miles from Tinnevelly, a finely-built town, near the south corner of the peninsula, below the east and west ghauts, having a population of 21,000 inhabitants. Three miles farther south-west is *Palamcottah*, or *Palamkota*, a town of 18,000 people. These towns are all connected by railroad. Cape Comorin, at the further end of India, is about sixty miles distant; a low, sandy point, marked by an old Dutch church, some ancient temples, and a fort. Its name is derived from *Kumari*, the maiden name of the goddess *Durga*. The ghauts end one and a half miles from it, after falling to 2,000 feet within twenty miles. At the cape they are building two light-houses. In this picturesque native State of *Travancor*, or *Tiruvankodu*, on the Malabar coast, about 14,000 acres are planted with coffee. Slavery was abolished in 1853. This is one of the first fields where St. Francis Xavier worked for the salvation of these poor fishermen, and the most of the population is Catholic, and fervently Catholic to this day. Here is the verification of the promises of Christ to the apostles: "*Et fructus vester manent*," (And the fruit of your work will remain). With truth St. Francis Xavier is styled "Apostle of India." The Maharajah Rama Warma lives in Trivandram (or Trivandrum), where there are 3,100 Catholics. In Travancor there are 14,000 Catholic Syrians; there are also Jews, Moors, Arabs, and very few Protestants.

Along the route we passed many pagodas of different size, having square court-yards of different dimensions. Statues of horses lined the inside of the walls or

fences, all turned toward the pagodas, doing obedience or adoration to the idol inside; hence these statues were only lining three sides of the yard; in other yards, they were disposed only along the sole side facing the pagoda; sometimes in two, three, four, etc., rows, but always facing the pagoda. In some yards, instead of horses, there were statues of soldiers, and in others soldiers on horseback, disposed in the same manner, and turned toward the pagoda. These soldiers had reference to wars in very ancient times, belonging to the age of the aboriginal tribes of the *Turanian-Hindoo* race, before the Hindoo-Brahmin race intruded into India. I shall have occasion to turn again to this subject.

In some places we passed circles of stones, colored red beneath and white above, to represent fire, and with one stone outside, as if for a sentinel. He is the chief of the *Pishachas*, or fiends, and the stones are supposed to be part of the fiend army he commands. This is Vetal's worship, to whom generally is offered a rooster, whose blood is presented in a vessel, that Vetal may smell it, and be satisfied. Vetal has no images or temples, but he is worshiped in the aforesaid manner. We passed some round stones tipped with red lead; they represented the god Mhasoba, extensively worshiped by the cultivators in the Deccan.

The conductor of the train asked us whether we wanted any dinner at Madura, and what we wanted; we were only six second-class passengers, and joined together to order our dinner, and the conductor telegraphed the station-master of Madura to prepare it, and have it ready on our arrival; but as the train would not proceed any further, and we intended to stop there, we were not particular. In India there are four classes in the train; the second-class costs only half the price

of the first, and it is very good, cushioned, etc., and the cars are according to the European fashion. The arrangement about the baggage is most abominable. All baggage going in the van, must be weighed and paid for, for which a receipt is given; but passengers may carry with them in the cars as much as they can, and as they generally take with them even the bed for the night travel, you can easily see that they nearly always fill the cars to their utmost, and in such a manner that often there is no room to stretch the feet. It is true there are proper regulations for baggage, but who demands their enforcement? These regulations can be said to exist only on paper. At six P.M. we were at Madura. No hotel, no bungalow; therefore we had to stop at the station and make the best of it. It was with the greatest difficulty that we could obtain water to wash our burning and dusty faces and hands. One basin was all that could be obtained, in which one after the other could perform his ablutions, yet we got two towels to wipe our faces; but our handkerchiefs were to be called into action at the ablution's work and at the dinner-table.

Dinner was served at the station by native men, because native women do not do anything for Europeans, believing themselves to become defiled by coming in contact with an inferior caste, which they consider the Europeans to be. We found the dinner very good, but a great share of our praise was due, no doubt, to our empty stomachs. There is a printed list of prices under the regulations of the Government, and they are very reasonable. Night was approaching; how and where should we sleep? Under this mild climate of South India, it is by no means uncomfortable to sleep on the floor, or to lie on the platform, *sub diu*.

"*Dal solo coverta gran manto del cielo,*"
("Covered only by the great mantle of the sky.")
—ZINGARELLA.

Beware of sleeping uncovered in the light of the full moon; it produces sore eyes, and is as much to be guarded against as standing in the midday sun. This explains the meaning of the text, "The sun shall not burn thee by day, nor the moon by night." Last week two nuns were obliged to pass the night seated on chairs. My companions slept on the floor in the station; one of them succeeded in getting the loan of a mattress, for which he paid a shilling. I preferred to sleep in one of the cars lying on the track.

In the morning I had the good luck to get a basin, with some water to wash, which a woman lent to me. I shaved and finished my ablutions, using my handkerchief for a towel. My companions were in trouble in not finding water nor basin, but as I had already got in the good graces of this woman, I succeeded in getting water for them, and the use of the same basin. After breakfast, taken in the station, we went together to see the city. We proceeded first to the residence of the priest to gain some information about the remains of the famous Hindoo university, founded about 500 A.D. by the Pandyan kings (kings of Ptolemy's *Regis Pandionis*) of the fine Choultry, Pagoda, etc., but the priest was absent, and we found only a lay brother, who, after several inquiries made of him, appeared to be a perfect *ignoramus*. Left to our own resources, we soon found the way to the king's palace. The day was extremly hot, and we were not able to go about on foot. My companions went to see the Hindoo priest, while I was endeavoring to find a carriage for all, and we arranged to meet at the king's palace. Our strange appearance naturally attracted a few gentlemen round us, and learning

the object of our visit in Madura, suggested to send for Mr. Scott, an educated and accomplished English gentleman. Fortunately, his son was present, and sharing the accomplishment of his father, tendered his assistance to accompany me to the king's palace, while another gentleman had gone for Mr. Scott. He tried to hire for us a double team carriage, but it was not possible; hence we were compelled to be satisfied with a two bullocks' cart.

At this time my companions and Mr. Scott had arrived. The entrance to this most magnificent structure of the fifth century was on the front, but it has been walled up on account of being in such a dilapidated condition. The Hindoos objected to open another entrance on the same side, hence an opening was effected at another side by cutting the wall. This palace is in a ruinous condition, but I understand that the English Government is going to repair it. This fine Choultry (*Hall*) and pagoda, enlarged by Trimal Naik, a munificent Rajah (whose seventeenth century palace is here), is built of granite, 333 feet by 82 feet, on 128 stone pillars, in 1623–45, at the cost of a million sterling, to serve as an entrance to the great pagoda or temple of Minakshi, which covers twenty acres, and has nine tower-like gates ten stories high. It has also a tank of the *Golden Lotus*,* so called from the golden bench on which candidates for degrees used to sit. I measured the pillars: they are six yards round, and are disposed in three rows on all four sides; the inside rows having shorter pillars; but of the same width. Trimal Naik's palace contains a great Saracenic Hall, with a dome ninety feet across, where the judge holds a court.

* *Lotus.* Some say that it is the *Lingam.* In the chapter on the religion of the Hindoos I will explain the meaning of these idols.

Mr. Scott, who was our kind guide, showed us the king's bed-room, that is, where Trimal Naik used to sleep. "This room," said Mr. Scott, "was built large and high by order of the king. There is a tradition that the king was afraid of being robbed of his jewels during the night, hence he slept with all his jewels on, and caused his bed to be lifted to the ceiling every night, and then lowered to the floor every morning. A person, however, made a hole in the roof, and one night took away the jewels from his person. The king was quite surprised at it, and very much grieved, but the person who had taken them away returned them in the morning, saying that he had done it to show that the jewels could be stolen from him, even from the bed raised to the ceiling. The king made him prime minister."

The walls of the Choultry and of the king's palace were ornamented with well-executed sculptures in alto-relievo, and paintings by masterly hands. We passed into the Great Temple, or rather a cluster of temples; it is one of the most remarkable monuments of Hindoo architecture, with four gigantic porticoes, each surmounted with a pyramid of ten stories. *Mahadeva*, under the mystic form of the *lingam*, is the principal object of adoration. One temple has a square of over thirty massive, colossal columns on each of the two sides, and it has a nave and two side aisles. Each pillar has a life-size stone statue of the Hindoo gods and animals, all well executed in granite. The figures represented are all naked.

We passed into another temple having one thousand stone pillars. We counted them, and found this to be the number. The guide called to me, "Do you see that statue of a man carrying a woman riding across his right shoulder? this represents *jealousy*; it is a man jealous

of his wife, carrying her always on his shoulder." While I admired the curious manner of representing jealousy, I remarked that it was a great punishment for that vice. What a hard task for that unfortunate husband to carry his wife continually on his shoulder!

While we were observing one part of the inside of this immense temple, in another part they had prepared the sacred elephants, three gigantic brutes, ornamented in the Oriental costume, and marked in their foreheads with the signs of the idol to which they were consecrated. The riders, dressed in their sacred uniform, holding an arrow in their hands to guide the animals, had taken their position on the top of them, ready to make the elephants compliment us at our return from this part of the temple. Unaware of all this, and leisurely emerging from this sombre locality, we were surprised to find ourselves fronting these enormous animals disposed in a row. Soon the temple resounded with their roaring and terrifying voices, which was increased by the echo returning from another temple connected by a large tank. They slowly advanced toward us, knelt and made a bow to us; they rose and commenced to roar tremendously, still advancing, and when their trunks were too near to us, we thought better to keep at a safe distance.

Our guide ushered us into a kind of sacred treasury, where the life-size statue of the *Belly-God*, made of solid silver, was kept. This idol was represented in a sitting position, and having an extraordinarily large belly. A large and heavy base very artistically elaborated in solid silver was kept in the same place; it is intended to support the idol, when in some festivals it is carried in procession through the streets. Outside in the porch we saw a large and solid wagon for holding the statue for the procession. Hundreds of Hindoos

pull it on that occasion. Formerly some fanatic devotees stretched themselves on the streets in order to be run over by this wagon, believing if they were killed they would go immediately to heaven, and if they were maimed or hurt, it was considered an honor, and a very meritorious action, and entitled to a great reward in heaven. At present the English Government allows the procession, but does not permit the wagon to run over any person.

In the same place there was a life-size statue of a horse of solid silver. We saw, also, four large candlesticks covered with laminæ of pure, solid gold, and a platform covered in the same manner. One long pillar covered with laminæ of gold was so high that the roof of the temple had to be perforated in order to let the candlestick pass through it; you can see the top of it from the outside. One of these temples had the top (the outer part) covered with laminæ of pure, solid gold. It was hardly possible to fix the eyes on this top of the temple, and pillar covered with gold, when reflecting the rays of the sun.

We repaired to the large tank surrounded by pillars, and having a temple in it. The guide conducted us into the sacred part of the temple, where the high-priest, who, when he was made acquainted with our presence, came to meet us at the gate, holding crowns of flowers to crown us. The others allowed themselves to be crowned, but I had a scruple about this, lest it might be a religious act of idolatry toward us, or an investment to a pagan religion. My guide told me that it was nothing else but an act of respect and honor offered only to Rajahs, and to other persons of great respectability. Yet it did not satisfy me. I accepted the crown of flowers at his hands, but I did not allow him to put it on my neck. The guide remonstrated,

saying that it might be construed as an insult. I compromised matters by putting it on my neck with my own hands. Of course we were obliged to pay a shilling as a fee for the coronation, or for the cost of the flowers. The pillars around the tank and the corridors were all frescoed, the frescoes representing idols, animals, kings, horses, trees, etc. In one of the courts of the temple are painted the sixty-four *incarnations* of Vishnu.* These paintings being in a very dilapidated condition were repaired by the liberality of the Prince of Wales in his visit to India two years ago.

In the center of the great temple there was a very small temple of highly-polished black granite, where once they held judgment. This small temple at present is worshiped in once a year. We were allowed to see everything, but only permitted to enter two places, which were esteemed as very sacred. They were very dark; a lamp was burning in them, and flowers and rice were placed on a kind of altar. In another small temple of highly-polished black granite, they showed us three rings, one fitting into the other, made of one and the same piece of stone, without separating the stone from the block from which they were made, and which forms a part of the small temple.

You may imagine our discomfort in riding in a bullock's cart, which had no seat, but only straw, on which we were obliged to lie down, holding on the cart by both hands, lest we should slide down on the street, which was near happening several times while we were going to visit the Hindoo ancient buildings.

In the afternoon we were going to witness a sacred dance in the temple by the sacred *dancing-girls* at-

* Vishnu is the second person of the Trimurti, the Trinity of the Vedas, in the Hindoo mythology.

tached and belonging to this temple. We had bargained for it with the priest for fourteen rupees. At the appointed time we repaired to the temple, where we found the priest—a venerable, but hard-looking man—and three sacred dancing-girls, dressed in full costume. They wore too much drapery. They had silk trowsers of the gayest colors, edged and trimmed with gold lace; rich anklets encircled the legs; the toes are absolutely covered with rings; and a large, broad silver chain is passed across the foot. A tunic of rich satin is worn over the trowsers, most elaborately trimmed with gold borders deeply fringed; in dancing they perform pantomimes and present very picturesque figures, but they are very modest, and keep time to the music of some native sacred musicians performing on the native drums, such as the *tabla*, *dholuk*, and *munjeera*. The dancing was monotonous. I do not think that these sacred dancers belong to the class of the *Meerasees* (which signifies *inheritress*, from the habit of whole families never changing the set), who perform dances at the native marriage festivals; because some of these females constitute the Indian social evil.

Many natives had gathered to witness the sacred dance. The officers of the temple tried to keep them off; they had even closed and covered the windows to prevent the natives from peeping in; but in spite of them, now and then there was a rush, which the officers were unable to prevent. After the dance one of my companions took a sketch of the sacred dancing-girls, to which they, their parents, and priest consented. In order to have a better view for sketching one of them, my companion was trying to turn her on one side, but before he could lay his hand on her, she suddenly withdrew, while the priest and sacred officers rushed forward alarmed, saying, "Don't, don't!"

"Don't what?" asked the sketcher. "These girls being sacred," said the priest and officers, "can not be touched, they would be polluted." I believe that they only meant that they could not be touched by an European, who is considered to belong to the most inferior caste.

While my companions were taking sketches of these dancing-girls, I went to see the old Portuguese church, perhaps the church where St. Francis Xavier had officiated. It was a very small chapel, hardly capable of containing one hundred people. It was in a very ruinous condition; the roof was off; and the four windows had neither sashes or shutters, and I do not know, nor did the sexton know, whether these windows ever had any sashes or shutters. The small sanctuary had been walled up, and a door had been placed for entry, in addition to another door at the side of the sanctuary, which leads to the small graveyard, which is likewise in a very dilapidated state. I went to see the Portuguese missionary, but he was absent, yet I was permitted to see the house, which by no means did credit to the place. I understood that the Archbishop of Goa was expected to visit it, and that he intended to give it up to the Vicar-Apostolic of Madura, and the sooner the better. St. Francis Xavier was never further up. It is certain that he was never in Trichinopoly, but he was only on the coast of Cape Comorin, Tuticorin, Negapatam, etc., along the coast where Portuguese merchants used to resort in order to trade with the natives.

Madura is an old, but clean place, on the river Vigah or *Vigay*, with a population of 52,000, chiefly Tamil-speaking (including Dindigul), about 9,000 of whom are Catholic. Good scarlet dye table-cloths, napkins, etc., are made here. The Aligherry Hills, 4,219 feet high, are to the south-west coast, and although in this direc-

tion runs the river Perryaur, yet its water is borrowed for irrigating purposes, and to increase the volume of the Vigay, running east. The native state of Poodoocottah, or Rajah Tondiman's territory, is forty miles down the river, containing much rock, jungle, and innumerable tanks. The Rajah is the recognized head of the Kanniah or *Thief caste*. At Trichinopoly the Bishop warned us to keep a good lookout on our baggage, and everything belonging to us, because we were among the greatest thieves of India, who make a profession of robbing, and form a distinct caste.

The capital of this Rajah and head of the Thief caste is a fine town, with a palace surrounded by jungle. About seventy miles further, at the mouth of the river, is the sacred island of Rameshwaram (the *Lord Rama*), dedicated to Rama, separated from the mainland by a narrow strait, across which stretches a line of rocks called *Adam's Bridge*. Rama, seized with compunction for the slaughter of the Brahmins in his wars, here set up the holy *lingam*. Next day, at 5.30 A.M., we started for Trichinopoly.

We were at Dindigul at 8.30 A.M., a town of 13,000 inhabitants, forty miles north of Madura, and twenty miles east of the *Palnai Hills*, an isolated range, 7,364 feet high at Mount Permaul, being higher than anything else south of the Himalayas. Along the road we passed many pagodas of different sizes, having yards surrounded with stones, statues of soldiers, horses, etc., just as described on the road from Tuticorin to Madura.

The conductor had telegraphed to the station-master at Trichinopoly to have dinner ready for us on the arrival of the cars. Ten minutes before one P.M. we were at Trichinopoly.

In Singapore and Ceylon I had made inquiries about the affair of the Malabar Catholics, who have been ca-

lumniated as being Schismatics. The quarrel was between the Vicar-Apostolic of Verapoly of the Latin Rite, and Bishop Mellus of the Syro-Chaldean Rite. I was informed by high authorities in India, that the trouble was about temporalities. The Catholics of India are generally poor, but those of Malabar are somewhat wealthy. Moreover, the churches of Manikode and Chittatur in Malabar are in possession of property which is administered in favor of those churches. The Malabar Catholics belong to the Syro-Chaldean Rite, and have always been under the jurisdiction of the Armenian Patriarch at Bagdad, who claims this right by many Pontifical bulls, although on some occasions pastors have been appointed by Latin Bishops.

Unfortunately, British law was appealed to for the possession of the Manikode and Chittatur churches. Suits had been brought in the Cochin and Calicut Sub-Courts respectively, and were both called up to the District Courts, the one directly, and the other after a decision adverse to the Vicar-Apostolic of Verapoly. They appealed, and the sentence was reversed. (See Bombay *Catholic Examiner*, January 27, 1877). The Vicar-Apostolic of Bombay, Rt. Rev. Leo Meurin, was commissioned from Rome (at least it was said so) to settle the case, but Mellus would not listen to him. Meurin presented his credentials from Rome, and Mellus a bull from Rome to the Patriarch of Bagdad. They reproached each other with having forged papers. Meurin became very bold, and wanted to show authority over Mellus, threatening to excommunicate him, and if I remember well, affixed an interdict or excommunication to the church of Mellus; Mellus could not stand that, but told Meurin to go about his business, that he had nothing to do in the Syro-Chaldean Rite. Meurin challenged Mellus to a public dispute, each to prove the

validity of his papers. Mellus replied to him that he (Mellus) did not recognize in Meurin any authority, and did not want to have anything to do with him. Rome having heard of this unfortunate state of affairs, sent a delegate, who peacefully and satisfactorily settled this matter in Malabar. There are some Syro-Chaldean Rite Catholics belonging to the Archbishop of Goa. The history how the Syrian Rite was introduced into this part of India is as follows: According to an old tradition, corroborated by historical testimonies, the Christians of Malabar consider St. Thomas as the first apostle of their country. Some years after the establishment of the Christian religion, a furious persecution arose, during which all the priests and a large number of the faithful were put to death, and for a long time this flock remained without a shepherd. The Patriarch of Babylon (*Bagdad*) having been informed of the miserable state of the congregation, sent thither, with the approbation of the Holy See, two Bishops of the Chaldean Rite, who supplied the churches with pastors, and set aright the ecclesiastical affairs of that country. In the time of this trouble there were thirty-five priests and twenty-two churches under Bishop Mellus' jurisdiction. Perhaps all the Catholics of the Syro-Chaldean Rite will be united under the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Babylon. Much has been said against Bishop Mellus, but he was in Rome and present at the Œcumenical Council at the Vatican, celebrated under Pius IX., and subscribed to all the acts of that Council.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRICHINOPOLY—LOSS OF MY BAGGAGE—GREAT TEMPLE AT SERINGHAM —MY BAGGAGE FOUND AT NEGAPATAM—TANJOR—GREAT TEMPLE— CROWNED WITH FLOWERS BY THE RAJAH — RAJAH'S PALACE — MADRAS.

AT Trichinopoly I looked for my baggage. The station-master, called *Baboo* (from Babù), which is the name of the office, and not of the person, a native of the place, and dressed in the Oriental manner, asked for my check, which was a written paper. He read it, looked at the baggage-room, but my baggage was not there. He called the baggage-master and inquired of him about my valise and hat-case, the only two pieces sent ahead, and clearly specified in my check. I was extremely surprised to hear from the baggage-master that my baggage had been delivered to the owner; here he produced a duplicate of my check from the station-master at Madura, asserting what he said; but this declaration being not found on my check, the baboo said that the duplicate check from Madura was of no value, because it was not found in my check. He promised to telegraph to Tuticorin, Madura, and to other stations on the line, giving the description of my valise, etc.

My companions also had a little difficulty. At Trichinopoly there are three stations, Trichinopoly Fort, Trichinopoly Junction, and Trichinopoly Station; their baggage had been sent to Trichinopoly Fort, while we

were at Trichinopoly Station, yet it was easily arranged. There was a bungalow about half a mile distant; my companions after dinner went thither, and engaged also a room for me, as I could not go with them on account of my trouble with my baggage. This being the center of the Thief caste (they are the Ramusi tribe belonging to the caste of the Thugs, who believe their robberies and murders to be under the protection of a deity), and the natives robbers by profession, I felt very uneasy, and quite embarrassed, yet my most necessary papers, banker's letters, and money were with me, and in a traveling-bag I had what was needed for a short stay. After eating very little, I went to the bungalow, and having hired a carriage, I rode to see the great pagoda and other antiquities. My companions had already started in another carriage.

The temple, on the top of a high rock, is ascended first by sixteen flights of stairs, some cut into the rock, and joined together by long, dark corridors, with now and then niches and small temples dedicated to idols. Tired of ascending so many long flights of steps, we arrived on the outer part of the rock. Assisted by three natives, I ascended as far as practicable for me, because the rock had become steep and smooth, and fearing a turning of my head on the descending, I determined to do as I did in ascending Cheops pyramid in Egypt, that is, to descend, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my guide. The fort is two miles round, on a granite rock, six hundred feet above the Cauvery, and holds the ruined palace of the Nabob of the Carnatic; the citadel and jail; the Tyamanasawmy pagoda on a road three hundred feet high; tank, etc.; and a mosque to Chanda Sahib, who figured in the wars between Clive and the French, 1751–5. Besides a pagoda at Warrore, about five miles from Trichinopoly, there are

two temples on the island of Seringham, between the Cauvery and Coloroon, one of which is at the center of a vast space composed of seven square inclosures, three hundred and fifty feet from each other, so that the outer one extends nine hundred and sixty by eight hundred and twenty-five yards. Each inclosure has a high gate tower in the middle of each side.

TEMPLE AT SERINGHAM.

There were many engravings in alto-relievo of naked men and women, and twelve of them are so obscene that I pass them over.

Connected with this temple there is another having a thousand pillars in the same manner as that at Madura, but the pillars are not so well executed. They have also life-size statues. Inside these colossal gates there are colossal statues of idols called *Pions* (door-

keepers). We then passed to see the pagoda of *God-monkey;* a beautiful, middle-sized temple of highly-polished marble, and having several neat pillars of the same material. There were many monkeys of different sizes, not only confined in the temple and portico, but all over the country around, and even on the gates of the large, magnificent temple. The keeper asked some money to purchase food to call the monkeys together in order that we should see them.

Having returned to the town I went to the station to see about my baggage; the station-master told me that he had received returns from nearly all the stations on the line, but my baggage could not be found. I said that the company should pay for it, and I stated the value of it; yet you may imagine my anxiety and embarrassment in being deprived of my baggage, where I had many little things which I needed in my travels, besides the collection of curiosities which I had gathered. The station-master told me to go to the agent of the line and lodge a formal complaint. The office of the agent was at the station, and it was pointed out to me by the station-master.

Entering the office I found a tall and gentlemanly-looking Englishman, and I lodged my complaint with him, to whom I presented my check. He sent for the baggage-master, who gave him the duplicate from Madura, with the mark, "*Delivered to the party.*" Comparing it with mine, and finding no such mark in that belonging to me, he sent for the station-master, and said to him, "Is this mark in the check in the hands of the baggage-master, and not found in that belonging to this gentleman, of any value?" "There is no value in it," replied the station-master, "because the same should have been put also in the other check." The agent took a description of my baggage, and prom-

ised to make inquiries immediately, and if not found the company would settle for the loss.

I did not wish to be detained in Trichinopoly, where the cholera was making fearful ravages, and I made up my mind that if my baggage could not be found, and the company would not settle immediately, I would leave this matter to be settled at Madras with the American consul. I returned to the bungalow, where I found my companions. For next day, we arranged an excursion to Tanjor to see the antiquities, and the great temple in that place.

Next morning we drove to Trichinopoly Junction, from which place a train was to leave for Tanjor. At the station I received the welcome news that they had heard of my baggage—through mistake it had been sent to Negapatam—and that in the evening it was expected in Trichinopoly. This news relieved me very much, and I was glad that I was not to be detained in this place, where the cholera was doing great havoc amongst the people, and that I could continue my journey with my friends.

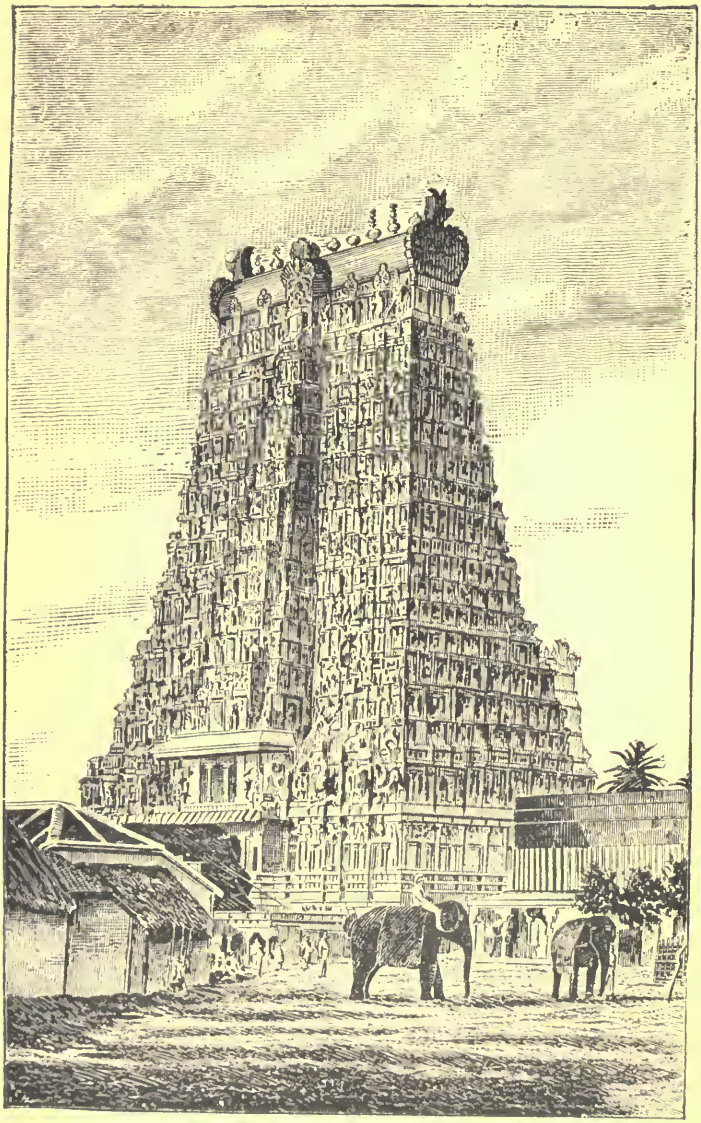
We were at Tanjor at three minutes after 8 A.M. The distance from Trichinopoly is only thirty miles. At the station we were informed that the Rajah with his wife, belonging to the old line of the *Mahratta* Rajahs, descending from Seevajee, were expected about noon from Delhi, where they had been in order to attend the declaration of Victoria, Queen of England, as Empress of India; and as great preparations were made for their reception, we determined to witness this great Oriental ceremony.

Without losing time we repaired to the two forts containing one of the best temples in Southern India. This temple, or pagoda, is of fourteen stories, 200 feet high and 82 feet square, with a black granite bull in

front, the palace and a tank. The old college is also famous for Indian learning.

Fearing lest we should lose this great and unexpected occasion of seeing the Rajah, we soon returned to the station. They had constructed, with tents of different colors and ornamented in the Oriental style, a kind of square room, from the railroad track to the station, in order to prevent the people from looking at the royal family, because this is strictly forbidden. In the other side of the station, that is, in the back, there was the Rajah's carriage and horses equipped in grand state fashion to convey their majesties to their palace. In addition to a few mounted British soldiers, there were native troops on camels and elephants, magnificently ornamented in Eastern costume. Large crowds of natives were waiting under a scorching sun. Flags, palm-trees, and limbs of some peculiar Indian vegetation, also added to the general effect, and the whole scene was really new to us, and very imposing.

While walking around the outside of the station and gazing with an observing eye, I received an invitation from his Excellency the Duke of Buckingham, the Governor of the Madras Presidency, who was present, to be one of the party to receive the Rajah. I said that I was in company with two friends, and I requested that the invitation should be extended to them also, which was immediately granted. We thanked the Governor, and entered the reception-room temporarily erected of canvas between the station and the rails. It was tastefully ornamented; the floor was covered with a fine carpet, the sides were decorated with various ornaments, and there were a few chairs and tables placed on two sides. A similar room had been also erected on the opposite part of the station, through which the royal family was to enter the carriage. Be-



TEMPLE AT TANJOR.

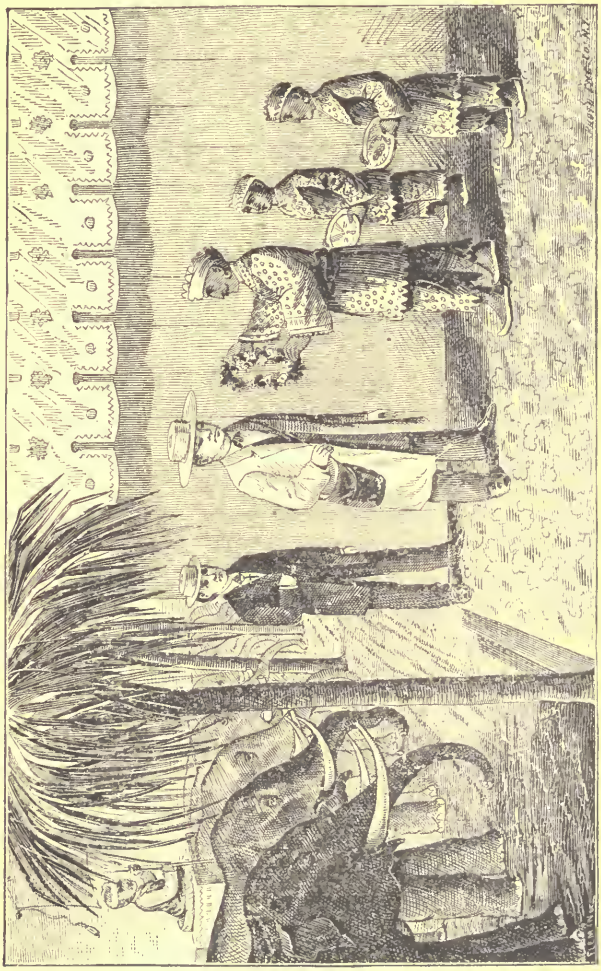
tween these two temporary rooms there was a passage through by the station. In the reception-room, besides the Governor, there were two other gentlemen and two ladies.

The whistle of the approaching train was heard, which was a special one for the use of the royal family only. Every one rushed to his place, bugle-horns gave notice to dromedaries and elephants, and officers took position at the extremities of these temporary rooms, holding the canvas tight to the walls of the station, while others went to the other end to hold it tight to the car, lest some one should peep in and take a forbidden look at the royal family. The train arrived; the Governor told us not to remove the hat, as it was contrary to the etiquette at Oriental courts.

At a given signal, the Governor opened the royal car, and assisted the Rajah, with two grown boys, to alight. The Rajah closed the door of the car again; his wife remained in the car. The Governor introduced me to the Rajah, who shook hands with me, then my two companions, with whom he did the same. The Rajah was a middle-sized, stout man, of brown color; intelligent, good-looking, and spoke English well. His rich Oriental dress gave him an additional attraction. He wore on his head a white silk kind of tiara, highly embroidered in gold and set in precious stones; over the wide trowsers of white silk ornamented with elegant gold broidery, he had an extremely rich tunic of white satin, highly embroidered in gold and spangled with innumerable diamonds, whose splendor dazzled the eye; the white silk shoes were also embroidered in gold, spangled with diamonds; they were long and terminated in stockings. He wore, also, white silk gloves embroidered in gold.

After the usual welcome on both sides, the Rajah in-

troduced the two boys to me, saying: "See these two, you think that they are boys, but they are girls—my



REV. E. VETROMILE CROWNED WITH A WREATH OF FLOWERS, AND CREATED GRANDEE BY THE RAJAH OF TANJOR, IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS.

nieces." I looked at them with surprise, but the Governor, who was at my right, turning to me, said: "Yes,

sir, they are girls;" and while I was shaking hands with them, the Rajah explained: "I have dressed them in boy's attire for the evil eyes. I took them with me to Delhi to be present at the coronation of Victoria, Empress of India, and I was obliged to protect them from evil eyes." Here the Rajah showed us the gold medal sent by the Queen of England, the belt and cross, and a few more presents. He showed also the likeness of Lord Lytton, who had represented the Empress Victoria at Delhi. After some conversation with the Rajah and his nieces, who were simply but neatly dressed, and who must have been at the age of thirteen and fifteen years, the Governor requested us all to retire into another room. In this room his Excellency explained to us that the Rajah's wife was to alight from the car and pass through the station into the other temporary room, and enter the carriage. No person was allowed to see her except those of the same caste and religion. Here the Governor ushered us into the other temporary room, where we found the Rajah and nieces standing, but no sight of his lady. After another short conversation, some pages, richly dressed in the Oriental costume, presented to the Rajah a solid silver tray, in which there were some crowns neatly made with various elegant flowers. The Rajah took one of them, approached me, bowed down, and endeavored to put it on my head, but my broad-brimmed Panama hat was an obstacle to my coronation, so I was obliged to remove it to give to his Majesty the chance to crown me, thus creating me an Indian nobleman. He did the same to the others.

Here another page, dressed in the same Oriental style, brought to him another silver tray containing sweetmeats wrapped in betel leaves; the Rajah took the tray and advanced toward me. I was afraid to eat, fearing that lime or something noxious might be con-

tained in them. It is customary with the Hindoos to chew areca-nuts, mixed with a little shell lime folded in betel leaves; but his Excellency standing by, whispered to me, "Only touch them," and so I did, and the others did the same. The Rajah having invited us to visit his palace, bowed profoundly, and entered the carriage. Here there was a great sight. Camels, elephants, horses, soldiers, and the crowd formed a grand procession, the like of which I had never witnessed before, marching in grand Oriental manner, accompanying the royal family to their palace. We were gazing with open eyes fixed on that procession, but soon a cloud of dust concealed it from our sight; yet the sound of drums and bugle-horns was heard for some time, till growing fainter and fainter, it faded altogether from us.

All this unexpected pageantry seemed to me like a dream, and I thought that I was dreaming about some of the Arabian nights, but looking at myself with a large-brimmed Panama hat full of dust, a long and not the best cleaned white duster, my white collar wet and stained with perspiration, a satchel strapped across my shoulders, and an elegant wreath of flowers suspended from my neck, hanging on my breast, moved me to hearty laughter. If an artist had been present, I would have had a photograph taken, and I assure you it would have been very interesting, and it would have moved to laughter a great many people, even if they were in the very worst kind of mood.

We thanked the Governor for his kindness; he promised to send a notice to the officers of the British and native troops, and to all other officers, to admit us into every part of the royal palace.

Now we went to dinner, which we had ordered at the station. We had good appetites, and having purchased

ice in abundance, enjoyed our dinner very much. Soon after, we made our way to the royal palace. We entered first the gardens, which were well worth a visit. The arrangement of the walks, the variety and peculiarity of flowers, the strange-looking trees, the statues, fountains, and seats, reminded me of the Persian stories. These gardens, by a wide alley, led to a great, massive, arched stone door, strongly guarded by armed English soldiers, who objected to admit us, but being told that we were invited by the Rajah, and an officer immediately appearing, who said that his Excellency the Governor had sent a notice to this effect, they presented arms to us, and we proceeded. Passing through long, wide, winding, and dark corridors, we came to another massive door, like the one mentioned above, and it was guarded by native armed soldiers, who presented arms without any remark. We went through many other dark and winding corridors, and finally we found at our right an open door leading to a side apartment, where we found the Major-domo, seated at a large desk, who got up, welcomed us, and sent with us a guide, to whom he gave some keys. We proceeded still further, and arrived at a large square yard surrounded by high stone-walls on three sides; the front side had no wall, and by some fine steps, having a row of stone pillars leading to a portico. This was the Rajah's palace. The portico extended to about eight or nine yards, but running the full breadth of the first yard had another row of stone pillars. These pillars divided the exterior from the interior apartment, which was a little larger. The interior apartment terminated in three or four large alcoves in the middle, but on both sides of these were large rooms, which were locked. This palace had been repaired by Father Nobili.

In the yards there were tanks, stone seats, and statues

of idols. In the exterior apartment there were some chairs, and one or two tables. The walls were decorated with portraits of ancestors of the line of Mahratta Rajahs, and facts concerning their history. In the interior apartment was the house furniture, a library, a sofa, and an old discordant piano. The Rajah, who died in 1832, was a poet and musician, and spoke English and French. The walls were ornamented with sketches and other pictures. The guide opened those rooms, which were locked, and we saw a large number of arms of very ancient times, and in another room the state robes of centuries and centuries ago, worn by the Rajahs of this State—tiaras, belts, ensigns, etc., all embroidered in gold and set in valuable stones. The description of these things in detail would occupy an entire chapter, and would task the patience of my reader too much. We saw the silver bed and sofa of very ancient date, etc. The time approaching for the train to leave for Trichinopoly, we spoke of starting. The guide presented us with a book in which to write our names. There we found the name of the Prince of Wales, and of several other distinguished visitors. In putting my name I wrote "native of Gallipoli, Italy, but residing in Eastport, State of Maine, United States of America."

Having given a present to our kind guide, we returned to the station, and at 6.30 P.M. we arrived at Trichinopoly. We all went to pay a visit to the learned Vicar-Apostolic, Mr. F. Alexis Canoz, who resides here, and who gave us valuable and very judicious information; amongst other matters, he advised us to look out for our valises, because we were amongst professional thieves. He invited us to supper, but we excused ourselves, as next day we intended to start for Madras, and we had only a short time to see what remained worth visiting in Trichinopoly. He showed us his

house and chapel, in which we observed some frescoes. made by a native from ideas given to him by a missionary; one fresco representing the landing, preaching, baptizing, and martyrdom of the first missionaries; then, accompanied by Father J. Joyce, an Englishman, we visited the church, which was of stone, large, having three naves, supported by short, but massive stone pillars. This church belongs to the native Catholics, who number 11,000, but it is used also by the British soldiers, to whom Father Joyce is the chaplain. Benches and mats are put in only when the soldiers are to occupy it.

Tanjore (or Tanjor, or Tanjawur) is a city of 52,200 inhabitants, and is the capital of the kingdom of the same name in the Carnatic province,* and it is on the bank of the river Cauvery. The land is rich and well-cultivated. The city is well fortified. Silk, cotton, and muslin are made. Vast rice-fields cover the delta of the Cauvery, the waters of which are navigated by boats made of basket-work and leather; but this and last year the rice-fields were as dry as dust, on account of the distressing drought, which has lasted for two years, and the metallic sky gives no sign of rain, thereby causing a great famine, and, in consequence, fevers and other diseases, especially the cholera. Several miles north-west, in Chellumbrum (or Chelambram), a port on the Coromandel coast, there is another fine pagoda, or temple, about 2,000 feet long by 700 feet broad, of granite and brick, consisting of a gigantic colonnade, called the "Hall of One Thousand Pillars," resting on as many as nine hundred and thirty pillars, in rows, leading up to the small square Vimana, which holds the shrines of Siva† and his wife Parvate (or Parvati). Four

* *Carnatic* is the name of a native State.

† Of this idol we will treat in the chapter on their religion.

gate-pyramids, 200 feet high, lead to the temple, which is attended by 3,000 priests.

Trichinopoly (or Trichinapalli) is a city of 77,000 inhabitants, on the river Cauvery; it is 329 miles from Madras. Here the Coloroon parts off from the Cauvery to Devikota. Harness, cutlery, jewelry, and cheroots are made here.

Next day we started for Madras. Along the road we saw a number of pagodas in the same style as those which we had already seen. We were also saddened to hear and see the great distress of the people dying by famine and pestilence, and although the English Government is doing very much to alleviate these evils, by giving work to the people, and sending rice, yet speculators were counteracting all the efforts at relief. The speculators had purchased quantities of rice, which was kept very tight in large storehouses, and sold at an enormous price. At noon we were at Erode junction, from which a rail-branch runs to Calicut (Calicat, or Kolicod), a decayed town and port on the Malabar coast. Calicut is memorable as being the first town touched at by Vasco de Gama, May 11, 1498, after rounding the Cape of Good Hope, ten months from Lisbon.

The conductor had telegraphed the Babú, or station-master, to have dinner ready for us, and we had sufficient time to eat it. The news here about the famine and pestilence was terrible, so much so that my French friends became discouraged and home-sick. I heard them saying that they would give up the tour of India, and that from Madras they would go directly to Bombay; on the road stopping only one day at Ellora, to visit the thirty cave temples, on a hill, ten of which are Buddhistic, fourteen Brahminical, and six of Jain origin, the finest being the Keylas, or Paradise Cave, 138 feet high by 88 feet broad, with fresco paintings.

CAVE TEMPLE.

At Erode we changed cars, and took those for the night, which we had already engaged from Trichinopoly, telegraphing the station-master twenty-four hours previously, according to regulations. Each night car accommodates only four persons, and it is limited, and the fare is higher than that of the day cars. We three were in one car. Here a gentleman and lady came with their bed, but five were not admissible; the conductor came along and said that in the next car there was room for two; my two companions offered to occupy it, and I remained with the gentleman and lady. The seats where the bed was to be adjusted, resembled those of the sleeping cars, shelves with springs, no curtains, common leather cushions, and these only on the two seats used for sitting upon. The gentleman removed one of these cushions, and spread it on the top shelf where he was to sleep; under this, on the bare seat, he stretched the mattress that he had carried, sheets and pillows, and prepared a comfortable bed for his wife. I used the cushion and prepared my bed with my blanket, coat, and valise on the other seat opposite to the lady. The shelf over me remained unoccupied. In a dim light they undressed themselves, *sans cérémonie*, and went to bed, but I removed only my coat, waistcoat, and slippers.

During the night, at a station, the gentleman and lady treated me to coffee and brandy, and in the morning, when the lady was dressing herself, I furnished her with a looking-glass and *eau-de-cologne*. The lady wanted to make some change in her dress, and although at this time we had become intimate friends, yet I did not like to be present at this operation, so I suggested to wait till we reached the next station, when I would step out for a few moments and she could change. As she would not wait, I gave her husband

my shawl to hold before her while she changed, and thus it was effected. For the rest there was no difficulty.

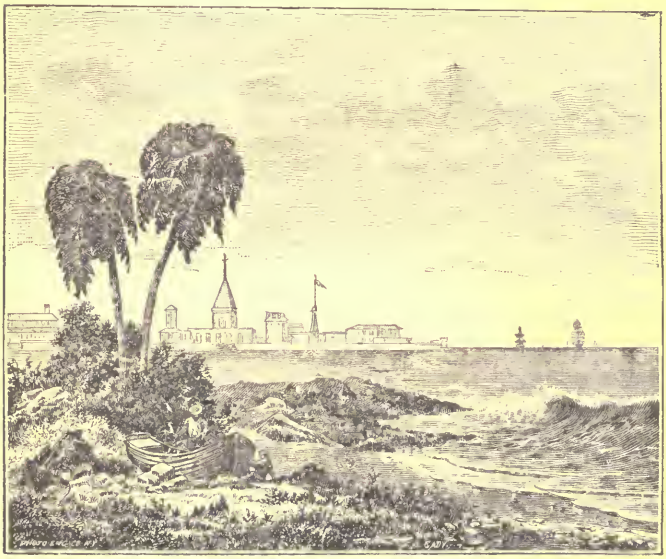
In this land, where it is usual to see native men and women perfectly naked, and where it is a principle amongst the native Hindoos, that anything natural could never be offensively obscene, such nudity is no proof of depravity in their morals. The white people here in some respects accustom themselves to it. At 6.30 A.M. we entered the station of Madras.

CHAPTER XVII.

MADRAS—HOTEL—FESTIVAL OF THE MOHAMMEDANS—ST. THOMAS' HILL—DEPARTURE FOR CALCUTTA—THE HOOGLY—CALCUTTA—PATNA—BENARES.

FROM the cars we saw several fields with tents; a temporary hospital for the cholera patients, and there were accommodations for sick people suffering from other diseases. We were told that a great many natives feigned sickness in order to be taken to the hospital, and obtain something to eat. At the station we found a hotel agent, who took charge of our baggage, and drove in his carriage to the Imperial Hotel, which was crowded, and rooms outside did not suit me. My French friends, who intended to leave Madras in one or two days, were satisfied, and remained there. This was the last day that I saw them. I drove to two other inns, and at last I found rooms at Mrs. Atkinson's—a good and first-class hotel. I was to pay four rupees a day, wines extra; she was to furnish ice at all meals. Breakfast at 9 A.M.; tiffin (luncheon) at 1 P.M.; dinner, with dessert, at 7 P.M., and coffee at 5 A.M.; but I was to hire my own servants. Here was the trouble. A complete horde of menials of all castes and descriptions were forthcoming, bringing with them written certificates. This is one of the plagues of India. One must hire a staff of servants, whereas one or two would be sufficient; but these servants would do but one thing.

The cook would not wash plates, or clean knives or forks; the sweeper would not make the beds, the valet would not wait at the table, and so forth; no matter how much pay you would give. It is true their pay is small; a valet, for example, could be hired for eight or nine rupees per month, and that includes board and



MADRAS.

wages, as no servant (except the *amah*, or wet nurse) is both fed and clothed in India.

The native manager of the hotel brought a number of men to be hired by me for different objects. I sent them all away, then calling the manager, told him: "I will hire only a valet, and nobody else; he will hand to me a cup of coffee at 5 A.M. daily; he will put out my body linen, clothes, and shoes to air; prepare my toilet, and arrange my bath if I want one; brush my shoes,

clothes, and hat; arrange the things for the tailor and washerman; he will wait on me when paying visits or walking. I will give him the key of my room and a list of what is there, and he will be responsible for my things; the hotel-keeper must think for the rest. I will pay apart for the washing."

He introduced to me a native man, who had good written testimonials, and was recommended by the hotel manager. I agreed to pay him a half-rupee per day. I consigned to him all my things; he arranged my clothes and carried them to the washerman, and I found him exact and faithful.

Madras, Madraj, Mandir-raj, but called by the natives *Chennapatanam*, the city of Chennappa (Coromandel Coast), did not strike me with a favorable impression, apart from the famine, cholera, fevers, and other sickness. It is the capital of the presidency, and the largest city on the coast of Coromandel. It consists of Fort St. George, the native or black town, and the European houses in the environs, surrounded by gardens. It lies on a tongue of dry and barren sand. The population is calculated to be 397,550 inhabitants, of whom only about 3,600 are Europeans. Twelve thousand are Eurasians, three-fourths are Hindoos, one-seventh Mohammedans. The heavy surf which beats on the shore, and the rapid current in this part of the gulf, render the landing often dangerous, and always difficult. The great steamer *Duke of Sutherland*, the best of the Ducal line, was on shore and hard aground. She was loaded with rice, and without any storm went ashore in broad daylight, and was imbedded in sand in such a manner that every effort made to dislodge her proved a failure, and they were obliged to send to Calcutta for help.

There are some fine buildings, but the black town is an irregular assemblage of brick and bamboo houses,

crowded together in narrow and dirty streets, inhabited by Hindoos, Mohammedans, Armenians, Portuguese, and Europeans engaged in the Company's service. The houses of the Europeans are generally of one story, surrounded by verandas; wet mats of cusa grass are placed before the doors and windows in the rainy season to perfume and cool the apartments, the heat being then excessive.

The Government house is a handsome building, in a park at Guindy; the Central Museum is one of the best that I have seen in India. I paid a visit to the bishop, who very kindly offered me his hospitality, but on account of the distance, I was obliged to decline. However, after Mass, I breakfasted with him. The Catholic population within the municipal limits is a little over 24,000. I visited St. Thomas' Mount, about eight miles from Madras. The road is lined with fine villas of the natives and European merchants and officials. There are two churches, with about 1,000 Catholics.

It is incredible the number that every day called at the hotel for alms, to sell and bargain. The distress was such that they would barter their articles for anything. A woman, to explain the miserable condition to which she was reduced, and to move me to help her, showed me every rib, and taking her skin, folded it over her body; she was nothing but skin and bones. Who could refuse assistance to such people? I saw men and women picking grains of rice from the shore and streets, where some of it was fal'ing in loading and trucking it. They gathered sand and dirt together with the grains of rice. The stomachs of these poor creatures were clamoring loudly for food. An English doctor, who attended the hospital by order of the Government, and who was boarding at the same hotel, told me that the cholera and small-pox were fast increasing.

Notwithstanding this, I was surprised to see the money lavished on a Mohammedan festival, the name of which I think was *Mohurrum* or *Mohorrum*, and which lasted thirteen days. It was in commemoration of two of Mohammed's sons or nephews, who died in battle. What was called *Tazias* (paper cages), made in the shape of elegant mausoleums containing two small tombs, were carried in procession. There were about thirty of these cages, of different sizes, sent from different parts of the country; some were six or seven feet high, others not more than two feet, but all elegantly worked in paper. The procession went through the Black town to a large tank, two or three miles. The ceremonies opened with drums and sounds of bamboo sticks, and bugles which made a very discordant noise, but keeping time to the movement of the procession. Priests in Mohammedan garments followed next. The streets were crowded to excess, and the people, men and women, with mournful faces, striking their breasts with both hands. Priests walked also before each cage, holding fires, on which incense and other perfumes were burning. Now and then the procession stopped, and before each cage a kind of mock skirmish was indulged in for about five or six minutes, then the procession proceeded as before, and when it arrived at the great tank, went round it, as if worshiping it, returning by another way. The crowd was so large that it was necessary to post many officers, some of them mounted on horseback, to keep order and prevent carriages from crossing the streets or the tank. I observed also, that along the procession, people were throwing over both the fire and the priests some kind of dust, which appeared to me to be incense or some other kind of yellow dust. While we were observing the procession from our carriage, and proceeding to the

tank, my valet asked me for the loan of a few annas or pice,* with which he purchased some of the yellow dust, and flung it over the priests and the fire. It looked to me like a *carnival*, and it commences on the very same day that the carnival begins.

In Madras they manufacture lace, native carved furniture, tamarind-wood, gold and silver articles, artificial flowers (from Pondicherry), tale pictures (from Trichinopoly), moco stones, coral, and amber. There is also a manufactory of salt.

On Sunday, after Mass, I was to embark on the *Meinan*, a fine steamer belonging to the Messageries. I purchased two tickets for four annas, one for myself and the other for my valet, that being the entrance fee to the inclosed fence or landing. The boatman wanted ten rupees to carry me on board the boat, but we agreed for five. The regular price is one rupee, but all the people being occupied in landing rice, they ask what they please to carry passengers to the steamer. It was necessary to have twelve men to steer this miserable boat toward the steamer. At 11 A.M. we left for Calcutta.

The voyage from Madras to Calcutta is not interesting; nothing is seen except some native boats, and occasionally a homeward-bound steamer. The sea voyage is performed in four days, and as we had splendid weather, I was not sea-sick. About one hundred miles from Calcutta the *Meinan* entered the Hoogly† at Sangor Island, and passed the Sunderbund to Diamond Harbor, twenty miles from Calcutta. In many places the banks of this stream are high and almost cliff-like. The navigation of this river is difficult and dangerous, on

* One anna is about three cents or four pice.

† A westerly branch of the Ganges, of difficult approach, but deep enough for any large vessel.

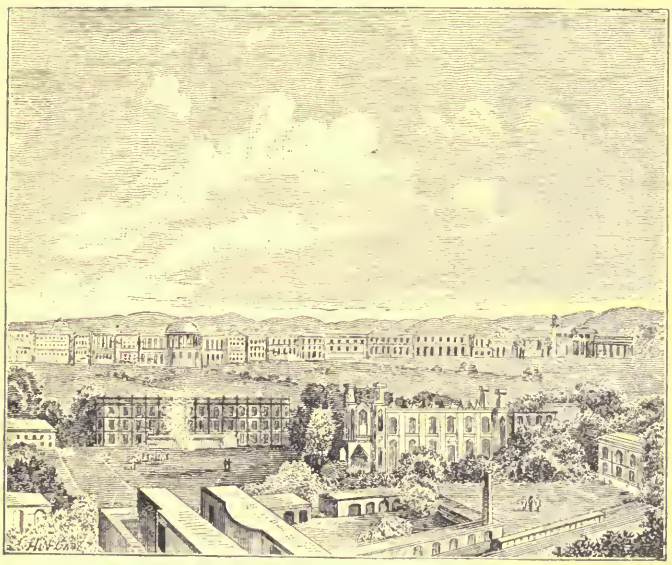
account of the currents and sand-banks, which are continually changing their size and position, thus rendering a steamer liable to be overturned. We saw a steamer aground on the sand-bank. About sunset we landed at Calcutta.

Finding no room at the Great Eastern or Wilson's large hotel, I drove to the Hotel de France, where I found good accommodations, European table, and moderate prices; yet every one must be attended by his own servants. As the ravages of cholera and small-pox were frightful, I determined to stop only one day. I hired a carriage and drove first through the European part of the city, which is elegant; the houses are of brick, and some resemble palaces. On account of the heat of the climate, they are not joined together, but stand at a distance from one another. Then I drove to the Black town, so-called (the *Peltah*), which is the quarter occupied by the natives. It forms a striking contrast with the European quarter. The streets are extremely narrow and crooked, interspersed with gardens and innumerable tanks; the houses are some of brick, some of mud, but mostly of bamboo or straw mats, presenting a motley appearance; they are situated amidst canals, small ponds, pagodas, and mosques. From thence I drove to the Botanical Gardens, not yet recovered from the late cyclone, which happened on the 9th of June, 1870, and lasted sixteen hours, and was nearly as destructive as that which took place in November, 1867, which destroyed 30,000 native houses. The large banyan tree has three hundred stems, and is one thousand feet round.

Calcutta (*Kali-Cuttah*, Temple of Kali*), the capital of Bengal, and of the whole British East Indies, is situ-

* Kali is a goddess.

ated on the west branch of the Hoogly. It was formerly the insignificant village of Govindpour, but in the last century it rose to be a great city, and it is now one of the largest cities in the world, with a population of 1,000,000, mostly Hindoos, together with a good proportion of Mohammedans. About 20,000 are Europeans 20,000 Eurasians (of mixed blood); and many are Ar-



CALCUTTA.

menians, Greeks, Jews, Chinese, Parsees, and Negroes. The Catholics are 4,550. Fort William, not far from the city, begun by Lord Clive in 1757, is octagon, and a magnificent and expensive work. It has bomb-proof barracks for 10,000 men, and would require 600 pieces of cannon to arm it. The new palace built by the Marquis of Wellesley, which cost £1,000,000, reminded me of the fabled palaces of the Arabian Nights. Calcutta is

the emporium of Bengal, and the channel through which the treasures of the interior provinces are conveyed to Europe. The port is filled with ships of all nations. There are mercantile houses which trade annually to the amount of four or five million pounds sterling, in sugar, opium, silk, muslin, etc. There are steamers of many nations of Europe, for China, Australia, and every port of India, as well as for the Persian Gulf, etc. They export great quantities of salt to Assam, and gold, silver, ivory, musk, and a peculiar kind of silky cotton are brought back in exchange. *Cowries*, a description of small shell, passing as coin, are received in exchange for rice from the Maldives. The Mongol merchants are the wealthiest. The Hindoos, however rich, remain fixed in their narrow views and accustomed frugality. Their houses and shops are mean, and it is only on the occasion of nuptials or religious festivals that they indulge in any extraordinary expense. Then they assemble under magnificently illuminated canopies, distribute rose-water and other perfumes in profusion, and regale themselves with confectionery from golden vessels, while they are entertained by the voices of singing girls, or the exhibition of pantomimes. Notwithstanding the high price of all the necessaries of life, and the enormous expenditures of the English merchants, there are a multitude of institutions for the relief of the indigent and infirm.

I left Calcutta for Benares by the night train. Next day, by noon, we were at Patna, once a great city, supposed to be the *Palibothra* of the Greeks, and the first where, in 1763, the English established a factory. It lies on a hot part of the Ganges, near the Sone canal. The population is considered to be 312,000, but some say that it is only about half that number. There is a Catholic cathedral at Bankypore, the suburb where the Europeans have their houses, opposite Patna, but

the Vicar-Apostolic has so little to do that he generally resides at Allahabad, and even there he has not much work to perform, except for the British soldiers and some Europeans. This is an old Mohammedan city, the chief seat of the opium trade, and capital of Behar, four miles long and one broad, inclosed by a brick wall having small round bastions, but many parts have fallen to decay; the streets are narrow, and the houses of the natives generally make a mean appearance. There are many ghauts and granaries on the river. The Nabob's palace and gardens are three miles round. There is also an old fort; here is the great *Imambarra* (near a large mosque and the tank), which can hold 100,000 at the Mohorrum* and other festivals; several mosques and tombs, including the tomb of Shah Arzani, the Hindoo temples of *Patanadevi*, etc. This was the headquarters of the Wahabee or Mussulman conspiracy of 1864. Besides the trade in opium, which here is at its best, this city trades in table-linen, wax candles, toys, bird-cages, and tale pictures.

At Madras I commenced to suspect the number of converts to be very small, not on account of the missionaries; but like the Chinese, Satan holds his hands too strongly over the neck of the natives, claiming them as his own, and those unhappy creatures worship Satan under many different forms, even the most abominable. The poor missionaries die of broken hearts at seeing their labors, their sacrifices, their privations, their exposures in a country whose climate is too trying on European constitutions, deprived not only of all comforts, but even of the necessaries of life, to have not even the consolation of seeing their hard labors crowned with the conversion of these slaves of Satan.

* A festival of the natives.

Their courage is only supported by the confidence in that God who will reward them according to their labors and not according to their fruit; their crown will be still increased for the sacrifice which they cheerfully make of being deprived of every human consolation. To see a great harvest is a consolation and comfort in this world; but the poor missionaries in India are deprived of this consolation. Except the British soldiers and troops, from whom and the British Government they receive a support, very few natives accept their preaching.

To give an instance of what I have asserted: Take this Vicariate-Apostolic of Patna, which was disjoined from that of Thibet and Hindostan in 1845; it has only about 9,500 Catholics, of whom only 2,000 are natives, the rest are European officers, soldiers, and Government employés; yet the population ascends to several millions! Bombay (city) contains a population of about 700,000; Catholics (including Girgaum, Upper Colaba, Mazagon, Byculla, and both Mahim), only 21,000 in the entire vicariate!! It is true it does not include those Catholics under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa. Yet I wish to make this observation: In Ceylon, and perhaps in Cape Comorin, in the time of St. Francis Xavier, the people professed Buddhism, which sect is very moral, practicing a strict ascetic and penitential life; hence, they are easier to convert. But in the continent of India, the people profess Brahminism and Mohammedanism, both very vicious and sensual; the people are degraded and plunged in ignorance and vices. Their priests are greedy and lustful. It is not long ago that in Bombay some of these priests were convicted of the most shameless orgies practiced with young and married women in their temples and in their houses, under the cloak of religion.

At 5 P.M. we arrived at Mogul Serai station, where passengers for Benares change trains; and at 6.30 P.M. we were at the Benares station out of the city. On foot I crossed the Ganges on a bridge of boats, and some coolies took my baggage on the other side, thus avoiding the toll of Rs. 1–8–0* levied upon conveyances. I took a ghari† and drove to Clark's Hotel, where board and lodging are charged for at the rate of five rupees per diem.

Next day, Friday, I took the son of W. J. Clark, proprietor of the hotel, for my guide, and went to the sacred river Ganges, the banks of which for three miles are lined with ghauts (steps), shrines, and temples, founded by wealthy rajahs, bankers, and merchants, where crowds of devotees between the hours of 7 and 9 A.M. assemble, and hundreds of persons of both sexes, indifferent to each other's presence, engage in ablution. On some of the Hindoo festival days, all the ghauts are crowded with men and women washing themselves in the Ganges; thus, as they believe, washing themselves of their sins. Some wash themselves every day. They can commit any wickedness, and then go and wash themselves in the Ganges, and become as white as snow. How dirty that water must be!

We engaged a boat to enjoy the view of Benares from the river. In stepping from the ghauts into the boat, the badly fixed plank turned over, and if it had not been for my guide, who took hold of me, I would have been plunged into the Ganges. It is true, had I fallen in, that the natives would have believed me fortunate in having all my sins washed away; but should I have been drowned, what would have become of me?

* This figure Rs. 1–8–0 in India means, 1 Rupee, 8 Annas, 0 Pies (that is, no pice).

† Ghari is a carriage.

A person that dies in Benares is sure to go to heaven, and if he is so happy as to be drowned in the Ganges, he is certain that he will not transmigrate into a donkey; but if he be so unfortunate as to be drowned on the opposite shore of the Ganges, he is sure to transmigrate into a donkey. We went first up the river, and

BENARES, FROM THE GANGES.

saw an *omnium gatherum* of the most whimsical and ludicrously wild-looking images in Benares for over a mile and a half. It was a great sight. In returning, the boat traveled very fast with the current of the river for over three miles; in returning, we stopped at ghauts leading up to the Hindoo Observatory, called *Man-Mandil*. This building was constructed by Rajah Jai Singh toward the close of the seventeenth century, or about the year 1693 of the Christian era. The Ra-

jah was selected by the Emperor Mohammed Shah to reform the calendar, which instead of proving a guide, led the learned into error. Of the five observatories erected by the learned Rajah, namely, at Delhi, Mut tra, Oojein, Jeypore, and Benares, the latter is stated to be in the best working order.

There I saw the quadrant, consisting of a wall eleven feet high, and nine feet one and a quarter inches broad, in the plane of the meridian. By this instrument, the sun's altitude and zenith distance at noon, the sun's greatest declination, and the latitude of the place may be ascertained. There is, also, a double mural quadrant; and to the east an equinoctial circle made of stone. Two large circles of stone and of lime, and a large square of stone are close to the first quadrant, with which the shadow of the gnomon cast by the sun, and the degree of azimuth were probably ascertained. Another stone instrument (called *Yantrasamrat*, prince of instruments), whose wall is thirty-six feet in length, and four and a half in breadth, is set in the plane of the meridian, and it slopes gradually upwards, so as to point directly to the north pole. By the aid of this instrument the distances from the meridian, and the declination of any planet or star, and the sun, and also the right ascension of a star, may be ascertained. It would tax the patience of the reader to describe all the instruments in this observatory, as all, with the exception of a few, are in working order, and made of stone.

The astronomer showed me a wire fixed in two points, one of which was attached to an instrument of observation; and having learned that I was traveling, told me to hold one point of that wire, while he would observe the stars to see whether my journey would be a lucky or an unlucky one. I thanked him, saying that I trusted in God, the true living God, and not in their

manufactured idols; I needed no observation of stars; the true God and the Blessed Virgin Mary would assist me to a prosperous journey. I had traveled nearly round the whole world under their protection, and I had always experienced their steady assistance. All the stars and their vain observations, and their wooden or stony gods, not only could do me no good, but could do nothing at all. I gave him some annas* and left.

In stepping from the ghauts to the boat I experienced the same mishap as at starting, and came near falling into the Ganges, and would have taken an involuntary bath, if my guide had not hastened to save me. I wonder if he did not think that I was under the influence of some benign star? We went to the temple of *Sankatà-Devi* (goddess Devi), a goddess believed to grant whatever favor is asked for. Barren women are the greatest frequenters of this temple, and their one prayer is that the goddess would bestow on them the gift of children. One poor woman after offering flowers, began beating her head on the floor, and with tears was supplicating the goddess to grant her a child. She was praying in these words: "*Lachmi*† has given me wealth, so that I can daily feed a thousand persons, but I am still unhappy; is it your wish that my wealth should be enjoyed by strangers? Oh, *Sidheswari*, give me only one child, and I will be your slave for life. Even a daughter would be preferable to no child at all. I vow to feed daily one hundred Brahmins at your shrine for a whole year, on my supplication being granted."

There are nearly 1,470 *shivalas* (temples, or shrines),

* *Anna* is an Indian coin, worth three cents.

† A divinity wife of Vishnu. In India the same divinity has several names.

and 280 mosques in Benares—the Holy City of the Hindoos; but if those in the jurisdiction of Sikraul be included, the number increases to about 1,550 of the former, and 300 of the latter. The shivala is dedicated to the idol Bisheshar, or *Siva*, the presiding deity of Benares. This idol is considered the king of all the Hindoo deities, therefore a greater superstitious reverence is paid to it than to any of the others. In the morning hundreds of devout worshipers of both sexes may be seen wending their way, with suitable offerings in their hands, to this shivala. The Europeans designate this by the name of *Golden Temple*, but the dome and tower are covered only with copper plates overlaid with gold-leaf, and not with sheets of gold. The two widows of the *Punda*, who was the proprietor, pocket the profits of this shivala. There is a reservoir about three feet square and one and a half feet in depth, filled with the offerings in coin of distinguished visitors. It is stated that Maharajah Runjit Singh was the only one who ever filled it with gold mohurs,* while scores have filled it with rupees, and hundreds with pice. One man guards the door and puts a fan into the hands of distinguished devotees, who are anxious to perform some menial office for the idol, of which fanning is one; a second rings the bell to call the *pundas* to worship; a third places the sacrificial dishes before the idol, and distributes the food among the attendants; a fourth holds up a looking-glass to the idol; a fifth sweeps the place; a sixth beats the drum, or blows the horn called *sankh;* a seventh acts the part of treasurer; an eighth washes and cleanses the vessels used in the temple. But scores of Brahmins are employed in visiting differ-

* A *mohur* is a British-Indian gold coin of the value of fifteen rupees, or about $7.50.

ent parts of India accompanying the pilgrims. In some temples there are men who prepare the idol's bed, and present a tooth-pick, after it is supposed to have taken its meals.

In the vicinity of Bishesharnáth there is a mosque in close proximity to one of the places held most sacred by the Hindoos, and it has always been the source of great annoyance to both parties. The principal cause of dispute between the Mohammedans and Hindoos is the blowing of the horn (sankh), which the former will not permit on the ground that the sound of it during prayer-time destroys the efficacy of prayer. Of course, the Hindoos will not give in, and they urged that the blowing of the *sankh* is indispensably necessary in the services of the temple, and consequently the disputes frequently end in a street fight.

In this vicinity there is a celebrated well called *Gyan Bapí*, "The Well of Knowledge," which is the residence of the god Siva (or Shiva). An imposing colonnade of forty pillars was built over it, in 1828 of the Christian era. Hundreds of Hindoos may be seen here at all hours of the forenoon throwing their offerings of flowers and water into it. The water used in the adjoining temple flows into the well, and the result is that the stench emitted from it may better be imagined than experienced. Notwithstanding this terrible stench, the well is considered one of their most sacred places. An orthodox Hindoo really believes that whoever drank of the water in ancient times was blessed with knowledge, but now, owing to a want of faith in its efficacy, the gift is withheld. There is a tradition that after a famine of twelve years' duration, when even water was scarce, some supernatural being dug up this particular spot and there came forth a plentiful supply of water.

Being in this locality we saw the shrine dedicated to

Sanichar, or the planet Saturn, which is the dread of the Hindoos, who make offerings at this shrine more through fear than religious reverence. This deity has the power of bringing troubles on the human race for a period of seven and a half years, but it simultaneously grants an indulgence to those who worship it. It has a silver head, but it is bodyless; an apron concealing it from the neck downwards.

Manikarnikà is the celebrated well of Hindoo mythology, which is visited by thousands of pilgrims every month, and during an eclipse of the sun by upwards of a hundred thousand. The putrefaction of the offerings thrown into this well has rendered its water truly pestilential. In ancient times many individuals sacrificed themselves in this spot, but before doing so, they solicited that they should on transmigration be born in the house of some Rajah, or of some very opulent person of high caste. It is at Manikarnika ghat that Hindoos burn their dead, and no Hindoo can ever expect to reach heaven unless the fire employed for the funeral pile is taken from the house of some *domrà* (wealthy), the lowest and most despised caste in India. During lifetime a Hindoo dare not take fire from a *domrà* even to cook his food, but after death the relatives have to beg and pray of the *domrà* to furnish fire to burn the body of their deceased relative. A Hindoo prince had recently to give one thousand rupees for fire. The *domrà* who holds the monopoly at this ghat is a very wealthy man.

In the temple of *Bridhkal* there have been human sacrifices offered. In the practice of *sati*,* the mother of the family it was who was burnt alive; the scene being heartrending, with her offspring clinging around

* A human sacrifice.

her, the pale corpse of the father stretched out in her presence on the funeral bier, as if to add additional impetus to her ghastly duty; spurning every feeling of compassion, cutting asunder every tender tie, and on that fatal spot, abandoning her offspring to strangers she rushed into the devouring flames. The poor orphans, after lingering near the pile on which their father and mother had been consumed to ashes, retraced hand in hand their mournful steps to their vacant and desolate home, looking in vain for the accustomed welcome of their parents. The English Government had to overcome gigantic difficulties in compelling the Hindoos to cease these barbarous and diabolical sacrifices.

In this locality there is a temple to *Mahadeo* (the serpent god), which has a snake wreathed about it. In the locality of the wells already described are two shrines, viz, Markandeshwar and Daksheshwar. The legend regarding Rajah Daksh, after whom the latter shrine is called, is as follows: On a certain occasion Mahadeo invited all the gods to an entertainment, and his father-in-law, Rajah Daksh, with his wife Sati (Rajah Daksh's daughter) were among the guests, and as Mahadeo slighted his father-in-law in the presence of such an august assemblage, by omitting to pay the respect due to a senior, Rajah Daksh anathematized him in the following terms: "That Mahadeo shall be a vagrant, and go about in a state of nudity; that he shall wear long, matted hair, and use a tiger's skin as a mattress, and that he shall assume the office of destroyer at the end of the world." After this Rajah Daksh proceeded to his house and sent invitations to all the gods to attend a carnival, but omitted to invite Mahadeo and his wife Sati. Neither Mahadeo nor his wife had heard about the entertainment, but were officially informed

about it by *Narad Muni;* upon this Sati solicited permission to visit her father's house, but Mahadeo refused to let her go, because not having been invited, it would be shameful for her to go. She went. When Sati arrived at her father's house she was only noticed by her mother, the other members of the family not even condescending to salute her. She received her share of food, but her husband's share, which should have been given to her in his absence, was kept back; this considerably incensed her, and the heavens rained down blood. Some of the god-guests having disapproved of the Rajah's action, took their departure from the feast, when Sati entered the sacrificial hole and was burnt to ashes. The officious *Narad Muni* was again at work, and conveyed the mournful intelligence to Mahadeo, who, having summoned an army of evil spirits, appointed *Bhirbhadar* (the powerful demon-general) to be the general of the force, with instructions to kill the Rajah. On the way Bhirbhadar rooted up whole forests and mountains, which he conveyed in the palms of his hands. On arrival at the Rajah's residence, Bhirbhadar called the Rajah to account, and immediately after decapitated him and slaughtered all his guests. Brahma heard of it, and having remonstrated with Mahadeo, prevailed upon him to restore the slain to life. This having been done, poor Rajah Daksh's head was *non est*, upon which Mahadeo ordered a goat's head to be substituted, when the Rajah was also restored to life. Brahma then advised Rajah Daksh to visit Benares and to erect a temple to Mahadeo's honor. The Rajah continued to reside at Benares in the practice of religious ceremonies, and assumed the title of Rajah of the Himalayas. Sati was again born and was named *Parvati*, and on attaining age she was remarried to Mahadeo. The husband and wife visited Benares, where

they met Rajah Daksh with his goat head, and still engaged in the practice of religion. The Rajah having solicited pardon, which was granted, he dedicated a shrine to Mahadeo, calling it *Dakshcshwar*.

The great merit of Benares consists in being the old seat of Hindoo learning and science, and of being a very ancient city, believed to have been founded 1600 B.C., on the Ganges, on the site of *Devasdasa*, or City of Kasi, where there is a well much venerated by the Hindoos. It is principally built of stone. Some of the streets are so narrow that it is difficult to penetrate them, even on horseback. Some houses are six stories high, close to each other, and some are fantastically painted with groups of mythological figures, with terraces on the summit, and very small windows to prevent glare and inspection. The opposite sides of the streets, in some parts, approach so near to each other as to be united by galleries. Its narrow arcaded streets, containing some well-built stone and brick houses, swarm with Brahmins, fakirs, beggars, holy bulls, and monkeys. The temple of the goddess *Durga* (Durga-Kund) is literally infested by monkeys, and for this reason Europeans call this Hindoo temple the monkey temple. The monkeys here live in high glee, and take away fruits and other edibles. Woe to the man that hurts, chases, or wounds them.

This sacred city of the Hindoos is indisputably a place of great antiquity, and may even date from the time when the *Aryan* race first spread itself over Northern India, and must be reckoned amongst the primitive cities founded by this people. Allusions to Benares are exceedingly abundant in ancient Sanskrit literature, and perhaps there is no city in all Hindostan more frequently referred to.

In any case, Benares is a city of no mean antiquity.

Twenty-five centuries ago, at the least, it was famous. When Babylon was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy, when Tyre was planting her colonies, when Athens was growing in strength, before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Cyrus had added lustre to the Persian monarchy, or Nabuchodonosor had captured Jerusalem, and the inhabitants of Judea had been carried into captivity, Benares had already risen to greatness, if not to glory. Nay, she may have heard of the fame of Solomon, and have sent her ivory and her peacocks to adorn his palaces, while with her gold he may have partly overlaid the temple of the living God. While many cities and nations have fallen into decay and perished, she has constantly exhibited vitality and vigor, and her illustrious name has descended from generation to generation, and, as a city, gives no sign of feebleness nor symptoms of impending dissolution. Beloved and venerated by the vast Hindoo family, she has ever received the willing homage of her deluded and Satan-ridden subjects scattered over all India.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, I must confess that I was much disappointed with Benares. It is true that she has 5,000 Hindoo temples and pagodas, but none of these can compare with the sublime grandeur of the temples and royal palaces of Southern India, nor with the Buddhist excavations of Western India; and, with the exception of the mosque, the Musjeed of Aurungzebe, at the Madhoray Ghat, marked by eight slender minarets one hundred and forty-seven feet high, and only twelve feet broad at the base, at *Sarnarth*, I do think to be inferior to the Cyclopean tombs of Western India. Several other travelers have made the same observation.

With regard to the immense number of pilgrims, it

is not altogether devotion and piety that move the Hindoos to perform pilgrimages to Benares and other localities kept sacred by them, but it is the shrewdness and love of profit that bring hundreds of thousands of deluded and deceived Hindoos. Of the number of pilgrim-hunters in Benares we may form some idea from the fact, that one man at one of these temples, previously employed in one of the menial offices at a salary of three rupees per month, aware of the vast profit attending the trade, had trained up fifty of these missionaries to go forth throughout Northern India proclaiming the greatness and glory of the idol at whose temple he was employed, and the immense benefits to be derived from a pilgrimage to his particular temple. He had found this so profitable a trade, that he was training fifty more of these agents to send to Southern India. I was told in Benares that the whole body of idol-missionaries far exceeds in number all the Christian missionaries. Benares has long been the great mart for diamonds and other gems, brought principally from the Bundelkund.

Next day being Sunday, I told my coachman to drive to the priest's house, but I could hardly make him understand; he was a Hindoo, and could not speak or understand any other language. After carrying me through many narrow streets, he stopped at a nice-looking brick house; I alighted, mounted a flight of seven or eight steps, rang the bell, and when the door was opened two big European girls, well-dressed, presented themselves. "Is this the priest's house?" I asked. They left, and I heard them say, "Papa, papa! a gentleman wants you!" I soon understood that I was in the wrong pew. A person came, and he directed my driver to the right place.

On Sunday I said Mass in Benares. A British soldier served Mass, and I was invited to dine at the pastor's residence, Fr. Carlo, with whom I had a long conference on India and the Hindoos. In the afternoon I left for Allahabad.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALLAHABAD—CAWNPORE—LUCKNOW—AGRA—DELHI—THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS—UMBALA—SIMLA.

I STOPPED at the Hotel Laurie, near the station. One day is quite sufficient to devote to this city, which is increasing day by day, principally through European settlement. Here the Jubbulpore branch turns off to Bombay (840 miles distant). Allahabad lies at the junction of the sacred rivers, the Jumna and Ganges, 630 miles from Calcutta, 386 miles from Delhi—340 feet above the sea. The bridge of boats is now superseded by the railway steamers now run to Calcutta, and barges to Delhi. The letter-boxes at the station are cleared by peons.

The Hindoos regard Allahabad (the word means City of Allah, God) as an exceedingly holy city, surrounded as it is by the two sacred rivers, the Jumna and Ganges, and, as is alleged, being in communication with the holy city of Benares by a subterranean passage. The Hindoo showed me the outlet of the passage at Benares, but I have my strong doubts whether any one could pass through it, now that it is obstructed and in ruin. A strong and handsome fort was built by Akbar for this *City of God*. It is finely placed at the head of the Dooab, or country between the two rivers. The Muir University College, for the cultivation of Oriental literature, was begun in 1872. Here are Sultaun Khossor's or Kushru's Caravanseri, a fine cloistered quadrangle, some old tombs, including the mausoleum of

the Ranee, the Jumna Masjid, and other mosques. The fort of red stone, approached by a very fine gate, contains the Residency and Akbar's Palace (now a depot and armory) and the Gada pillar, or iron club of Bhin Sen, in the Chalee Satoom temple, over a sacred cave much visited by pilgrims, said to have a subterranean passage to Benares, traversed by a third river, the Sereswati, seen only by the faithful. The great Mag Mela fair of 14th of December is much frequented by pilgrims, who come here as to a holy place, because of the meeting of the rivers. The Jumna is 800 miles long, coming down from a peak of the Himalayas, 10,850 feet high. Allahabad is said to mark the site of *Palibrotha*, or Prayaga. The city is pretty, the streets wide, and large trees are planted on each side, thus forming beautiful avenues, which afford shelter from the rays of the sun. The European part of the city, called Canning town, built since the mutiny, is quite distinct from the native quarter, from which it is separated by the East India Railway.

Next day, by rail, I went to Cawnpore, the frontier station of Oude, situated on the right bank of the Ganges, which is crossed here by a bridge of boats to the Oude side, 1,600 yards long. This city is brought into conspicuous notice by the mutiny of 1857. It has a population of 114,000 persons, and it was ceded by the Nabob of Oude in 1801. It is seated on a hot sandy plain, but the soil is generally good. Here are the fort, on a site of four acres, and some old mosques. It was at the Suttee Chowra ghat on the river, that Wheeler's garrison embarked on the 17th of June, all to be nearly killed by an ambuscade planted by Nana Sahib in a Hindoo temple. Only four escaped the butchery—Captains Mowbray and Delafosse, and privates Sullivan and Murphy, who swam down the stream

and found protection with Rajah Dinbijah-Sing. I went to see Marochetti's statue, surrounded by an eight-sided Gothic screen, which covers the spot where the murdered bodies of the Company's Christian people, chiefly women and children, were thrown on the 17th of June. This monument is denominated *Memorial Well* in the Memorial Garden. Here I had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Antonio Conte, a fellow-citizen from Basilicata. We had pleasant conversations on Italy and India, whither he expects to return at no distant date.

The distance from Cawnpore to Lucknow is only forty-two miles on the East India Railroad. I stopped at Huzrutgunjee's Hotel, kept by Hormusjee, a Mussulman. There are three hotels, and I assume this to be the best. Lucknow is by no means a handsome city, though at a distance the gilt domes of the mosques and the mausoleum of Azooph-ud-Dowlah, give it a gay appearance, yet its situation is bad, and the soil, being a white sand, which in hot weather is driven about by the wind, pervading everything, makes it an unpleasant residence for Europeans. Lucknow, on the banks of the Gumti, was the old capital of Oude, then containing a population of 500,000 people, but now it is reduced to half that number. There is a Catholic church and a convent and two priests, one of whom attends the military station, the other the convent. This is a Mohammedan city of modern date, founded 1775 by the Vizier-king of Oude, Azoof-ud-Dowlah, on moving from the old capital of Fyzabad, which is a very ancient city and the residence of the governors or *Nabobs* of Oude. The streets are very irregular and narrow; some of the houses are of brick, but most of them have mud walls covered with tiles. The Gumti (or Goomty) is navigable for middling-sized vessels at

all seasons. There are three bridges, one of iron, one of stone, and one, the oldest, of boats.

When the mutiny broke out here on the 30th of June, 1857, the English, under Sir H. Lawrence, retired to the Muchee Bawn, or old fort, an untenable post, from which they went to the Residency, 1st July, until relieved. The Residency is now in ruins, and is close to the cemetery in which Sir H. Lawrence, Gen. Neill, and Major Banks are buried.

The *Kaiserbagh* (or Cæsar's garden), now occupied by civil servants, was built in 1850, for £800,000, by the ex-King Wajid Ali Shah, who called himself Cæsar, and was deposed in 1856, on the annexation of Oude, and pensioned at Calcutta. It is a gorgeous heap of domes, spires, courts, terraces, and fountains still showing marks of the war of 1857, when it was stormed and plundered. It contains a gate, having the double fish, or the family arms on it; the Badshah Munzil, or favorite apartments of the great king; the Chundiwalli Barndarri, once paved with silver; and the Luckee gate (which cost a *lac* of rupees: £10,000). Near this are the Kaiser Pusana, where the English prisoners were executed; an engine-house where four hundred Sepoys were burnt in the fight; Khoorsid Munzil (or house of the sun), with four spires, etc.

The *Imaumbarra*, dedicated to Azooph-ud-Dowlah, is another remarkable pile of spires and domes, and now turned by the English into an arsenal and storehouses. It is a picturesque series of courts round a central court, all of tessellated marble, in the Saracenic style. The Justice Hall is the largest roofed edifice, without pillars, in the world. There are three aisles supported by Cyclopean pilasters, and a gilded gate, the Roome Durwaza, on the side toward Constantinople, or *Room* (Rome), as the Orientals call it. There was a silver

throne here. Near it is the great mosque, *Jumna Musjid*, 150 feet high, now turned into a jail; also the Hoseinabad, or small Imaumbarra, and its mausoleum of Mohammed Ali Shah, the third king (died 1841), whose unfinished mosque is still seen.

In the afternoon, accompanied by the son of my host, I drove to the *Martiniere College*—a fantastically-ornamented building, topped by a dome and four towers, built by Claude Martin, a Frenchman, who entered the company's service as a trooper, and died a rich general, 1800, leaving his money for educational uses. It has marble floors, a labyrinth of small rooms, a museum, and the founder's richly-ornamented tomb at the top. I was allowed to descend some flights of stairs, and in company of the keeper of the grave, enter the vault, which is kept locked and barred by a heavy iron door. Of course I gave the keeper half a rupee for his trouble in opening both the iron gate and door, and for the use of a candle. Then we drove to the Secunder Bagh, a palace of the Begum Hu-zat Mahul, to the Nuzeef Ashruf, the tomb of the first vizier (marked by a white dome), both near the Goomtee and the horticultural gardens; also the tomb of the second vizier, Saadat Ali, under a high dome and galleries; and his half Italian-looking country-seat of *Dilkoosha* (or heart's delight), with its gilt towers and park. At *Alumbagh* (or Queen's Garden), where Outram fixed his camp, is the grave of Havelock (1857). The soil round Lucknow is some of the richest and most thickly populated in India. By the night train I left for Agra, where I arrived at 6.30 A.M., and drove to Harrison's Hotel, to whose proprietors I had letters of recommendation.

After breakfast I took a guide and drove to the lion of the place, the world-renowned *Taj Mahal* (or Crown

of Edifices), the unrivaled mausoleum, built by Shah Jehan, for his beautiful queen Moomtaza Zumanee (or the Light of the World), at the end of the Strand Road, on the bank of the Jumna, rather more than a mile to the eastward of Fort Agra. Oh, what a great sight here! A graceful, domed structure of polished white

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marble, as fresh as when first built, carefully finished in every part, and decorated with rich mosaics on a white ground, inlaid with jasper, agate, carnelian, and other precious stones; the work of Florentine artists, about 1630, some of whom are buried in the Catholic cathedral. The tombs of the Emperor and his queen lie under the central dome, inside an octagonal screen of

arabesque work, 24 feet each side. The gardens contain fine old trees and fountains and reservoirs, within walls, 964 feet by 329 feet. The mausoleum in the middle stands on a marble terrace, 400 feet square, 60 feet high; it is 190 feet square, with minarets 100 feet high at each corner, over which rises the gilt central dome, 260 feet high, and 70 feet in diameter. The cost was £3,000,000. It is said that there were two silver doors at the entrance of the Taj, stated to have cost 127,000 rupees, which were studded with 1,000 nails, each having a head made of a Sonat Rupee; these gates were taken away and melted down by the Jâts when they attacked and sacked Agra.

The labor was all forced, and very little payment made in cash to the twenty thousand workmen who were employed for twenty-two years; an allowance of corn was daily given them, but even this was carefully curtailed by the rapacious officials placed over them. There was great distress and frightful mortality among them; and the peasantry around Agra certainly did not worship the memory of the innocent empress. The poet describes them to have cried out —

> "Have mercy, God, on our distress,
> For we die, too, with the princess."

The mosque was built in the name of the Princess Juhanura, who is famous for her devotion to her father, whose captivity she shared when he was deposed by his son, Aurungzeb. We drove to the fort. Here I wish to state that the most precious monuments are generally in the extensive forts now occupied by English garrisons, where are arsenals, modern fortifications, and troops. There is no difficulty for strangers, especially Europeans, to get admission; but seldom, if ever, are natives allowed to enter them, and it is only in some

few places that they allow carriages to enter on account of the native drivers.

The fort is the central object of Agra. It is an imposing structure with vast red walls and flanking defenses, surmounted everywhere by bee-hive crenellations. Built by the Emperor Akbar, it is constructed of red granite (or sandstone) about two miles in circuit, on the river Jumna. In front of the principal entrance is a walled square still used as a market-place. Opposite the gate of the fort is the *Jumna* (Juma) *Musjid*, or Cathedral mosque—one of the earliest Mogul mosques built by Akbar, before the style had lost its originality and vigor. The walls of the fort are nearly seventy feet high. We passed into the inner entrance, consisting of two octagonal towers of red sandstone, inlaid with ornamentals in white marble. The passage between them is covered by two domes which seem to rise from accretions of prismatic stalactites, as in the domes of the Moorish Alhambra. Over the blank, red walls in front, you see three marble domes glittering in the sunshine like new-fallen snow; and still further, the golden pinnacles of Akbar's palace, and these objects assert that your dream of the magnificence of the Great Mogul has not been entirely dispelled. The great barbican opposite the mosque is known as the Delhi Gate. From this we passed into the *Dewan-i-am* (or Public Audience Hall). This forms the front of the palace. The vast court on which it opens was the *Carrousel*, or Tilt-yard. In the cloisters, on three of its sides, the general public sat; while the *Ahdes*, or Exempts of the Guard, paraded in full panoply; and the led horses, elephants, and fighting animals were exhibited to the Emperor and his nobles, as they sat in the open hall. The hall was protected from profane contact by a red rail; admission within which being a

great privilege. The monarch sat on his throne, raised—as we still see it—on an estrade surrounded with marble inlay. At the foot of the above, on which this throne is placed, is a slab of marble, and here, according to tradition, Akbar took his stand in administering justice.

Passing right and left are grated passages which admitted the ladies to view the proceedings—Durbari, receptions and trials—which took place within the hall. At the back of the throne a door admitted the Emperor and his confidential adherents into the *Muchee Bhowan* leading to the more private precincts of the palace, which reminded me of the Alhambra, and also of a palace of fairies. It was the public hall, or court reception and business place of the palace. Some visitors criticise it for not being larger, as might be expected from such Emperors as the Moghuls, it being far inferior in grandeur to Westminster Hall. The interior dimensions are 192 feet by 61, but the roof is supported by colonnades. This was the place where Shah Jehan was confined by his son Aurungzeb.

The palace is indeed interesting and beautiful—interesting as a monument of the domestic life of the past, and beautiful as a specimen of pure domestic Saracenic art. This palace of Agra is considered to be perhaps more interesting than that of Delhi, being wholly of the best age.

The old city walls, extending seven miles by three, take in many remains of suburban palaces, baths, mosques, the mausoleum of Edmadood Dowla and other tombs, Hindoo temples, and a tank, now dry, about fifty-three feet square. There are two handsome tombs on the Secundra road, beyond which is the *Mausoleum of Akbar*, on massive arches, twelve feet thick, surrounded by a piazza, and pleasure gardens of orange, banana, tamarind, peepul, and other trees.

The substructures of the palace are of red sandstone, but nearly the whole of its corridors, chambers, and pavilions are of white marble, wrought with the most exquisite elaboration of ornament. The pavilions overhanging the river are inlaid, within and without, in the rich style of Florentine mosaic. They are precious caskets of marble, glittering all over with jasper, agate, carnelian, bloodstone, and lapsi-lazuli, and topped with golden domes. Balustrades of marble, wrought in open patterns of such rich design that they resemble fringes of lace when seen from below, extend along the edge of the battlement. The Jumna washes the walls seventy feet below, and from the balconies attached to the *zenana* (or women's apartments), there are beautiful views of the gardens and palm groves on the opposite bank, and that wonder of India, the Taj, shining like a palace of ivory and crystal, about a mile down the river. The most curious part of the palace is the Shish-Mahal (or Shish-Melal, palace of glass)—Shah Juhan's palace, which is an Oriental bath, whose passages and chambers are adorned with thousands of small mirrors, disposed in the most intricate designs.

Shah Juhan's mosque, called Motee Musjid (or Pearl Mosque), is of pure white marble, and is truly the pearl of mosques of small dimensions; it is in the purest Saracenic architecture. From without nothing can be seen but its three domes of white marble and gilded spires. In all distant views of the fort these domes are seen like silvery bubbles which have rested a moment on its walls, and which a breeze will sweep away. The large Jumna Musjid (called also, I believe, Shahjuhanabad), is marked by three domes. The inscription in front tells that it was built by Shah Juhan in 1654. In front of the *Khas Muhul*, a little stair and door leads down into a labyrinth of underground buildings, prob-

ably intended as a retreat in the summer, and it is called the Well-house.

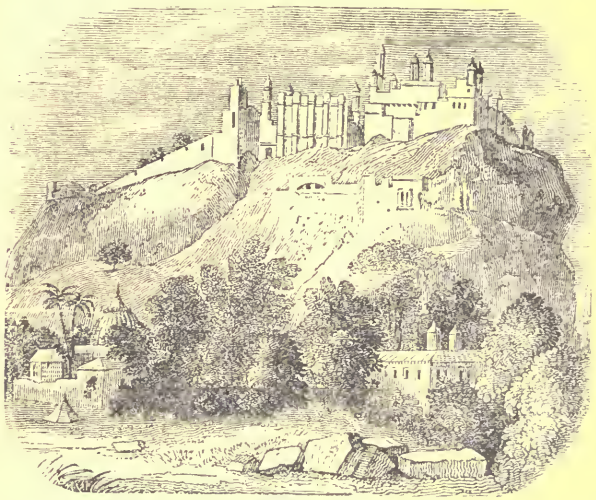
The road by which the old Moghuls used to go northward to Lahore and Cashmere, passed north-west by an arch of red stone and a bastion, the remains of the *ençeinte*. The tomb of the Emperor Ukbur (or Akbar) is at Secundra, a small village, about five miles from Agra. It is a beautiful five-storied building, the upper chamber being of white marble, with lattice windows, and crowned by four small Kiosques. This tomb is much worshiped, both by Moors and Gentiles, who hold him in great reverence. It took ten years to build it. The word Sekundra (or Sikundra) probably was given from Sikundur Lodi, who died about that time, and who had, as it is said, a villa here.

Futtehpore Sikri—the favorite residence of Akbar, twenty-five miles from Agra on the Jeypore road—is a magnificent spot, where there is a cluster of splendid buildings, which are Ukbur's (Akbar) palace, Beerbul's palace, a cave—tomb of the saint—a Greek mosque, etc.

Agra, the old seat of Emperor Akbar (Ukbur), and the late capital of the north-west provinces, till the removal to Allahabad, stands on the south bank of the Jumna, and is about four miles by three miles in circuit, and contains a population of 143,000 persons, who, except the Europeans, are nearly all heathen. In conversation with some Catholic missionaries, I was told that, except the European Catholics, who are Government officials and soldiers, very few natives are Christians. They also remarked that in India there are too many bishops (Vicars-Apostolic), and that fewer would answer better. The entire Vicariate-Apostolic of Agra, containing millions of people, has only 14,300 Catholics, mostly, if not all, British officers and soldiers.

In Gwalior, or Scindia's territory, in the north-west

provinces, sixty-five miles south of Agra, is the seat of the Maharajah Scindia, styled *Scindia of Gwalior*, from his Mahratta ancestor, Scindia, who reigned here, 1779. A fort was begun here A.D. 773. The present noble-looking pile, one mile long, stands on a precipitous sand-



FORT OF GWALIOR, INDIA.

stone hill, two hundred to four hundred feet above the plain, near the river *Soowunreeka*, and is surrounded by picturesque embattled walls and towers three miles in circuit. At the south-east corner, Scindia is building a palace called *Lushkur*, in the Italian style, one hundred and seventy-six yards by one hundred and forty two yards. In one part of the cliff is a figure of Parswanath, forty feet high. At the Forth are the residency, the Maharajah's old palace, a gun foundry, a ruined Jain temple, and the Thaileeka-Lath, built by a rich oil man, a Jumma Musjid, and other mosques, and several tanks. This

is one of the greatest seats of the Mahrattas, whose language is spoken all round here.

At 9.50 A.M. I left for Allyghur, a city of 30,000 inhabitants in Dooab, where there is a fort taken by Lord Lake, 1803, and from the Sepoys, 1858. At Allyghur, a branch railroad runs to Moradab, where travelers for Almorah must take the stage. Almorah is the capital of Kumaoon, seat of a commissioner, in the northwest provinces, and a hill station in the Himalayas, 5,340 feet above the sea. This small town of 6,200 persons belonged to the Ghoorkas for a time, and there is an old palace of the Rajahs. The snowy peaks of the Himalayas are ten stages distant, 20,000 to 23,000 feet above the sea. There is a pass over them, 18,000 feet high, to Lake Mansarowar, in Thibet, the sacred lake, at or near which the great holy rivers Ganges, Indus, and Brahmapootra rise. Pilgrimages are performed to this lake.

At Delhi I took my lodging at Lord Lytton's not very inviting hotel. I was obliged to use a clean shirt to cover the pillow of my bed. There I had the pleasure of meeting a Baltimorean gentleman with his wife, traveling through India. I had also the happiness of making the acquaintance of a highly-educated Mussulman, Judge Hassan-El-Medini, who was stopping at the same hotel. He belonged to Kurachee, but had been sent for to come to Delhi, in order to be one of the superindendents of the Mussulmans at the coronation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India. In company with a Scotch gentleman and a German lady, I and Judge Hassan-El-Medini, formed a party. We engaged a double team carriage, and arranged to start next morning at six o'clock, but it rained so heavily that we could not venture out of the hotel for the whole morning.

At noon the weather cleared up, and we all went to see the city. The first object to which we directed ourselves was the *Jumna Musjid*, the most famous mosque in the East. It stands about half-way between the Cashmere and Delhi Gates of the city, and close to the celebrated street called the *Chandnee-Chowk*. It is built on a rocky eminence (called *Jujala Pahar*) or court, 450 feet square. It has three entrances by handsome gate-

DELHI.

ways of red sandstone, accessible by magnificent flights of steps of the same material. The mosque is of white marble and red granite, 201 feet in length (others say 261) and 120 feet broad, and surmounted by three superb cupolas of white marble, crowned with spires of copper richly gilt. The mosque is flanked by two minarets 130 feet high, accessible by narrow steps. Three

sides of the terrace, on which this magnificent edifice stands, are inclosed by a colonnade of sandstone. In the quadrangle at the north-east and south-east, are low pillars, on the top of which are fixed marble slabs; on one is engraved the Eastern hemisphere, on the other certain hour lines; each has an upright iron spike or gnomon, and the shadows shown by the sun indicate to the Mussulmans the time of prayer. This grand edifice was commenced and finished in Shah Jehan's reign, A.D. 1629–58, and it is said to have cost over £100,000, and to have employed a daily average of 5,000 workmen for six years. There is a large well or tank, into which the natives, for a trifle, will dive, legs first, from a gallery forty feet above the water.

We rode to the Fort, or the old Royal Palace. It is furnished with two fine entrances, named respectively the Delhi and Lahore gateways, and it is inclosed by a lofty, embattled, red granite wall, a little over a mile round. New works for strengthening the fort are in progress. It contains the *Dewan A'am* (or Hall of Public Audience), now a museum (or canteen). It is a beautiful structure, open at three sides, and supported by rows of red sandstone pillars. In the wall at the back is a staircase that leads up to the throne, which is raised about ten feet from the ground, and is covered by a canopy supported on four pillars of white marble, the whole curiously inlaid with mosaic work; behind the throne is a door-way by which the Emperor entered from his private apartments. The whole of the wall behind the throne is covered with mosaic paintings in precious stones of some of the most beautiful flowers, fruits, birds, and beasts of Hindostan. They were executed by Austin de Bordeaux, who, after defrauding several of the princes of Europe by means of false gems, which he fabricated with great skill, sought

refuge at the court of Shah Jehan, where he made his fortune, and was in high favor with the Emperor. I saw several workmen repairing these mosaic paintings, and they handed to me some flowers and birds, and some morsels of them, to examine the precious stones, of which they were made. It was here that the famous *Peacock Throne* stood,* so called from its having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails being expanded, and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colors. The throne itself was six feet long by four feet broad; it stood on six massive feet, which with the body were of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold supported by twelve pillars, all richly emblazoned with costly gems, and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy. Between the two peacocks stood the figure of a parrot of the ordinary size, said to have been carved out of a single emerald. On either side of the throne stood a *chatta* or umbrella (one of the Oriental emblems of royalty), formed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with pearls; the handles were eight feet high, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds. The cost was £6,000,000.

There is now nothing left of it. It was taken away by Nadir Shah, the Persian conqueror, who, having defeated Emperor Mohammed Shah, at Kurnaul, A.D. 1739, plundered Delhi too, and nearly the entire treasury.

The Dewan Khass, or Private Council Chamber, was set apart for the reception of the nobility. It is a beau-

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* Some say that the Peacock Throne stood in the Hall of *Private Audience* (just close to the Hall of Public Audience), or Dewhan Kass.

tiful pavilion of moderate size, covered with white marble richly ornamented with flowers of inlaid mosaic work of different colored stones and gilding, supported on massive marble pillars. The ceiling of the pavilion was originally completely encrusted with silver filagree work; but in 1759 the Mahrattas, under Sedasheo Bhao, after the capture of the city, took this down and melted it, the value of the same being estimated at £170,000. In the cornice, at each end of the interior hall, is sculptured, in letters of gold and in the Persian language—

"If there is paradise upon earth,
It is this, it is this."*

The *Moti Musjid* (or the Pearl Mosque) is a small, but beautifully finished edifice of white marble used by the royal family, and it is the Emperor's private mosque, with the queen's and ladies' bath-rooms, pavilions, gardens, and fountains. Much of the gold and inlaid work was picked out in the mutiny; but the Government is fast restoring it.

Our carriage gave way; it had been tied with a string, and we were obliged to continue our researches on foot. In a tomb of a Mussulman, some were praying by reading the Koran. In another tomb, we were not allowed to step in until we removed our shoes; in another we found a Mussulman teaching five or six boys to learn the Koran by heart, and we were not permitted to touch it.

The excursion for the next day was to visit the Kootub Minar and other antiquities out of the city, hence we arranged to start at 6 A.M. But, alas! it was near 6 A.M., and in the hotel there was a stillness and silence of death! No breakfast! no carriages! no

* Others translate, "And, oh, if there be an elysium," etc.

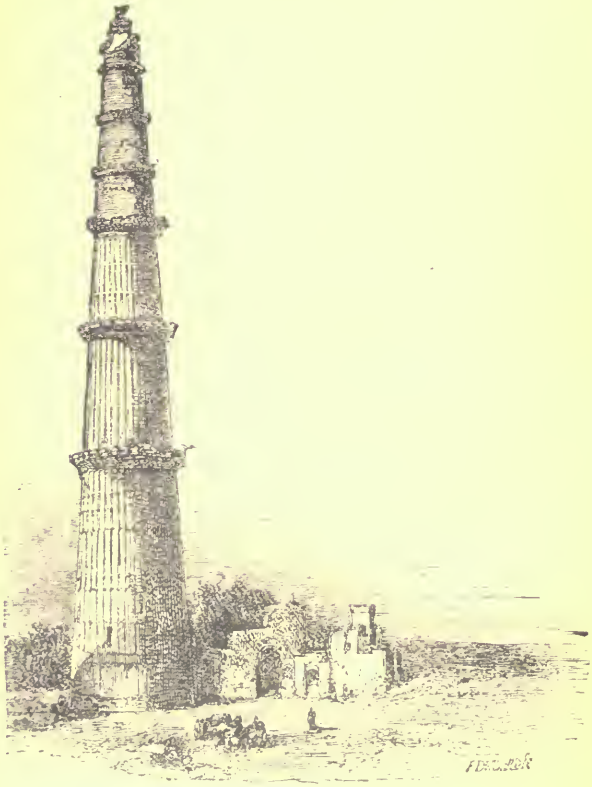
servants! no landlady! and her two daughters were yet in the arms of Morpheus! The German lady and Scotch gentleman were seated at the breakfast-table, but having nothing to eat or drink, while I, and Judge Hassan-El-Medini, tried to rouse the household. He went in the back-yard to awake the landlady and her daughters, and I into the front yard to awake the servants, to achieve which we made all possible noise; hallooing, stamping with the feet, etc., till we succeeded in forcing them out of bed and out of their rooms, to prepare breakfast, which was not ready till 6.30 A.M., and the carriages that were to be on hand at 6, came only at 7 A.M.

First of all we stopped to see the *Asoka* Pillar (granite), 44 feet high, near the Delhi gate, erected 270 B.C., and having a *Pali* inscription on it; the Shahlinar Palace, near the English quarter; Ferozeshah's citadel on the Jumna, a *Patan* fortress, having some old inscriptions; the Emperor *Humajoon's tomb*, of square red stone, and Hall of sixty-four pillars, with a marble dome; the Rajah of Jeypore's old observatory, or *Juntcr Muntcr*, consisting of two stone ovals and a great dial-like flight of steps; the Nizam-ood-deen's mausoleum, and a large and fine one dedicated to Safdar, or Sufder Jung, ancestor of the kings of Oude. One tomb marks the grave of the author of *Bagh-o-Bahar*.

We passed among the remains of old streets, palaces, serais, tombs, and ruins, which are seen for miles and miles, till we reached the famous *Kootub Minar*, the highest pillar in the world. It is situated about eleven miles from Delhi, on the road from Delhi to Goorgaon. It has suffered much from earthquakes, which have caused it to lean over a little, and lightning has done its share; but in 1826 the British Government had it

HUMAYOON'S TOMB, DELHI.

put into thorough repair, and set on it a lightning-rod. It was built by Sultan Shams-ood-deen; it is a slender pile of carved red stone, with five galleries, 150 feet round at the base, 249 feet high to the marble cupola



KOOTUB MINAR, DELHI, INDIA.

at the top. The Kootub Minar is charmingly situated among ruins and grass-lands; 379 steps, in excellent repair, built of Kharra stone. This cupola, an octagonal stone pavilion, was put up over the Minar by Major

Smith, of the Engineers, who had the superintendence of the repairs of the Kootub, but it was taken down by the order of the Government. It is now placed on a raised plot of ground in front of the long colonnade which runs from the pillar to the east. It was built in 1826. The top can be reached by spiral stairs. The view from the galleries is grand, and that from the top is most magnificent. I did not attempt to look from the top down to the base for fear of giddiness, but I enjoyed the view of all the country round as far as the eye could reach; tombs, mausoleums, half-destroyed cities, old and fallen forts, and ruined ancient Imperial palaces. Near it is an unfinished pillar (minar), 40 feet high. This unfinished minar is 425 feet from the Kootub Minar, and in round terms may be said to be of twice the dimensions of the latter. It was commenced A.D. 1311. Shah Alum's tomb, who died in 1806; and the tomb of Shams-ood-deen, close to Rajah Pithora's *Iron Pillar*. This *Iron Pillar* is one of the most curious monuments in India. It is a solid shaft of mixed metal, upwards of 16 inches in diameter. The total height of the pillar from the ground is 26 feet (some say 22 feet). It was probably erected by Rajah Dhava in 319; this sovereign's name is imprinted on it. From excavations made in 1871, the bottom of this pillar was found to be shaped like a flat turnip, and to terminate about three feet below the present ground level. This turnip root of the pillar rests on eight pieces of iron, which are fixed with lead into blocks of stone, at equal intervals apart. A bamboo stick was passed completely underneath the pillar. The native legend is this: Rajah Pithora, dreading the fall of his dynasty, consulted the Brahmins as to what steps should be taken to insure its continuance. He was informed that if he sunk an iron shaft into the

ground, and managed to pierce the head of the snake-god, Lishay, who supported the world, his kingdom would endure forever. The pillar was accordingly constructed, and the directions of the Brahmins implicitly obeyed. How long the shaft remained undisturbed, is not said; but the Rajah, either distrusting the Brahmins, or desirous of seeing for himself whether the snake had been touched, contrary to the entreaties of the priests, had the pillar taken up. To the surprise of the spectators and the consternation of the sovereign, the end of it was found covered with blood, and the Rajah was informed that his dynasty would shortly cease. He ordered the pillar to be again inserted in the ground, but the serpent below appears to have had enough of cold iron, and the Brahmins declared that the sceptre would soon pass away from the hands of the Hindoo sovereign. The charm was at all events broken, for Shahab-ood-een shortly after wrested from Pithora his life and his kingdom, and from that day to this no Hindoo king has ever ruled in Delhi.

This pillar, surrounded by cloisters formed of several rows of Hindoo columns of infinite variety and design, and of most delicate execution, is in the midst of a cloistered court 145 feet in length, and 96 feet in breadth. This court forms the entrance to the Great Mosque (Jumna Musjid). The walls of this Great Mosque, or combination of mosques, are of Cyclopean masonry; the fronts are pierced by five arches each, the middle arch being 24 feet span. At the north-east corner of the Kootub grounds, and about the road, lies the tomb of Shumsh-oodeen Altomsh.

We had ordered dinner at the dak bungalow, and we found it very good, especially after so much going up and down. Judge Hassan-El-Medini was charged to settle the bills for all of us. The man who had the

care of the bungalow, charged for the time that we had occupied the bungalow, stating that such was the regulation. Judge Hassan-El-Medini called for the rules, and having found that the rules spoke of those who had occupied the bungalow for a certain number of hours, spat at the book containing the rules, threw it away in a rage, reproached the man for trying to impose on him, and we went to continue our visits to other antiquities not far from this spot.

We passed again by the Kootub Minar. We looked at the inscriptions in the basement story, and observed six bands or belts of inscriptions encircling the tower. The uppermost band contains some verses from the Koran; the next below gives the well-known ninety names (Arabic) of God; the third contains the names and praises of Mauz-oodeen Abul Muzafur Mohammed Bin Sam. The fourth has only one verse from the Koran; the fifth belt repeats the name and praises of the Sultan Mohammed Bin Sam. The lowermost is much injured, both by time and by ignorant restorations, and can not be read; yet Synd Ahmud has traced the words Amir-ool-Amra, or Chief of the Nobles. The inscription over the entrance door-way records that the Minar of Sultan Shumsh-oodeen Altomsh having been injured, was repaired during the reign of Sekunder Shah, son of Behlol, by Futeh Khan, the son of Khawas Khan, in A.D. 1503. In the second story, the inscription over the door-way records that the Emperor Altomsh ordered the completion of the Minar. The lowermost belt contains the verses of the Koran respecting the summons to prayer on Friday, and the upper line contains the praises of the Emperor Altomsh, which are repeated over the door of the third story, and again in the belt of inscriptions round the column. The door inscription in the fourth story,

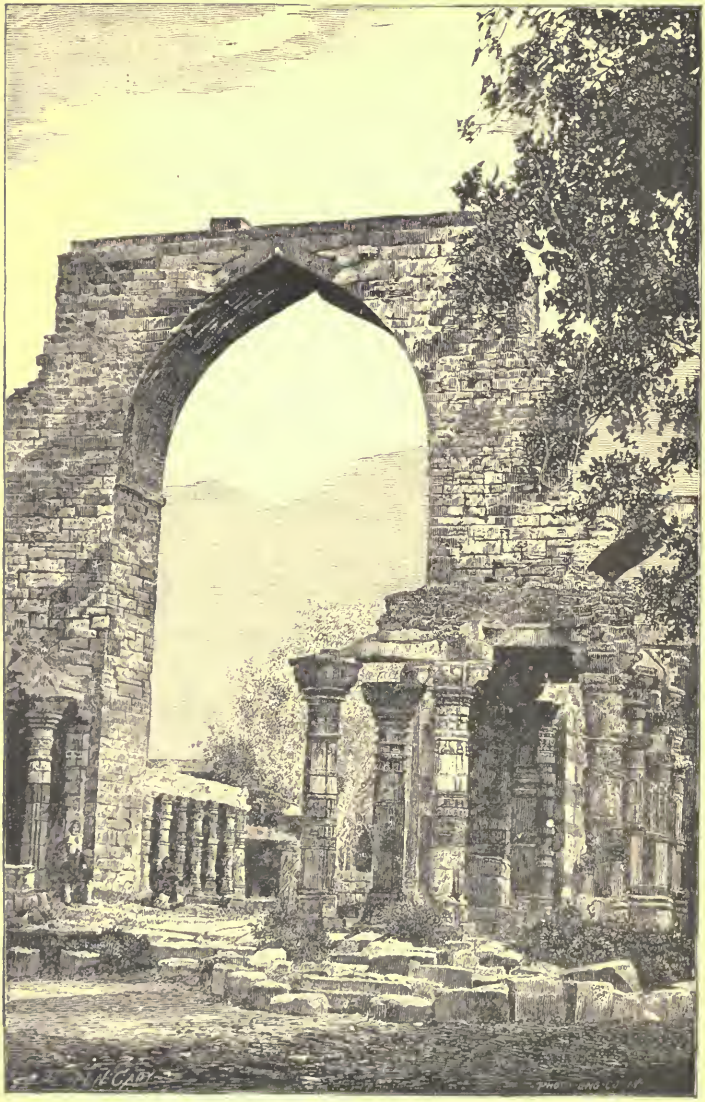
records that the Minar was ordered to be erected during the reign of Altomsh. In the fifth story the inscription over the door states that the Minar, having been injured by lightning, was repaired by the Emperor Feroz Shah, A.D. 1368. The pillar appears to have been completed about A.D. 1235.

The entire range of buildings at the Kootub were laid out as a mosque, or adjuncts to the mosque, which is easily traced to where it stood. It was constructed from the spoils of twenty-seven idol temples that were pulled down after the capture of Pithora's Fort in A.D. 1193. We passed to see a ruined colonnade composed of Hindoo pillars, taken away by the Mohammedans from an idol temple built to Vishnoo. The inclosing walls were erected by the Moslems; all the spring courses are covered with ornaments in their style, and possessing pointed arches, which the Hindoos never used. The figures that were on the shafts of the pillars, in many instances have been in a vandalic manner cut off as offensive to Mohammedan scrupulosity with regard to idolatrous images; thus the iconoclastic Moslems destroyed these beautiful masterpieces of sculpture, which they had not the soul to appreciate.

The Emperor Ala-oodeen's palace lies at the southwest of the arches in the Kootub grounds, and although it is termed a palace, it may have been anything. The walls are of enormous thickness, but much injured, and there is not a roof left to any of the many adjacent rooms. Ala-oodeen gateway is a square of 34½ feet inside, and 56½ outside, the wall being 11 feet thick, and built A.D. 1310. On each side there is a lofty doorway, with a pointed horse-shoe arch, the outer edge of the arch being fretted, and the under-side paneled. This gateway is considered to be the most beautiful specimen of *Pathan* architecture. In returning to

Delhi we visited a number of tombs, ruined cities, forts, etc., which it would take pages to describe. Judge Hassan-El-Medini arranged another excursion for next day, but as I intended to visit the city, bazars, etc., and the Scotch gentleman and German lady desired to return soon to Bombay by taking the train for Allahabad next morning, we were obliged to decline; and when we asked what was our share for the expenses in carriages, meals, guides, and keepers of the monuments, he answered, "Nothing!" We thanked him very much for his kindness and liberality, especially as we hardly could find an opportunity for returning our gratitude to him. We exchanged cards and separated.

Next morning, after breakfast, I took a guide to see what I had not yet visited in this city. Delhi of to-day, the seat of the Padshah's, or Mogul (namely, Mogol), Emperors, lies on a dusty granite plain, 800 feet above the level of the sea; it was built in 1631 by Shah Jehan, within red granite walls, on the west bank of the Jumna, seven miles in circuit, and 40 feet high, having 11 gates, the principal being the Delhi, the Calcutta, the Lahore, the Cashmere, the Moon, the Ajmere, and the Cabul gates. It is 1,019 miles north-west of Calcutta, 390 miles from Allahabad, 315 miles from Lahore, 870 miles from Bombay. Delhi has occupied various sites before the present one was selected. The former city, of which the ruins are seen outside the present city, was twenty miles round, with a population of 2,000,000; for twenty miles and over around the city the remains of what were probably magnificent buildings, are scattered in every direction. It took in the site of the Hindoo *Indraprestha*, founded, they say, B.C. 3000; with the sites of other ruined cities. The ancient Hindoo name was also *Indraput*, *Inderput*, or *Inderprest;* the Mohammedan name is *Shahjehanabad*. The visitor to



KOWNTISLOM, DELHI.

Delhi can not possibly form the slightest conception of the grandeur of the city before the mutiny, as since that period magnificent buildings have been pulled down within the palace inclosure to make room for barracks, etc., for the accommodation of the troops. The population at present is only 155,000, half Hindoos, half Mohammedans.

Delhi, for a long time the boast of India, was taken, pillaged, and reduced to a heap of ruins by Tamerlane in 1398. It afterward partially recovered, till toward the end of the sixteenth century, when Akbar transferred the seat of royalty to Agra. In 1631 the Emperor Shah Jehan founded the new city of Delhi, near the ruins of the old, and gave it the name of Shahjehanabad. It continued to increase in splendor and importance to such a degree that its revenue amounted to £3,813,594. Here a line of Mogul Emperors, after Tamerlane, reigned 1526–1707, viz: Baber, Humayoon, Shahjehan, and Aurungzebo. In 1739 Nadir Shah invaded and plundered it, and 100,000 inhabitants were massacred. It was again pillaged and depopulated in 1756, 1759, and 1760 by Ahmed Abdallah. Since 1803 it has been in reality subject to the British Government, though still the residence of the Emperor or Great Mogul, who has a nominal authority, but is virtually dependent on the British. On the first of September, 1856, a forced farce proclaimed Queen Victoria of England to be Empress of India, and again in 1877 this forced farce was reproduced in this city in a magnificent style. But you ask, "Do the Hindoos like Queen Victoria, now Empress of India? Are they attached to her?" Not a bit of it. The natives of India may be divided into three classes. First, the Rajahs; second, the merchants; third, the common people. The Rajahs submit because they have not the power to expel

the English; but at any time they feel able to regain their independence they will do so. The merchants feel a necessity for peace on account of commerce, but they hate England, and they are ready to assist the Rajahs any time they perceive a probability of a successful issue to a revolt. The common class are indifferent; they know that their condition is to serve; if not England, they must submit to the Rajahs; but they would prefer to be under their native kings, rather than to be under England. What have the Hindoos gained from England? What improvement, civilization, and religion has England introduced into India after over a century of occupation? I would answer in the words of De Quincey, "The only memorial of our rule, supposing us suddenly ejected from India, would be vast heaps of champagne bottles."

Modern Delhi contains two spacious streets; one called the *Chandnee Chowk* (or street of light), broad, clean, macadamized, and planted with trees, intersects the city and contains the best shops. Most of the streets are narrow and irregular, and the houses, built without order, of brick, mud, bamboo, and mats, are generally covered with thatch, resembling a motley group of villages, rather than an extensive town. The bazars are but indifferently furnished. Cotton cloths and indigo are manufactured in the town and neighborhood. The principal productions of the land are rice, corn, millet, and indigo. Delhi is still noted for its Cashmere shawls and scarfs of gold and silver tissue, jewelry, toys, ivory paintings, filagree ornaments, bangles, marriage boxes, and wood-work. Salt is made, and great fairs are held here. Communication is open here by canals to the east and west as far as Rajpore.

By the evening train I left for Umballa. At Gazeeabad Junction some English soldiers of the 59th Regiment

came into the car occupied by me and a lady; two of them had imbibed too much of bad rum, and were accompanied by two other soldiers, likewise drunk, who helped them in carrying their beds and other luggage belonging to them, which filled the entire car. They were returning from Calcutta, and at this station had stopped with other soldiers stationed here; of course they must have had a good spree. They had muskets, bayonets, and sabres. They commenced to quarrel, and said to me that they wanted to fill the whole car. I remonstrated; they commenced to swear; they cursed me and called me any amount of bad names. There was a corporal who felt very much mortified at their conduct, but he could do nothing with them; there was also a native soldier, who likewise was ashamed of their behavior.

I went out of the car and applied to the station-master, who came to the car, and these soldiers cursed him, calling him every bad name. The station-master raised his voice and declared that if they did not behave themselves, he would soon put them out; but as the cars were about to move, I retook my place, and the soldiers, having taken a flask of bad rum from their valise, emptied it in no time and of course became worse. I told the lady to remove herself as far from them as possible, while I would face all the trouble. The corporal tried to coax them to behave, but in vain; they even threatened to shoot me. Finally, overpowered by the fumes of liquor, they fell asleep. I say nothing as to whether I could close my eyes even for a few minutes or not, and I leave the reader to imagine how many kicks I got while these besotted creatures stretched their legs and turned from side to side. The corporal, who was a good man, did not sleep the entire night, but was apologizing for them, promising to have them punished when they would arrive at their quarters.

One of them, who had a nightmare, awoke crying against the corporal, calling him every name, threatened him, charging him to be against them, and such like; the corporal put his head out of the window and took no notice. About the break of day we were obliged to change cars, and I was very glad to be out of their company; but lo! we met together again in a car on the other train, but they had digested the bad rum, and feeling ashamed of themselves, came to me to beg pardon and to apologize. They confessed that they did not know what they had said or done, but they knew they had acted badly. "I know," I said, "that it was rum, and not you that caused the misbehavior of last night." I gave them some good advice to abstain from liquor, not only for their sakes, but for the sake of their country and of the regiment to which they belonged. I made the corporal promise that he would not have them punished when they would arrive at the quarters where they were stationed.

At Umballa we parted great friends, and shook hands cordially. This town, called also Amballa, in Sirhind, in the Punjab, lies 1,040 feet above the sea, and in full sight of the Himalayas; it is 166 miles from Delhi by rail, and has a population of 24,000 natives. The railway to Simla is not yet finished, but there is a good carriage road from Umballa. The distance from the latter to Simla is only 80 miles north-east of Umballa. It is 7,870 feet above the sea, facing the Siwalik Hills, and in sight of the Himalayas. The population generally is about 7,000. The snowy line of the Himalayas, 23,000 feet above the sea, 70 miles distant, seems within a few miles. Peterhoff, the Viceroy's residence, is a picturesque spot, from which Lord Auckland issued his proclamation against Cabul, 1838. At the end of the ridge, near the Jackoo Peak, is the residence of the

Commander-in-Chief. To the south are Soobathoo Hills, with the great plain of Hindostan before it, spread out like a map. In the summer season the population increases to 20,000, but it dwindles to 2,000 in the winter, when the snow lies sometimes till May. Here there is an observatory. From Simla to Leh, the capital of Little Thibet, over the Parung Pass, is 43 marches,* and to *Strinuggur*, in Kashmir, 40 marches from Simla.

The Himalaya Mountains are the natural boundary of India on the north, dividing it from Thibet and China; they are 1,500 miles long, from the Hindoo Koosh, near Cabul and Assam, and 20,000 feet high, on the average. Westward, toward Simla, etc., are the lofty peaks of Nanda Devi, 25,749 feet; Kamet, 25,550 feet; and Gyu, 24,764 feet. East of it are Tingrimadan, 26,000 feet; Kinchinjunga, 28,176 feet; *Mount Everest*, 29,002 feet, the highest of all, and the highest in the world (half a mile higher than Sorata in the Andes); and Dhwalagiri, 28,000 feet. Sometimes they are visible at Patna. There are several passes over the range, used by the Thibet traders, 18,000 feet high, 5,000 feet above the snow line. At the Cashmere end, 15 miles from the Indus, is Dayarmur Peak, 25,629 feet high.

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* A march is twelve to fifteen miles.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAHORE—MOOLTAN—NAVIGATION OF THE INDUS—KURRACHEE—PERSIAN GULF—GARDEN OF EDEN OR TERRESTRIAL PARADISE—EUPHRATES AND TIGRIS—BAGDAD.

FROM Umballa up to Lahore, and in every direction, all stations were provided with arms, and a number of soldiers at the stations were ready for action. The hostile and savage tribes, amongst whom the railway and other roads pass, render this precaution a necessity. Several stations on this line had been taken and plundered by hostile tribes, and the railroad station officers and station-masters had applied to the Government for a sufficient military force to protect them.

At Lahore I took my lodging in a hotel kept by a native. There are only a few hotels; all kept by natives. The accommodation was but middling, but a person that wants to travel has to submit to many inconveniences, and if he wants all the comforts of life, I would advise him to stay at home.

Lahore, two miles from the Ravee (the Greek *Hydraotes*), was an old seat of the Mogul Emperors, and was latterly the *Sikh* capital of Runjeet Singh, 1779–1839, the Mahrajah of Cashmere, who fortified it. Lahore is the chief city of the Punjab, and has a brick wall seven miles around, and the fort contains ruins of an old palace, serais, Hindoo temples, the palace of Runjeet Singh, some parts of the ruins of which bear evidence of the great beauty that must have characterized the whole. There is also the great Padshah mosque, believed to have been built by Aurungzebe;

Wuzeer Khan's mosque; and the Sonara mosque. Across the Ravee (by bridge of boats) is the Shah Dura, or Mausoleum of the Emperor Jehangeer, still a monument of grandeur, notwithstanding the pains that appear to have been taken to destroy this truly magnificent work of art. The mausoleum is situated in the center of a garden of noble dimensions, which is laid out in beautiful walks, and planted with orange groves. There are a number of inscriptions on the building in mosaics of most elaborate workmanship, the words "Jehangeer (Jehanghir), Conqueror of the World," being added in white marble. The *Jawab* (or answer to this tomb), which is situated but a short distance from it, is now being used by the Government as a residence for the officers of the Peshawur State Railway, and the courtyard for blacksmiths' forges, saw-mills, etc. The bridging of the Ravee is, however, nearly finished, and when entirely completed, perhaps this vandalism will be discontinued. Returning to Lahore, there are Shah Jehan's gardens, called *Shalimar*—house of Joy of Shah Jehan—distant about three miles north-east, one and a quarter miles long, though they are fast falling into decay. There are three terraces rising one above the other, and 450 fountains. The weather is very pleasant from October to May, and a good fire is quite enjoyable in the cold season; but from May to September it is like a furnace.

The Sikhs are a robust, fanatical sect of Hindoo dissenters, "*disciples*" (as the name signifies) of one Nanac, or Nanuk, born at Raypur (60 miles distant) in the fifteenth century, and of Govind, an earnest, fighting leader, who died 1708. They all take the surname of "*Singh*," or "*Sing*" (lion), and never shave or smoke, but indulge in opium or cherry-brandy. Runjeet Singh was fond of horses, and at his death left 1,300 rich

bridles, besides £8,000,000, and the famous *Koh-i-Noor* diamond (or Mountain of Light), which he had wrenched from Shah Soojah, and which now is in the possession of Queen Victoria. There is an excellent Dak (traveler's) bungalow, which is much needed, as Lahore is the station from which travelers set out for Peshawur, Cabul, Ferozepore, etc. A railway (Punjab Northern) is in progress to Peshawur, 270 miles via. Jhelum. Lahore has a population of 150,000, mostly natives. It was the ancient residence of Poro, and an immense city, over which the Great Moguls had lavished fabulous sums in the construction of grand palaces and other edifices, renowned all over the world, the remains of which vouch for their by-gone grandeur.

Mooltan (or Multan, or Mallithan), in the Punjab, 208 miles from Lahore, is a large old town, with 57,000 inhabitants, nearly all natives, and belonging to the Katry tribe—brave and war-like people, believed to be the *Catheri*, or *Cathei* of the time of Alexander the Great, on a raised mound three miles from the Chenab River—among ruins of mosques, tombs, and shrines belonging to an earlier city, supposed to be the site of *Malli*, taken by Alexander the Great. It has a hexagon brick wall, with thirty towers in it; the Khan's old palace, and a tall mosque, with a beautiful mausoleum to Sham Tabreezi, outside the walls. It was taken by Runjeet Singh, 1818; by General Wish, 1849; retaken by the Moolraj; and afterward by Lieutenant Edwardes. The climate, although very hot, is healthy, and there is an abundance of vegetables and fruits. There is a Catholic church here as well as in other commissionerships, where there is a sufficient number of British Catholic officers and soldiers. Perhaps there may be a few native Catholics. There are many extensive works in cotton and silk.

Till the railroad from Multan to Kurachee, 570 miles, be finished, communication is held by steamer twice a month to Hyderabad and Kurachee. As a rule, steamers leave Kotree for Multan once a week, but the navigation of the Indus is dangerous, and uncertain with regard to the time of arrival at Multan, on account of the currents and banks formed suddenly by quicksand. The departures of the steamers can not be precisely fixed; the state of the river and other difficulties may cause detention for days and even weeks. The fare from Multan to Kurachee for first-class passengers is 133 rupees and 6 pice; second-class, 34 rupees, 8 annas, 3 pice; third-class, 9 rupees, 10 annas, 3 pice. The fare from Kurachee to Multan is higher, because it takes a longer time to ascend the Indus, which is very rapid. The fare to ascend the river for first-class passengers is 195 rupees, 6 pice; second-class, 54 rupees, 8 annas, 3 pice; third-class, 13 rupees, 10 annas, 3 pice. First-class passengers are messed on board the steamer, with the exception of liquors, which can be had at fixed prices. They are also found with the usual bed and cabin furniture. Second-class passengers are not found in provisions, but they are supplied with berths in the fore saloon.

The name of this famous and historical river is very ancient. *Indus* or *Sindh* is from the Greek, which borrowed it from the Persian. The Persians seem to have derived it from the Indian *Sindhu* (ocean). As I have observed, it rises on the north of the Himalaya Mountains, and properly in the mountains of Kachegar in Tartary; it flows first north-west through Cashmere, penetrates the chain of mountains in the thirty-sixth parallel, then takes a winding course to the south, through the mountains of Cabulstan and Afghanistan, crosses the Punjab, and after a course of 1,700 miles

empties by several mouths, into the sea of Oman, or in the Indian Ocean, in the gulf of Cutch. The water of the Indus is wholesome, and resembles that of the Ganges. *Punj-ab* means *Five-waters* (corresponding to the Greek *Pentapotamia*), namely, the Sutlej (ancient *Hesudrus*), the Beas (*Hyphasis*), the Ravee (*Hydraotes*), the Chenab (*Accsines*), and Jhelum (*Hydaspes*). These five all rise in the Himalayas, 12,000 feet toward Cashmere, join their streams, and at Mithunkote, finally run into a sixth river, the *Indus*, which flows through Sinde down to Kurachee. The delta of the Indus is about 150 miles in length along the coast, and 115 in breadth. The river is navigable, for vessels of 200 tons, to the province of Lahore, a distance of 760 geographical miles. From Attock to the delta, a distance of about 800 miles, its breadth is generally about a mile, and its depth from two to five fathoms. The tide sets in with great violence. The bed of the Indus is sand, with a small quantity of mud.

The navigation of the Indus is very uninteresting, and vessels are continually in danger of going aground. Owing to the barbarous habits of the tribes who inhabit its banks, but little commerce takes place on this river. At Kotree, in Sinde, is the depot for the Indus flotilla, with building-slips and work-shops, and a floating dock brought from England. You travel from here by railroad to Kurachee.

In traveling I had made the acquaintance of several Kurachee persons, and one of them kept a hotel, where I had promised to stop.

Kurrachee, or Crotchee, is located three miles from the port, and has a population of 57,000 people, including Cantonment, and is a new place. It is about fifteen miles west of the most westerly branch of the Indus; and being the only seaport for Sinde and the Punjab,

is very valuable, especially as it is out of the track of cyclones, and is almost clear of monsoons; and there being no good harbor within 500 miles of it. However, the harbor of Kurrachee is not one of the best; there is no very good harbor in India, with the exception of Trincomalee in the island of Ceylon. The entrance to Kurrachee harbor is between bold, detached rocks, rising from the sea on the right, and the light-house of Manora Point on our left. But since the railways and Suez Canal were opened, much of the trade has been diverted to Bombay. The anchorage is exposed, but harbor work, docks, etc., are in progress. Piles of oyster shells line the beach, the remains of extinct fisheries. The native town, consisting of mud houses and cottages, stands on a plain of hot yellow sand, and is visited by a dust-storm every day; but though hot, it is healthy. The English town has stone houses and macadamized roads. There are several nice buildings, a Catholic church, and gardens. The Alligator Tank, eight miles distant, is worth visiting. There is an Hindoo place of pilgrimage, but it is 100 miles distant.

The sea route from India to Bagdad is by the British India steamers to Bussora in the Persian Gulf, every two weeks, and oftener. They touch at Gwadur, a small town and telegraph station in Beluchistan, Persia; then at Muscat, on the Arabian coast, which the late Sultan of Zanzibar claimed for his own. The population, including Mutrah, is 20,000. It is the capital of a strip of territory belonging to the Imam, backed by dark, volcanic hills. The port is like a horse-shoe. Here the Imam has a palace. There are some old forts built by the Portuguese and a custom-house. The exportation consists in dates, ivory, gum, cotton, fruits, and hides. Near to it into the gulf is Cape Mussendom, a telegraph station at the mouth of the

gulf, among bold, lofty mountain peaks. The boat then goes to Gombroon, or Bunder Abbas, once a famous port and city, on the Persian side, where the commerce of Shiraz and of all Southern Persia was carried on most extensively, before Bushire, or Busheer, became the chief port of Persia in the province of Fars; now it is nothing but an anchorage in the Persian Gulf, a small place, with only 2,000 inhabitants—Hindoos, Arabians, Hebrews, and Persians—with some mountains behind it, from 7,000 to 10,000 feet high. This and the site of Ormuz, in old times, were trading places belonging to the Portuguese, and were taken by the English in 1622. In the island of Ormuz there was once a city, the most splendid and famous in all Asia, of which there is nothing left but a fort and a miserable town of 500 inhabitants, with an immensity of ruins, with the exception of the aqueducts, which are in a perfect state of preservation. Tall, conical, uncouth rocks surround the island of Kishm. The steamer now steers for Bushire, a city of about 16,000 inhabitants, and the principal port of Persia in the province of Fars, on the Persian Gulf. It occupies the northern extremity of a peninsula, being nearly surrounded by the sea, walled and fortified by the sea-side with towers or forts, and is situated immediately behind a chain of mountains; the bay on the shore is called *Hallilah*, after the tallest mountain of this chain. Vessels drawing above eighteen feet of water can not approach the town, but must anchor in the roadstead. The dark blue sea stretching out in the background, contrasting with the tall palm-trees around the wall, gives to this city an imposing appearance, especially to the approaching mariner; but the interior is only a collection of low-built houses and huts of shelly limestone. The people are a mixture of Arabs and Per-

sians, but the merchants residing in the town are Armenians and Persians. A healthy north-west wind, called the *Shamal*, blows for forty days in May and June. The export consists in cotton, wool, horses, carpets, shawls, tobacco, and ottar of roses, and they are exchanged for sugar, spices, cotton, linen goods, cutlery, etc.

The steamers of the British India line at Bussora (or Busreh, Basora, Basra) connect with the Euphrates and Tigris Company's steamers; the latter leave for Bagdad twice or thrice a month. The passage-boats alike on the Tigris or Euphrates are, in length, 42 feet; beam 7 to 8 feet; sides, bottom, and inside covered with bitumen, half an inch thick; they are sharp at both ends, have no rudder, but are guided by sweeps of rude construction; they usually take three days between Hillah and Bussora; seven to eight days are occupied between Bagdad and Bussora by the Tigris, which is more rapid than the Euphrates. Five and a half to six miles an hour are attained against the current. The fare from Bussora to Bagdad is nearly double that from Bagdad down to Bussora, on account of the current. Fare from Bagdad to Bussora, first-class, 40 *Kerans* (2½ Kerans = 1 Rupee, half a dollar). This does not include living.

Bussora has a population of 25,000, and stands on a flat alluvial delta. The city wall extends four miles by three miles, and it is from twenty to twenty-five feet thick. The houses are generally mean, being constructed of clay, with a small proportion of brick; and the bazars, though containing the richest products of the East, are but miserable edifices. The principal bazar is about two miles long; drugs are in abundance and cheap. The mosques, minarets, etc., are covered with variegated colored tiles, like those used in Persia in public edifices. The houses are flat-roofed, on the

top of which people sleep during the summer season for coolness. Although the inhabitants are mostly Arabs, Turks, and Armenians, the Arabs have more power than the Turks, and the language of the former is chiefly spoken. The town is unhealthy; the environs are fertile. The trade with the interior is conducted by means of caravans to Aleppo and Bagdad. Besides the Mohammedan religion there are the Syrian, Jacobites, and Nestorians, and monks from Europe, in addition to the modern Sabeans, called *Disciples of John*. The distance from Bombay is 1,920 miles; to Bagdad 500 miles. There are many Catholics.

The most satisfactory route to Bagdad is to ascend by the Euphrates and return by the Tigris, which is by far more rapid than the former. I acknowledge that this is not an agreeable excursion. The heat is intolerable, the boats are small and not very convenient, and the company, for days and days, consists of a number of dirty Arabs; yet the idea of seeing the land of our first parents, the spot where the first man was created, and the site where the terrestrial Paradise stood, are sufficient motives for overcoming every difficulty. The name of the river from here to Kornah is *Shat-el-Arab;* it is 600 yards wide, and is under the influence of the tides, and forty miles from Bussora. Here the Euphrates and Tigris join together. Kornah is supposed to have been the situation of the *Garden of Eden*—the Terrestrial Paradise, the spot where our first parent was created. No matter what may be the idea of others, the most common opinion is that the Garden of Eden was in Mesopotamia, near Babylon.

Without expatiating in long and useless speculations, let us take the word of God, written in Genesis, chapter ii. verse 8: "And the Lord God had planted a paradise of pleasure .... and a river went out of the place of

EDEN or TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

pleasure to water paradise, which from thence is divided into four heads. And the name of the one is Phison, that is it which compasseth all the land of Hevilath, where gold groweth, and the gold of that land is very good; there is found bdellium, and the onyx stone; and the name of the second river is Gehon; the same is it that compasseth all the land of Ethiopia. And the name of the third river is Tigris: the same passeth along by the Assyrians. And the fourth river is Euphrates."

Now, we have in this passage of the Genesis, that a river divided into four heads came out of Paradise. Here we have a river coming out of Paradise, and it is divided into four heads. The river is Shat-el-Arab, and flows into the Persian Gulf 70 miles below Bassora. The first head is the river *Kuran;* the second is the river *Kerkhah;* the third, the river *Tigris,* and the fourth, the river *Euphrates;* all these four rivers come out of one river, according to the text. The genius of the Eastern languages in speaking of one or more rivers entering in one, is to say that a river divides in one, two, or more branches, always pointing upwards. The North American Indians use this style of speaking when they say that a river forks in two, three, or more branches always pointing upwards; meaning that one or more rivers enters into another.

About the Tigris and Euphrates there is no question; the disagreement amongst those who have treated of this matter is about the rivers Phison and Gehon, which are not found, at present, in Macedonia, nor near to it. The Holy Scripture says that Phison was the first river, and the Euphrates the last; hence we must commence from the river nearest to the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab, namely, from the *Kuran,* which may have been the Phison, now called Kuran, whose left branch springs in the province of Fars—the richest country in

Persia. Could not *Fars* come from *Pheson?* thus, this river to have left the name in the country in which one of its branches originated? Fars, or Farsistan, has many precious mines, and the quartz (onyx) is very precious; and could not the *bdellium* be the medicinal petroleum which there is found in abundance? That the gold of Persia is very fine, it is well known. The Holy Scripture adds that this river compasses the land of Hevilath (Havilah); Aval is a large island in the Persian Gulf, and the largest of the Bahhrein Islands opposite to Fars, Province of Persia; this may be the land of Havilah; the entire cluster of islands formerly may have been only one large island, or even attached to the Persian continent, and forming one same province with Fars, separated afterward by alluvial revolutions.

The second river is the Gehon, and it must be the Kerkhah, the second river entering the *Shat-el-Arab*, which enters Persia by crossing the Khuzistan, where, forty miles above its mouth, is the site of the ancient *Susa*, and not far from it is the tomb of Daniel, and branches in many directions, even through the sandy desert. Now, there is a river called *Gihon*, named also *Amu*, and anciently, *Oxus*. This descends from the boundaries of Little Thibet; runs east of Persia, but now takes a north-west direction and discharges its waters into the lake Aral, in Turkistan. It might have been in very remote times, that the Gihon, after crossing the mountains north of Persia, worked its way through the sandy desert of Persia, joined the Kerkhah, and entered the *Shat-el-Arab;* or perhaps it may have been one and the same river, but that it became separated in the sandy desert of Arabia, retaining the original name, Gihon, toward its beginning and changing the course northward to Lake Aral; the other part

taking the local name *Kerkhah*. There are many rivers in the desert of Persia that spring out of the sand, and disappear into the same. The Holy Scripture, in the same place, says that Gihon *compasseth all the land of Ethiopia; Ethiopian*, in ancient times, was an indefinite term used to signify all people of a dark or black skin, as well in Asia as Africa. Homer, who calls them the *blameless*, therefore places the Ethiopians both in the east and the west! Afterward, the inhabitants of Abyssinia were called by this name; Abyssinia being denominated Ethiopia. The Gihon surrounds the Tartars, the Afghans, and the Persians, who are of a dark-colored skin.

These few remarks on the Garden of Eden must be taken only for what they are worth. But let it be what it will: this is certain, this is the ancient Chaldæa, famous for having founded the Babylonian and Assyrian empires, and the Chaldæans were the first people who worked in metals. The land, at present, in this spot is barren, but formerly was a fertile country. The extensive region inclosed by the Tigris and Euphrates is the *Mesopotamia;* this Greek word signifies the land between the rivers. The Mesopotamians sprang from the Chaldæans, the primitive inhabitants from the Cushites, who, in the reign of Nimrod, built the cities of Edessa and Nisibis, and from the descendants of Sem. Several miles up river, they point out the *Tomb of Esdra*, to which the Jews come to pray; then further up we see the ruins of Alexander's Bridge; finally, the ruins of Babylon, near *Hillah*, a village of 7,000 inhabitants, on the western side of the Euphrates, are still called by the Arabs, *Babel;* which was the capital of the old Babylonia (now *Irak Arabi*). Twenty miles west and four and a half miles north of the Bridge of Hillah, is the Mugillibeh, near which are the remains

of Kasr, with the hanging gardens; and six miles from Hillah is *Birs Nimroud*, supposed to be the temple of Belus, both of which were among the greatest curiosities of this gigantic city, of which almost every trace is destroyed.

Oh, what a great subject for a profound meditation it is to contemplate on these vast mounds and ruins! A city whose extent approaches the miraculous; whose walls are said to have been 350 feet high and 87 feet thick; a city which had two hundred and fifty towers, and one hundred gates of brass; a city whose extent was sixty miles in circuit, now is represented by nothing but some mounds on the banks of the Euphrates!!!

It is said that in the time of Alexander antique monuments abounded in the *Lumlum* marshes, which are seventy-six miles south of Babylon. Arrian says that the monuments or tombs of the Assyrian kings were reported to be placed in the marshes—a report substantiated by the fact that glazed earthenware coffins were found in some mounds. From Birs, at Nimroud, to the *Tomb of Ezechiel*, to which the Jews come on pilgrimage, many ruins are found.

The Babylonian is one of the most ancient nations of the earth, of the Semitic race. They were a distinct people, with settled abode, and a certain degree of scientific cultivation, especially in astronomy and astrology, as early as 2000 B.C. The Mosaic account mentions Nimrod as the founder of the first empire in Babylonia. The later Greeks describe Belus, Ninus, and Semiramis as great conquerors. With the fall of Nineveh the empire of Assyria fell; henceforward it merged into Babylon, and the charm of power passed away, finally, from the Tigris to the Euphrates. Cyrus took Babylon 538 B.C.; from this date Babylon became subject to the Persian power. Subsequently it fell under the sway of

Alexander, who died of fever in that city. Babylon succumbed to the Romans, became a mere fragment of that empire, ultimately shared the fate of Nineveh, and sank beneath the very surface of the earth.

Bagdad, the capital of a Turkish pachalic of the same name, the old seat of the Caliphs, is a large city extending along the eastern bank of the Tigris for three miles; making, with the length of the walls from the river, about two miles of an oblong square. The old city, now in ruins, but once containing 2,000,000 inhabitants, was situated on the western bank of the river. The modern Bagdad is constructed with hewn stone and bricks, and has a handsome appearance. The streets are narrow and unpaved; the houses have only one story, but the dwellings of the wealthy are distinguished by a better architecture. The modern city is surrounded with a brick wall about six miles in circuit, and with a ditch from five to six fathoms deep, which may be filled with water from the Tigris. The castle commands the Tigris, and contains an arsenal, but it is untenable. The bazar is extensive, and the Armenians are the principal merchants. Bagdad is an important mart for Arabian, Indian, and Persian productions, as well as for European manufactures, and there is considerable trade between this place and Mosul and Bussora in timber, metals, and ores, while provisions, vegetables, and fruits are abundant and at a low price. Rafts of timber descend the Tigris also, and are certain of a market at Bagdad and Bussora. The population now is 100,000. The Catholic Armenian Patriarch resides here, and has jurisdiction over all the Armenians everywhere they exist. He has had some hard trials in the trouble of Malabar, but he endured all the troubles and abuses with truly Christian resignation. He was at the Council of the Vatican celebrated by Pius IX., where

he gave an example of sanctity and humility. To see that venerable patriarch in his very old age submitting to the hardships of a long and painful journey to obey the call of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, was truly edifying. He was observed by the bishops in recreation at the palace of Marquis ——, alone and roving through the rooms in silence, not being able to converse with any of them, on account of his language not being understood by them, nor could he understand them, having with him there no person for interpreter.

The heat of the summer obliges the inhabitants to shelter themselves in subterranean chambers, but the winter is cold enough to make a fire necessary, yet the city is healthy and agreeable, and free from pestilential diseases; but they frequently suffer from cutaneous disorders. The people are bold, enterprising, and turbulent. The Turks compose three-fourths of the whole population. The Jews are confined to a secluded district of the city, and are in a very oppressed condition. The Persians are under the particular protection of the Government, and are renowned for honesty, prudence, and integrity. The higher classes are more civil and attentive to strangers than is usually the case with Mohammedans. On the other hand, the lower classes are infected with the prevailing vices of the East. Without the gates of the city groups of camels belonging to caravans may be seen; they are wandering about by hundreds. These caravans with merchandise sometimes consist of about 2,000 camels, accompanied by people of almost every calling, all more or less armed, and numbering about 2,000 persons.

In 1831 Bagdad was visited by the plague, and lost more than two-thirds of its population. For four days consecutively the mortality amounted to 1,000 per day; when it was at its height as many as 4,000 fell in a sin-

gle day, such was the virulence of the disease with which this doomed city was visited. Before the plague was ended, the city was inundated by an overflow of the Tigris, which undermined a part of the walls, and in a single day as many as 7,000 houses were forced down with an awful crash; hundreds who had escaped the plague were engulfed by the water.

Mosul (or Moosul, or Moussul) is several miles up on the right bank of the Tigris, the offspring of Nineveh; for the city and stone bridge over the river are chiefly constructed of stones and materials dug from the ruins round. Marco Polo informs us that here *muslins* were first made, but they were really cloths of gold and silk.

"Far away," says Rich, "a thousand miles from the highways of modern commerce and the tracks of ordinary travel, lay a city buried in the sandy earth of a half desert Turkish province, with no certain trace of its place of sepulture. Vague traditions said it was hidden somewhere near the Tigris; but for above a thousand years its known existence in the world was a mere name—a word. That name suggested the idea of an ancient capital of fabulous splendor and magnitude, a congregation of palaces and other dwellings, encompassed by walls and ramparts, vast, but scarcely real." It was more than two thousand years that Nineveh had thus lain in its unknown grave, when the learned Botta once more brought to light to an astonished world the temples, the palaces, the idols, and the works of peaceful art of the ancient Assyrians—the Nineveh of the Scriptures, and of the oldest historians; the twin sister of Babylon. It lay on the left bank of the Tigris, opposite to Mosul, in an area of 216 square miles. The Assyrian history records thirty-six kings who reigned in Nineveh; the last of whom was Sardanapalus, whose throne was overturned by an invasion of the Medes.

Arbaces led his army across the mountains of Koordistan, and made himself king of Assyria B.C. 804.

Near the right bank of the Tigris, a little further up, is the tomb of the prophet Jonas (now called *Nebbi Yonus*), and near to Kougunjik, was the principal palace of the Assyrian kings, and at Khorsobad was the palace built by Salmanazar. About forty miles down the Tigris, below Nineveh, is the dyke called *Il-Zikr-a-l-awaz* (or Nimrod), which crosses the bed of the river. Seven miles lower there is another dyke called *Zikr-Ismail;* two and three-quarter miles south-east from *Zikra-l-awaz* are the ruins of Nimrod (or Arthur); they are about four miles in circumference. Nimrod was that valiant warrior who, according to the Mosaic account, lived 2,000 years B.C. It was he that substituted monarchy for the patriarchal independency of the nomadic tribes. Babylon and the monarchy of Nimrod were founded by him. Herder calls him the builder of the Tower of Babel, and considers his representation as a powerful hunter, merely a figurative designation of the tyranny and artifice by which he subjected and united the wild nomadic tribes. Nimrod in Chaldaic and Arabic signifies a *rebel.* This journey is difficult and laborious. We hope that the projected railway in the Euphrates valley will soon be constructed; it is to commence at the mouth of the river Orontes in the Mediterranean Sea, crosses the valley of the Euphrates to Bagdad, then runs parallel to the left bank of the same river, crossing the Tigris at Kurnah, and terminating in the Persian Gulf, thus connecting this gulf with the Mediterranean. This route would bring India nearer to Europe, and would powerfully promote the commerce and civilization of the world at large.

The Euphrates and Tigris Company's steamers, carrying mails in connection with the British India Company,

leave Bagdad about twice a month for Bussora, on the arrival of the Damascus mail from England. A through ticket from Bagdad to Bombay can be procured from the agents of the Euphrates and Tigris Company. During my visit the agents were the obliging Messrs. Lynch, in Bagdad.

BHOYULPORE (PERSIA).

CHAPTER XX.

BACK TO INDIA—BOMBAY—SALSETTE ISLAND—KANHERY CAVES—TEMPLE OF THE FIRE—TOWER OF SILENCE—EXCAVATIONS OF ELEPHANTA.

In the voyage from Bussora to Bombay there was nothing worthy of notice. Bombay is approached soon after passing some rather dangerous dark-colored rocks, on which several large vessels have been wrecked, and many lives lost. The view from the sea is exceedingly picturesque, overlooking rich groves of dates, palms, and other trees, with Malabar Hills and its country houses three miles behind; while far in the distance are to be seen the superb Ghauts, towering to the skies. A Persian introduced himself to me, saying that he kept an hotel in a very central situation in Bombay, and requested me to stop there. He stated that he would charge me no more than two rupees per day, everything included, even ice at every meal; of course liquors were excepted. We were to have coffee or tea, and three courses of food at each of the three meals; and in addition, ice, vegetables, fruits, and other ingredients. I found a German friend of mine lodging in the hotel, in whose company I had been traveling in China. We were both glad to meet, and together we visited Bombay and its environs.

I paid a visit to the Italian Consul, the gentlemanly and obliging Mr. Gordona, a native of Genoa, who informed me concerning many interesting points. Then

I paid a visit to my bankers, who afforded me great assistance in my visit to the Buddhist excavations. But what was my pleasant surprise when in Bombay to meet my old friends, Dr. Carlo Barzilai, Marquis Giambattista Viola, and Marquis ——. The two latter were stopping at the Club, but the Doctor had taken his lodging at Watson's Hotel, Esplanade. We made arrangements to sail together for Italy under the Italian

BOMBAY.

flag, by one of the Rubattino & Co. Italian Mail steamers which was to leave in about two weeks.

The Presidency of Bombay now makes a strip 900 miles long, from the further limit of Sinde to Mysore, with a population of more than fourteen millions, over an area of 127,532 square miles. It is surprising that the Vicariate-Apostolic of Bombay and Poona, which,

excepting Hyderabad's Vicariate-Apostolic, and Goa, comprehends the whole Presidency, has only 21,000 Catholics. What a contrast between Ceylon, South India, and Bombay, and that number includes all foreigners and Catholics of the army and civil officers; the British soldiers are 9,550; a good number of them are Catholics. The number of foreigners is still increased by the fact that Bombay is the headquarters of many lines of steamers and sailing vessels. This number of Catholics, however, does not include those under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa.* In this Vicariate there are only nine churches, thirty-one chapels, and seventy-two priests. "*Messis quidem pauca operarii autem multi.*" However this must be explained, that as the British army and British civil officers are scattered through a vast territory, and the most of the missionaries are army chaplains, they must be divided into a large section of the country.

I and my German friend arranged to visit the famous *Kánhéri* † caves. I telegraphed the master of Bhandoop, which is the nearest railroad station to these caves, to engage a guide, and have a carriage ready for the caves on our arrival by the first train of next day from Bombay. At the hotel we provided ourselves with cooked provisions, a bottle of wine and some brandy, and punctually at the appointed time we were at Bhandoop. The Parsees, who have nearly the entire control and management of this railway, were polite and obliging. The station-master had procured a good guide, but we did not like the team, which was an open

* See the Madras Catholic Directory and General Annual Register for the year of our Lord 1877. Madras: Vicariate-Apostolic of Bombay and Poona.

† *Kánhéri* is the native name of the hills, where the caves are, from Kánhágiri (the Hill of Kánhá), now contracted and corrupted.

ox-cart. I insisted upon having a covered horse carriage, but this could not be procured; therefore we were compelled to be contented with a two-bullock cart covered with bamboo and limbs of other trees; and it was very providential, because we could have never reached the caves with any other kind of conveyance. Some straw formed our lounge or seat; we accommodated ourselves in the best manner that we could, but we were obliged to hold firmly to the cart, because we were continually sliding off.

For the first two miles the road was good, but when we branched off through the wood, the road became abominable. The heat was unbearable, and in the close and thick woods there was hardly air enough to breathe. The bullocks seemed to become exhausted, and fell several times. We crossed many brooks, and once or twice the bullocks were refreshed. The cart was more than once on the point of upsetting, and it would be useless to mention that the branches of the trees as we passed had nearly stripped the cart of the bamboo cover. Yet we enjoyed some beautiful and romantic scenery, all savage and wild; as it was sometimes coasting profiles of mountain, while at other times it seemed as though we were lost in the dense, somber, and majestic woods, when all at once the cart emerged into an open space presenting a new, but still more threatening, aspect of affairs. Here the road became so stony and steep that we preferred to get out of the cart and walk. In a bad passage one of the bullocks fell and would not rise; the cart came very near tipping over, and remained with one wheel over a bank, while the other was down in a furrow. We tried to get out of the cart, but the road was so narrow that I was obliged to get out by the front, sliding between the cart and the bullock which was standing, and he gave me a kick

in the leg, but, thanks to God, I was too close to the animal, so I was not hurt much, but had I been far enough to give to the bullock space to stretch his leg, I might have been very seriously hurt.

Finally we arrived at the foot of the mountain; the bullocks were taken out of the cart, tied and fed; our guide took our provisions and led us through a narrow path, the ascent of the mountain. It was about noon, very hot and sultry; and although I had a panama hat and umbrella, yet I was oppressed by the heat; and I found climbing the mountain very fatiguing and exhausting, especially as the mountain was closing from us every particle of air. I could hardly go any further, but our guide assured me positively that the Grand Cave was only a few rods from us. I made the last effort to proceed, and finally we reached the long veranda of a *Vihara*.* Exhausted and panting, I threw myself on the ground outside the veranda to get fresh air, while the mountain sheltered us from the piercing rays of an Indian blazing sun. The Buddhist priest in charge of the cave came out with a mat, spread it, and bid me lie on it. The guide brought our provisions; my German friend commenced to eat, but I could touch nothing, except a little wine and some water, which our guide took from one of the *Pondhis*,† which I found as cold as ice. While my companion was eating, I rested sufficiently to be able to take some refreshment, after which we went to see the caves.

The caves are about one hundred in number, hollowed out of a large hill, in a tract of a thick forest. Its hard top is nearly bare, but the strata below are softer, and here the caves have been formed. The first one reached is an unfinished cave of the ninth or tenth

* Vihâra means monastery.

† Pondhis means cistern.

century; then come a group, which includes the Great Cave. The foremost of these is a Vihàra, with a long veranda (reaching to the Great Cave), and cells at the back, containing two sanctuaries and Daghops.* In a recess near the southern Daghop are sitting figures of Buddha and Bodhisatwas; and behind the northern one is a figure of Buddha seated on a lion throne and lotus. The execution of these figures is only middling. The Great Temple is 88½ feet long by 38½ broad, hewn out of the solid rock, and it has a vaulted nave 40 feet high, resting on 34 pillars, and flanked by aisles of a lower elevation. The pillars—some round and some octagonal—are cut in a bold style, with no sculptures on them, except in the capitals, where you see a small daghop between elephants, horses, lions, etc. At the upper end is a domed daghop of solid rock, 19 feet high and 49 feet round, supposed to be a symbol of Shiva. The vault of the roof is lined with slender ribs of teak, as if for hanging lamps to, during the festivals. What few inscriptions are seen are in Sanskrit. There is no light except from the entrance, in front of which a portico or court has been made, as broad and lofty as the temple, and richly decorated, with colossal niched figures of Buddha on each side, besides the smaller figures and groups on the screen facing it. The total length of the temple, portico, and area approaching it, is 142 feet.

Further up the hill are flights of steps leading to the summit or to smaller caves, or Vihàras, consisting of two rooms, each 12 by 15 feet square, with an entrance portico, and stone cisterns supplied by the water which trickles through the porous rock. Some are better dec-

* Daghops, or Dhágob (from the Sanskrit *Dhátugarbha*, the receptacle of elements), or *Dèhagupta* (the holder or concealer of a body).

orated than the others with figures of Buddha on the lotus, etc.; but they are inferior, on the whole, to the large temple. A little northward, down a glen, is another group of caves, near which is the Durbar Cave, 96½ feet by 42½ feet, with a broad stone bench, and columns round the three sides, but only 9 feet high. Its veranda rests on eight plain pillars. Opposite this is a large natural cave, and further on are twenty or thirty more caves, formerly the abodes of monks or hermits. Traces of plaster and painting are still observable in nearly all the caves. They are supposed to be the work of a party of Buddhists after their expulsion from Kàrlà (or Karlí). On different parts of the hill are the remains of masonry, terraces, and gardens. From the summit of the mountain we enjoyed an extensive view all round. The island of Salsette appears like a map, presenting a fine champaign of rice-fields, cocoa-nut groves, villages, cattle, woody hills, and fertile vales. The surrounding mountains form a foreground of gray rocks covered with trees, or hollowed into caverns, the haunts of tigers, serpents, bats, and bees. On the south the horizon is bounded by the island of Bombay, with the harbor and shipping; east by the continent; north by Bassein and the adjacent mountains; and west by the ocean. In various parts of Salsette are romantic views, embellished by the ruins of Portuguese churches, convents, and villas—once large and splendid, but allowed to decay since the Mahrattas conquered the island.

Having given some presents in money to the Buddhist priests or the keeper of the caves, we descended the mountain, the descent being much more rapid than the ascent. The bullock cart was soon ready, and we were back at Bhandoop in time to meet the last train for Bombay.

The Portuguese historian, *De Couto*, relying on the accounts given by his countrymen resident in India, thus speaks of the caves of Kànhèri in Salsette :

"In the center of this island there exists that wonderful Pagoda of Canari, thus called from its being supposed to have been the work of the Canaras.* It is constructed at the foot of a great hill of stone of light gray color; there is a beautiful hall at its entrance, and in the yard that leads to the front back-door there are two human figures engraved on the same stone, twice as big as the giants exhibited in the procession of the Corpus Christi Feast in Lisbon, so beautiful, elegant, and so well executed, that even in silver they could not be better wrought and made with such perfection. This front door has some cisterns hewn out of the same rock, which receive the rain-water, and it is so cold in the summer that there is no hand that can bear it. From the foot to the top of the hill there are more than three thousand small rooms like cells, cut out of the same rock in the shape of snail-shells, and each of them has a cistern with the same water at the door; and what is more to be wondered at is, that there is an aqueduct constructed so ingeniously, that it passes through all the three thousand apartments, receives all the water from that hill, and supplies it to the cisterns that are at the doors of the rooms. During the residence of the Rev. Father Antonio de Porto in the Church of St. Michael, he was told by the Christians, whom he had converted, that there was a labyrinth in that hill whose end had never been traced, and it was, moreover, stated, that it extended as far as Cambay. The priest, desirous of getting in to see this wonder and the magnitude of this work, about which so

* See p. 408.

much was said, took one of his companions, and collected twenty persons, with arms and match-locks to defend themselves against wild beasts, and some servants to carry the necessary provisions for the journey, namely, water, rice, biscuits, vegetables, etc., and some oil for the torches, which were taken to light the place, in order that they might see their way through; and they also took three persons provided with bundles of strong ropes for the purpose of laying it alongside of their way as they proceeded, as was done by those who entered the labyrinth of Crete. Thus prepared, they entered the caves by an entrance about four fathoms in breadth, where they placed a large stone, to which they fastened the point of the ropes. They traveled through the caves for seven days, without any interruption, through places some of them wide, and others narrow, which were hollowed in the rock, and on each side they saw small chambers like those in the pagoda above mentioned, each of which had at its entrance a cistern, but no one could say whether these cisterns contained any water, or how they could receive any, for in all these passages they could not discover any hole, crevice, or anything which could throw any light on the subject. The upper part of the building was cut out of the same rock, and the walls on each side of the roads were done in the same way. The priest, seeing that they had expended seven days without being able to find any opening, and that the provisions and water had been almost consumed, thought it necessary to return, taking for his clue the rope, without knowing in these windings whether he was proceeding up or down, or what course they were steering, as they had no compass for their guidance. Having seen that these priests traveled through it seven days without taking any rest, except at dinner and sleeping hours, they

must have traveled at least six leagues every day, which in seven days would amount to forty-two leagues, it appears to me that what the Hindoo said, that it reaches as far as Cambay, may be true, because the island of Salsette at most is only four leagues long, and the labyrinth is in the center of the island. To say that the road could have many windings, and be so intricate as to make them spend seven days, is impossible, the island (as I said) being very small and narrow."

Next day being Sunday I went to say Mass at the chapel of our Lady of Mount Carmel, it being the nearest church to the hotel where I was staying. His lordship, the Rt. Rev. John Gabriel Leo Meurin, was in Malabar, and I applied to his Vicar, Very Rev. N. Pagani, an Italian, who, *quasi authoritatem habens*, asked for my papers, which I presented at once. He read them over and over again with great attention, and now and then stopped to reflect on them ; they were written in Latin. I told him, "If these letters do not satisfy you, I can show a letter from his Eminence Cardinal Franchi, written in the Italian language." "No, no," he replied, handing me back the letter. After a little conversation about the hotel where I stopped, he asked me again for the letter, went to his desk, and looked at it attentively. He appeared to me very silly. He returned the letter, and said I could say Mass in fifteen minutes; but before I went to say Mass he asked for the papers again, and requested me to leave them in his hands while I was saying Mass. After Mass I accepted an invitation to breakfast there; but I asked for my papers, which he returned, saying that he had taken a copy of them. I wondered whether he intended to hold a consultation on them, or to send a cable dispatch to Rome or to America! I felt so disgusted with

his rude, childish, and silly manner of acting, that I determined to have nothing to do with such a man during my stay in Bombay, regretting very much that I had not gone to one of the churches under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa, or said Mass at the hotel. I do not wonder that in the entire vicariate there are

PARSEE WOMAN.

no more than 21,000 Catholics. This manner of acting must alienate rather than convert infidels. Neither do I wonder that Bishop Mellus, in Malabar, would not submit to the proceedings of the Bombay Vicar-Apostolic.

In the afternoon, in company with my German friend, I went to see the light-house on Colaba Point. The observatory was worth seeing. Next day we employed

in visiting the museums. In the evening, strolling through the city, we saw several temples, but were not permitted to enter them. We passed by a Parsee house, which was all illuminated inside and outside. We stopped to observe it, and heard a number of female voices singing. We were told that a Parsee marriage-feast was taking place. There was a flight of steps leading to the house, whose door was fully open. We were permitted to look into the house, but not allowed to enter it. We saw ten Parsee women, all married, singing and keeping time by striking their hands. They formed a circle, and were going round slowly, according to the tune. In the middle there was an unoccupied chair, placed there to keep the center of the dance. The song was a national air, felicitating the happy couple, and wishing them joy and glorious long life. The groom was present at the door, explaining to us the meaning of the ceremony. He was dressed all in white, ornamented with gold, precious stones, rings, gold chains, etc. The bride was not there, but at her father's house. This was only the eve of the marriage, which was to be solemnized the next day at the grand Fire-Temple. The house had an outdoor portico, with four pillars, and it was tastefully illuminated. The dance was taking place in the inner portico, which was longer and larger than the outdoor portico. We wished a happy marriage to the groom and retired.

After visiting the native town and bazars, which were similar to others in India, we went to Byculla; and on the way we saw the fruit and vegetable market, which was abundantly provided with a great variety. We passed many Hindoo and Mohammedan temples, some of which we were not allowed to enter; but there was nothing grand in them, and they were similar to those which we had seen in other parts of India.

We visited a German gentleman married to an Italian lady; and in conversation with them the lady told me that she was tired of India; she did not like it, and was anxious to return to Italy, or to live in any other country, but not in India.

We made a party of over twenty, between gentlemen and ladies, to visit the celebrated *Elephanta Caves*, situated in the beautiful isle of Elephanta, in the Bombay harbor. A gentleman, proprietor of a hotel, took charge of the expedition, and was to provide a small

CAVE TEMPLE, ISLAND OF ELEPHANTA, INDIA.

steamer, carriages, to furnish a meal, and pay all expenses, except a fee to the proprietor or keeper of the caves, by issuing tickets for 3 rupees 8 annas each; and, at 1 P.M., we were to assemble at his hotel, where I was glad to see amongst our party that gentleman and lady from Baltimore whom I had met in Delhi. Some of the party had already gone to the place where the steamboat was, and two carriages were ready at the hotel to convey us assembled there. The Baltimorean gentleman and lady, three ladies from Bombay, my German friend and I

occupied the first carriage, and one of the three Bombay ladies offered to direct the carriage to the place where the steamer was, saying that she knew the place well; none of us, not even the driver, knew the locality. Off the carriage went. We felt very happy, expecting a good time. The others occupied the second carriage under the leadership of the gentleman head of the party.

We arrived at the place indicated by the lady, but no steamer could be found, nor anybody to inform us of its whereabouts. The lady then directed the driver to the *Mazagaum Bandar;** but there was no steamer there. On inquiry we were told that the steamer was accustomed to leave from the Apollo Pier. Off we drove for the Apollo Pier; but there was no steamer there. The lady now felt quite flat, and did not know what to do. We (only the men) then took the leadership into our own hands; but we scarcely expected to find the steamer, being nearly one hour and a half late, and naturally reflected that the party had gone without us. As the next day was appointed for the Baltimorean gentleman and lady to sail for Europe, they were anxious to see these famous caves. At last we were told of the true place where the steamer was. The driver made the horses fly for it; but lo! the steamer had gone long ago. We consulted what was to be done. Some sailors offered to convey us to Elephanta for a reasonable price. We accepted it; but the ladies refused. In vain I tried to persuade the Baltimorean lady; they were all afraid, especially as the boat could not approach the shore on account of many rocks, which we were obliged to cross. Our small party, only three gentlemen, boarded the boat, and with a strong wind and favorable tide, we soon sighted the steamer, and reached Elephanta landing just five minutes after

* Bandar, pier or wharf.

the arrival of the steamer. We found the party partaking of lunch, and most willingly joined them.

The isle derives its European name from the colossal statue of an elephant, which formerly stood near one of the landing places, but now removed to Bombay and placed in the Victoria Gardens. A flight of steps leads up the hill. Two massive pillars, with a pilaster on each side, appear as if to support the superincumbent weight of the entrance. The principal excavations here consist of a grand temple consecrated to Shiva (130 feet long and 133 feet broad), including (to the right) a shrine for a *lingam;* and of two small chapels, with open courts before them. The height of the whole excavation is very insignificant. The whole temple, and all its mythological and ornamental figures, are cut out of the solid rock. The roof is supported by rows of pillars, with cushion-like capitals standing under immense stone beams and rafters.

Fronting the entrance of the large temple, but at its extremity, is the great *Trimúrti*, or image, with three heads combined, about nineteen feet in height, though it extends only from the shoulders upward. This is Shiva, possessed of the three functions—of creation, preservation, and destruction—and personified with the active attributes ascribed respectively to Brahmà, Vishnu, and Shiva. The front face is that of *Shiva* as Brahmà, the god of prayer or the word, in whom the creative energy is thought to center. The face to the right of the spectator is that of Shiva as *Vishnu*, the god of preservation, recognized by his purer appearance and his symbol, the *lotus*. The face to the left of the spectator is that of *Shiva*, as the destroyer, recognized by his fierce aspect, the feline moustache, the slobbering lip, the terrific serpents in his hand and forming his hair, his prominent brow, and the skull near his temples.

The composite bust, which is unique in point size of and execution, is remarkable for its headdresses, representing simple royal diadems, with pearl pendants and precious stones set in gold or silver, and necklaces and earrings and other ornaments, mixed with curled locks, which throw light on the capital and thoracic adornments of the kingly natives before the introduction of the turban.

To the right of the spectator, from the *Trimúrti*, Shiva, in the form of the *Chatarbhujàkàr*, or four-handed, and his wife, Pàrvatì, appear, standing upright, with their attendants, some of whom, below, are jovial ganas and pishachas, mythological demons,* belonging to their suite, while those in the aerial regions above are specimens of famishing devotees and ascetics, of which Shiva himself, as we have already hinted, is the chief. In this and other groups we observe the presence of the other deities of the Hindoo Pantheon, in a wholly subordinate form and position, Pàrvatì without any monstrosity. There is no monstrosity in any of the perfect female forms in these caves. Brahmà, with his four faces (three only of which are visible), seated upon his *vàhana* (wagon) of geese (emblems of wisdom); *Indra*, upon his elephant, *Airàvatì;* and *Vishnu*, mounted upon the personified *Garuda*, the lord of eagles, by whom he is thought to fly through the sky.

To the spectator's left from the trimúrti, Shiva and Pàrvatì appear in a half-male and half-female form (according to the Hindoo legend), with gods, and male and female attendants allotted to them respectively, and with adoring ascetics above. Here, instead of the bull—the conveyancer of Shiva—appears the *Gaea*, the

*This is not, however, exactly their character. They are really a species of "odd-fellows," in whom fun and frolic are predominant.

Bos Gavæus of naturalists, mentioned in the Vedas as an article of food.

Now passing to No. 2, to the left, we see a group representing the marriage of Shiva to Pàrvatì, with the bashful bride pushed forward by a ministering attendant on the right of the bridegroom, a position which he occupies only on the day of marriage. Close to Shiva is a priest, holding a vessel with the substances for the bridal unction. The other gods, etc., are here (as in a group), with Brahmà sitting in the corner.

On the opposite wall of the temple, close to the sacellum, is Shiva in his character of *Bhairava* the formidable, fierce in countenance, with swollen eyes and set lips; with a garland of human heads suspended from his neck, instead of the Brahminical string; with eight hands (now partly broken), all employed in effecting a human sacrifice, that of a child. This child he holds upraised in one hand, while he has a bare sword to strike the fatal blow in another, a bell to intimate the appointed moment in a third, and a vessel to receive the blood in a fourth. The ascetics above are in horror and amazed at this development of the destructive powers of their master. In the center of their row occurs the mystical trisyllabic symbol *Aum* (om), applied as comprehending each person of the triad.

Crossing the temple to the corresponding apartment on the other side, we have Shiva and Pàrvatì in the enjoyment of connubial bliss in their heaven, upheld, when shaken by the many-headed and many-handed *Ràvana*, the demon-king of Lankà. Directly opposite to this group is another illustration of the domestic life of Shiva and Pàrvatì, husband and wife showing signs of dissatisfaction with, and aversion to, one another. In the great temple the groups at the entrance represent *Shiva sitting as an ascetic*, with accompaniments

the same as in other instances. The position in which he is squatted is a favorite one with Hindoo devotees and Buddhists.

Of the two chapels, that to the left hand has a court, long filled up with earth; there is a low, circular platform where the bull, doing honor to the distant sacellum of the great temple, must have been placed. To the right hand of the chapel is an apartment showing a procession of women carrying infants, etc., as on the occasion of a marriage with *Shiva*, in his proper person, confronting his corpulent son Ganapatì, with his large belly and elephant's head. He came into existence, it is said, in a perfect human form. His mother was so charmed with his appearance at his birth, that she invited all the gods to come to get a peep of him as he lay on his infantile couch. They all responded at her command; but one of them, Shani, now the unlucky planet Saturn, from love to the child and mother, was rather slow to look at the darling. For his hesitation he was rebuked by Pàrvati, and rather than incur her permanent displeasure, he took a hasty glance at the child. The consequence was, that the child's head instantly withered away, while the mother experienced the agony of despair in its most acute form. But Shani, to console her, promised that he would substitute the head of the first one who happened to pass by. An elephant was the first being that happened to pass, and of this huge animal he chopped off the head and placed it on the trunk of the child, where it still remains. The belly, arms, and legs of the young one soon assumed a gigantic form. Due family provision was made for Ganapatì. A rat was provided for him to go about on whenever he might be inclined to seek for air and exercise.

Next day, with my friend, I went to see the fire-temple of the Parsees; we were allowed to see it from

the outside, but not permitted to enter it to see the fire. The Parsee ministers and priests reminded us of the Pharisees; about the rising and setting of the sun you can see them walking around the temple with a prayer-book, or often kneeling at the sea-shore turned toward the sun, chatting, laughing, or looking round, if nobody observes them; but as soon as some person happens to pass by or to look at them, they commence to pray, keeping the prayer-book close to the eyes, with which they are transversely looking whether any person is gazing at them.

In the afternoon we took a carriage to see the suburbs. On our return, over two miles from the city, we went to see the *Tower of Silence*, which is the cemetery of the Parsees. This Tower of Silence is located on the top of a very high and steep hill, which we were obliged to climb on foot by a winding and little zigzag road. Arrived at the wide gate, we were not permitted to enter nor even to place a foot on what they call sacred land; but from the gate we could look at the Tower of Silence and at the fire-temple: the former stood at our left, the latter at our right. A large yard and a stone wall separated the one from the other. The tower was a large, tall, round, a little conical-shaped stone tower, empty inside, having a large subterranean chamber. The top is covered by an iron grate, where the corpses of the Parsees are laid entirely naked, and exposed to the ravens and other birds of prey, which in a short time devour all the flesh; the bones afterward drop into the tower through the iron grate.

These Parsees break the bones of their dead in order to facilitate them to drop quicker into the interior of the tower. Often they break the bones before they have expired, thus quickening the death. The English Government watches them, and punishes very severely

these barbarous and savage fanatics when convicted of such horrible crime; but the Parsees keep these crimes very secret, and it is difficult to find them out, and still more difficult to convict them.

The population of the city is about 650,000; 140,000 are Mussulmans, and the Parsees, who have a good share in business, are about 450,000. The entire Catholic population is about 2,430, including Girgaum, Colaba, Mazagon, Byculla, and Mahim, but not Salsette. The city stands in sight of the distant Ghauts; it is flat, hence liable to inundations, yet is healthy because exposed to the sea breezes. People stay at Bombay in the cold season, from December to February; in the warm season they go on several hills, or in some of the *sanitariums*.

Those visiting Bombay should not neglect to take a trip to Goa, to visit the body of St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of India. The steamers of the British India Steam Navigation Company, weekly and both ways, may touch Goa. The surf and high sea occasionally experienced on the Malabar coast during the south-west monsoons, do not allow the steamers to call without danger. The distance from Bombay by sea is only 250 miles. Fare for cabin passengers is fifty rupees; for deck passengers, ten rupees; but the latter must provide food by themselves. The city of Goa is the capital of all the Portuguese settlements in India, and is situated on an island of about twenty-four miles in circumference, at the mouth of the Mandova River. In reality, it consists of two cities, *New Goa*, or *Panjim*, and *Old Goa*. At the former are the Governor's and Archbishop's palaces, Custom-house, Seminary, and other large buildings within the forts; at the latter, the *deserted Old Goa*, founded in 1510 by Albuquerque, there are eighty magnificent churches—some

of them now in ruins—which are excellent specimens of architecture. Old Goa is three miles further up the harbor, near the Hindoo town which preceded it. Goa possesses two harbors, well defended by various castles and batteries, mounting very heavy cannon.

The people consist of half-castes and Hindoos; the genuine Portuguese are very few. The air is unwholesome. The population of New Goa, or *Panjim*, is 9,500; the old city is entirely deserted. The Portuguese territory around contains 1,066 square miles, and a population of 313,000, mostly all Catholics. There is a fine sixty-eight miles road to Belgaum *via* the Ram Ghaut, and another road to Dharwar, over a Ghaut 2,477 feet high.

When the railway in progress from Carwar, Dharwar, to Gudducto is finished, perhaps it will be continued to Bellary, thus connecting with the Bombay lines of the Great Indian Peninsula. Goa may construct a branch to Carwar, or Dharwar, or tap this branch, thus connecting with the Bombay Great Indian Peninsula Line.

Although everything is stagnant and decaying, yet Goa carries on some trade with the mother country, China, and the coast of Africa. The Crown has the monopoly of sugar, snuff, pepper, saltpetre, pearls, and sandal-wood. Large vessels annually carry the merchandise received there from the other Portuguese colonies, and from Canton to Europe. The commerce is in the hands of Christians; the smaller trade in those of the Jews and Banians. The port is only open for the Portuguese flag; but all the revenues are not sufficient to clear the expenses.

Notwithstanding this, Old Goa attracts annually a large crowd of pilgrims at the shrine where lies the uncorrupted body of St. Francis Xavier, the great Apostle of India. They come not only from every

part of India, but from Europe and other distant countries, to venerate those sacred relics.

When in 1510 Albuquerque conquered this city, the island was inhabited by an Arabian tribe, and it was called *Tissuari;* and ever since 1559 it has been the residence of the Portuguese Governor-General.

CHAPTER XXI.

RELIGION OF THE HINDOOS.

To understand the religion of the inhabitants of India, it is necessary to make mention of the principal *castes* and sects: The Brahmins, who recognize a Supreme Being in Brahma; the Jains, who profess a modified Buddhism; the Buddhists, who follow the doctrine and religion of Buddha; the Sikhs, who profess a religion which is a mixture of Brahminism and Islamism; the Mussulmans, who follow the doctrines of Mohammed; the Thugs, who believe their robberies and murders to be under the protection of a deity; the Parsees, who follow the doctrine of Zoroaster; the Hindoos, who follow the doctrines of their sacred books, the Vedas, Puranas, etc.

The *Sudras*, of part of Northern India, were an Aryan race. When they were subdued, and became the fourth caste of the Hindoo community, the word Sudra underwent a change of meaning, acquiring the signification which it possesses now. What the religion of these Aryan Sudras was while they were yet free, is not well known. When the aborigines, at a very remote period of antiquity, themselves entered India, some appear to have been hunters and others herdsmen. The hunters were probably first in the land, then the herdsmen followed, cleared away many of the forests, and established principalities, some of them not even yet totally extinct. But though some of the wild tribes may have been hunters and others herdsmen, they are all in reality very nearly akin. They were

Tartars or Scythians, and must have spoken the Turanian tongues, as fragments of those languages are yet found mixed with other tongues; in a word, they are Mongolians.

The religion of the Khoonds—one of the aboriginal tribes—has excited the saddest pity for years past. They were, if they are not even at present, in the habit of kidnapping children, and at times adults, and after fattening them like cattle, finally disposing of them for sacrifice.

As the mournful procession moves on to the fatal spot, such invocations are sung as that from which the following verses are extracted:

"Goddess of earth, dread source of ill,
Thy just revenge o'erwhelms us still
For rites unpaid;
But, oh, forgive, our stores are small,
Our lessened means uncertain all,
Denied thine aid!
Goddess that taught mankind to feel
Poison in plants, and death in steel—
A fearful lore!
Forgive, forgive! and ne'er again
Shall we neglect thy shrine to stain
With human gore!
Let plenty all our land o'erspread;
Make green the ground with living bread;
Our pastures fill
So close with cattle, side by side,
That no bare spot may be descried
From distant hill."

Then, after asking in the same manner for plenty of cattle, sheep, pigs, children, poultry, and protection from tigers and snakes, the hymn proceeds:

"Oh, make it each man's only care
Yearly to build a store-room fair
For goods god-sent!

And wealthy rites we'll duly pay—
Lo! one bought victim now we slay,
One life present."

Arrived at the Meria grove, a clump of umbrageous tall forest trees, the victim is tied for a day in a sitting posture to a stake, while they thus drink, feast, and commit the most licentious orgies in the same manner as they had done for the two previous days. About noon of the third day, the unfortunate *Meria*, whose arms, if not also his legs, have been broken in several places, as he must neither suffer bound nor struggle to be free, is inclosed in the cleft of the split branch of a tree, which holds him fast. By way of sign, the priest slightly wounds him with an axe, when the multitude rush on the wretched victim and cut his flesh in small shreds from his bones. Each then returns home and deposits the fragment he has brought away in his field, as a votive offering to the earth-goddess, supposed to have the power of making land fertile. After this, all is silence for three days. Then a buffalo is offered at the place of sacrifice. Here it is to be remarked, that in their petitions they put *children* standing between *pigs* and *poultry*. This tribe—the Khoonds—fought to keep up the Meria sacrifices.

When speaking of Southern India, we have noticed how *Vetal*, having no images or temples, is worshiped, within a circle of stones, colored red and white above in Konkan, Canara, etc.; that kind of religion belongs to the aborigines of India previous to Brahminism. Bits of aboriginal religion are found yet imbedded as if it were in Brahminism. When the Brahmins entered India and subdued the native tribes, and failed to put down a rite, or a festival, of some conquered tribe, they adopted it into their own religion, representing

this as a boon to a Pishacha, or Daityu, or Rakshas, as the case might be.

The religion of the Brahmins can be classed with that of the Hindoos, who strictly follow the Vedas and the Puranas, except that these two latter have not mixed with those licentious, lascivious practices of the Brahmins. Their religious doctrines are contained in the four Vedas, of which the six Angas are commentaries by the Brahmins. Thus the Vedas are their Bible. The Hindoo religion is Pantheism, understanding by that word, a religion which inculcates the belief in One existing in all things, and all things existing in One—God in the universe, and the universe in God. The sins of the parents are considered as to be visited on their children, because the son is the father regenerated.

The original Hindoo conception of God, the omnipresent Being, Eternal, etc., is called Brahm, or Brimha; *Atma* (the breathing soul); he first created the waters, and impressed them with the power of motion; by that power was produced a golden egg, blazing like a thousand suns, in which was born Brahma. The Supreme Being is worshiped under three forms: *Brahma*, *Shiva*, *Vishnu*—the Hindoo triad. The first is the creator; the second, the avenger, or destroyer; the third, the preserver. These three are expressed by the letters A, U, M, which coalesce and form the mystical word *O'M*, which never escapes the lips of a pious Hindoo, but is meditated in silence. By others, this mystical word is spelled *Oom*, and it is said to signify the Deity, and to be composed of Sanskrit roots, or letters; the first of which stands for *Creator;* the second for *Preserver;* and the third for *Destroyer*. Vishnu has transformed himself several times; the Hindoos call them *incarnations*. He once transformed himself into a fish, to recover the four Vedas stolen by the giant Hayagriva, who swal-

lowed them and concealed himself in the sea. Vishnu recovered them in the shape of a fish; that was the first incarnation. The second incarnation was into a tortoise, sustaining the universe, which had been convulsed by the assaults of the demons, while the gods churned the sea with the mountain Mandar, to force it to disgorge the sacred things and animals, together with the water of life, which it had swallowed. The third, the giant *Hirany-akshna* (the giant of the earth), had coiled up the earth like a cable, and concealed it in the *Patalas*—seven subterraneous worlds. Vishnu, transformed into a boar, rooted up the earth with his tusks of fire. Vishnu placed eight gods as guardians of the earth; which eight are *Indra*, *Dewandra*, god of the air, or of the heavens; *Aghni*, (fire); *Padurbati*, (judge of the infernal world); *Nirurdi*, (king of the infernal world); *Varuna*, (water); *Maril*, (wind); *Cubera*, (riches); and *Eswara*, who in the East is *Indra*; in the South, *Aghni*. There is no need to describe the remainder of the incarnations. The principal incarnations are ten. But sixty-two incarnations are recorded in the Hindoo mythology.

The multitude of the Hindoos, however, believe in the existence of inferior deities, which, like the divinities of the Greeks and Romans, are represented under different forms, and with symbols expressive of their different qualities and attributes; all these are, however, inferior to the triad, Brahma, Shiva, and Vishnu. All goddesses are always represented as the subordinate power of their respective lords, except Bawancy (or Bhavani), who, being the mother of the gods, is held in high veneration. *Brahma* is represented with a crown on his head, and with four hands; in one he holds a scepter, in another the Vedas, in another a ring, or circle, as an emblem of eternity, and the other is empty,

ready to assist and protect his works. Brahma is said to mean, in Sanskrit, *the wisdom of God.* Near his image is a *flamingo*, on which he is supposed to perform his journeys.

The goddess Seraswaty, the wife of Brahma, is the patroness of imagination, invention, harmony, and eloquence, and is usually represented with a musical instrument in her hands. Learned mythologists say that she is the *Minerva* of the Romans, and the *Isis* of Egypt. There are strong conjectures that the *Iswara* and *Isi* of the Hindoos, are the *Osiris* and *Isis* of the Egyptians.

Vishnu is worshiped under the form of a man, having a circle of heads and four hands—meaning his all-seeing and all-providing power. A large brown kite with a white head, called *garoora*, on which he is supposed to ride, is frequently to be found immediately in front of his image. *Hary* is one of his names, in his preserving quality.

In the province of *Bahar*, nearly opposite to the town of *Sultan-gunge*, there is a granite rock, called *the rock of Jehangueery*—a small island in the midst of the Ganges; amongst a vast number of images, there is *Hary*, of a gigantic size, recumbent upon a coiled serpent, whose heads, which are numerous, are spread into a kind of canopy over the sleeping god, and from each of their mouths issues a forked tongue, threatening death to any who might attempt to disturb him. The Hindoos believe that at the end of every *Kalpa* (creation), all things are absorbed in the deity, and that in the interval of another creation, he reposes himself on the serpent *Sesha*.*

Lechemy is the wife of *Vishnu*, and is the goddess of

* Sesha means *duration;* it is also called *Ananta* (endless).

abundance and prosperity, and is called also *Pedma*, *Camala*, and *Sri*, or *Sris*. Mythologists consider her the *Ceres* of the Hindoos. In very ancient temples near Gaya, images of Lechemy are represented with full breasts, and a *cord* twisted under her arm, like a *horn of plenty*, which looks very much like the old Grecian and Roman figures of Ceres.

Although Shiva has a variety of names, yet the most common is that of Shiva and *Maha-Deva*. He is represented under different human forms. An ox in a suppliant posture, faces his image. It is considered that Shiva selected this animal for his conveyance. In his destroying quality, he appears as a fierce man, with a snake twined round his neck; as the god of good and evil fortune, he is represented with a crescent in front of his crown. The Brahminical caves at Elephanta exemplify their mythology.

The wife of Shiva is the goddess called *Parvati*; but she has also other names, namely, *Durga*, *Bhavani*, *Gowry*, and also *Kali*. She is always personified as the agent of destruction. As *mountain-born goddess*, or Parvati, she has many properties of the Olympian Juno; and both at Mount Cailasa and at the banquets of the deities, she is found uniformly the companion of her husband. She is usually attended by her son, Carticeya, who rides on a peacock, and in some pictures his robe is spangled with eyes. In some temples of *Parvati*, a peacock without a rider stands by her image. *Carticeya* is represented to have six faces and numerous eyes, may be the *Argus* employed by Juno to be her principal warder; but as Carticeya is a second-class god—commander of celestial armies—he seems rather to be the *Orus* of Egypt and the *Mars* of Rome. Parvati slew demons and giants with her own hands, and protects her worshipers.

Varoona is the god of the seas and waters, and is generally represented as riding on a crocodile. *Vajoo* is the god of the winds, and rides on an antelope, with a sabre in his right hand. *Vasooda* is the goddess of the earth. Nature is represented as a beautiful young woman, named *Prakrity*.

The sun is generally called *Sour*, or *Surya*, hence the sect of the Souras, who worship the sun. In a temple at Benares there is a piece of sculpture representing the sun sitting in a car drawn by a horse with twelve heads, preceded by *Arun* (the dawn). The horse with twelve heads represents the twelve signs of the Zodiac. He is supposed to have descended frequently from his car in human shape, and left a race on earth called the *solar race*. The great exploits achieved by one of that race, are celebrated in the epic poem of the Ramayan, in the same manner as the epic poem, the Mahabharat, celebrates a hero, or rather a family of heroes of the *lunar race*—the legend of the fight between the Kooroos and Pandoos, which is supposed to have been founded by Boodha, who came to India from Scythia. This Boodha is not to be confounded with Buddha, the founder or reformer of the Buddhist religion ; the two words differ both in spelling and meaning—Boodha signifies the planet Mercury, and Buddha, "enlightened," or "the enlightened one." Still it has been conjectured that the lunar race had a religion not very different from what afterward became Buddhism, while the solar race adhered to the early Brahmanic religious tenets.

Chandara—the Moon—is represented sitting in a car drawn by antelopes, and holding a rabbit in his right hand.

Darham Rajah seems to hold the same offices with the Hindoos that *Pluto* and *Minos* held with the Greeks, but he has no power over the souls of holy, pious, and good

men, who spent their lives in piety and benevolence, unbiased by the hope of reward, or the dread of punishment. These are carried by genii to the upper regions of happiness, and are afterward admitted to *Moukt*, the supreme bliss, or absorption in the universal spirit, though not such as to destroy consciousness in the divine essence.

Krishena (or *Krishen*), called also *Mohun* (the beloved); *Mœnoher* (heart-catcher); *Kama-diva* (god of love, god of desire), etc. He is supposed to be the god Vishnu in one of his incarnations, and to have come amongst mankind as the son of *Divaci* by *Vasudeva*, and to have tended the flocks of the shepherd *Ananda* on the plains of *Matra*, round Agra, a country famous for the beauty of its women, many of whom are supposed to have shared his embraces. He is represented as a beautiful young man, sometimes as playing on a flute. To this day he is the favorite divinity of all the Hindoo women. According to the Hindoo mythology, *Krishena* was the son of *Maya* (the general attracting power), was married to *Retty* (affection); his bosom friend was *Vassant* (the spring). Represented as a beautiful youth, conversing sometimes with his mother, sometimes with his consort in the midst of gardens and temples; sometimes riding by moonlight on a parrot, and attended by dancing-girls, the foremost of whom bears his colors, which are a fish on a red ground; and spending the night with music and dancing; his bow was of sugar-cane, or of flowers, the string of bees, and his five arrows are each pointed with an Indian blossom of a healing quality. Pictures have been found in Hindostan representing *Kama-diva* riding on an elephant, whose body was composed of the figures of seven young women entwined in so whimsical and ingenious a manner as to exhibit the shape of that animal.

The Greek nation has also represented the god *Cupid* riding on and guiding a lion, in order to show his power over the strongest animal of creation, and his ability to drive it; the Hindoos place Kama on an elephant, the strongest of the brute creation, and perhaps the most difficult to be tamed, but afterward the most docile. Both nations have painted that passion by representing the infant god governing the fiercest and strongest animals. Has one nation derived the idea from the other? It may have been original with both; the power of love is everywhere felt; both were polished nations, and endowed with lively and poetical imaginations, and it may naturally have occurred to both to paint the influence of the passion of love in the manner referred to above.

Among a people of such exuberant fancy as the Hindoos, it is natural that everything should receive form and life. But it is very remarkable to what a degree their works of imagination are pervaded by the idea of sexuality. Sir William Jones remarks that "it never seems to have entered into the heads of the Hindoo legislators or people, that anything natural could be offensively obscene—a singularity which pervades all their writings and conversations, but it is no proof of the depravity of their morals." Hence the worship of the *Lingam* by the Shivanites, of the *Yoni* by the Vishnuites.

The *Lingam* is a deity similar to the *Phallus* of the Egyptians, consecrated to Osiris, Dionysius, and Bacchus; and at the festivals of Osiris, it was carried by the women of Egypt, as the Lingam is now borne by those of Hindostan, and is always kept in the interior and most sacred part of the temples of Shiva. Sometimes it represents both the male and female parts of generation together, and then sometimes it is named *Yoni*, but oftentimes only the former. A lamp is kept constantly burn-

ing before it. In several temples I was not permitted to enter that sacred part to see the *Lingam* or the *Yoni*, but in all instances I could see the lamp burning before it. In many temples there were several of these idols, and of different sizes, some very small, others of a gigantic dimension, and I always found that there were flowers scattered on them. When the Brahmins perform their religious ceremonies and make their offerings, which generally consist of flowers, more lamps are lighted. Some say that on such occasions seven lamps are lighted, resembling exactly the *candelabrums* of the Jews, but I observed it only in one or two instances.

As the Hindoos depend on their children to perform those ceremonies to their *manes*, which they believe to tend to mitigate punishment in a future state, they consider the being deprived of them as a severe misfortune, and the sign of an offended God. Married women wear a small gold Lingam, tied round the neck or arm; worship is paid to Lingam to obtain fecundity. The following is one of the legends that are recorded to account for such extraordinary adoration, or rather, abomination:

"Certain devotees, in a remote time, had acquired great renown and respect; but the purity of the heart was wanting; nor did their motives and secret thoughts correspond with their professions and exterior conduct. They affected poverty, but were attached to the things of this life; and the princes and nobles were constantly sending them offerings. They seemed to sequester themselves from the world; they lived retired from the town; but their dwellings were commodious, and their women numerous and handsome. But nothing can be hid from the gods, and Shiva resolved to expose them to shame. He desired the goddess *Prakrity* (nature) to accompany him; and he assumed the appear-

ance of a *Pandaram** of a graceful form. Prakrity appeared as herself, a damsel of matchless beauty. She went where the devotees were assembled with their disciples, waiting the rising sun to perform their ablutions and religious ceremonies. The Hindoos never bathe, nor perform their ablutions, whilst the sun is below the horizon.

"As she advanced, the refreshing breeze moving her flowing robe, showed the exquisite shape, which it seemed intended to conceal. With eyes cast down, though sometimes opening with a timid, but a tender look, she approached them, and with a low enchanting voice desired to be admitted to the sacrifice. The devotees gazed on her with astonishment. The sun appeared, but the purifications were forgotten; the things for the *Pooja* (sacrifice) lay neglected; nor was any worship thought of but to her. Quitting the gravity of their manners, they gathered round her, as flies round the lamp at night, attracted by its splendor, but consumed by its flame. They asked from whence she came; whither she was going? 'Be not offended with us for our approaching thee; forgive us for our importunities. But thou art incapable of anger, thou who art made to convey bliss; to thee, who mayest kill by indifference, indignation and resentment are unknown. But whoever thou mayest be, whatever motive or accident may have brought thee amongst us, admit us into the number of thy slaves; let us at least have the comfort to behold thee.' Here the words faltered on the lips; the soul seemed ready to take its flight; the vow was forgotten, and the policy of years was destroyed.

* The Pandarams, on the coast of Coromandel, are followers of Shiva; they rub their faces and bodies with the ashes of burnt cowdung, and go about the towns and villages singing the praises of their god.

"Whilst the devotees were lost in their passions, and absent from their homes, Shiva entered their village with a musical instrument in his hand, playing and singing like one of those who solicit charity. At the sound of his voice the women quitted their occupations; they ran to see from whom the music came. He was beautiful as Krishnu on the plains of Matra. Some dropped their jewels without turning to look for them; others let fall their garments without being aware of the fact. All pressed forward with their offerings; all wished to speak; all wished to be taken notice of; and bringing flowers, and scattering them before him, said: 'Askest thou alms! thou, who art made to govern hearts! Thou, whose countenance is fresh as the morning; whose voice is the voice of pleasure; and thy breath like that of *Vassant* [the spring] in the opening rose! Stay with us, and we will serve thee; nor will we trouble thy repose, but only to be jealous how to please thee.'

"The Pandaram continued to play and sing the loves of *Kama* (the god of love), of Krishnu, and the *Gopia*;* and smiling the gentle smiles of fond desire he led them to a neighboring grove that was consecrated to pleasure and retirement. The sun began to gild the western mountains, nor were they offended at the retiring day.

"But the desire of repose succeeds the waste of pleasure. Sleep closed the eyes and lulled the senses. In the morning the Pandaram was gone. When they awoke they looked round with astonishment, and again cast their eyes upon the ground. Some directed their

* The Gopia of the Hindoos resembles the nine muses of the Greeks; the Gopias likewise are nine. The Krishnu of the Hindoos resembles the Apollo of the Greeks.

looks to those who had formerly been remarked for their scrupulous manners; but their faces were covered with their veils. After sitting a while in silence they arose and went back to their houses with slow and troubled steps. The devotees returned about the same time from their wanderings after Prakrity. The days that followed were days of embarrassment and shame. If the women had failed in their modesty, the devotees had broken their vows. They were vexed at their weakness; they were sorry for what they had done; yet the tender sigh sometimes broke forth, and the eye often turned to where the men first saw the maid, the women the Pandaram.

"People began to perceive that what the devotees now foretold came not to pass. Their disciples, in consequence, neglected to attend them; and the offerings from the princes and nobles became less frequent than before. They then performed various penances; they sought for secret places among the woods, unfrequented by man, and having at last shut their eyes from the things of this world, and retired within themselves in deep meditation, they discovered that Shiva was the author of their misfortunes. Their understanding being imperfect, instead of humbling themselves, bowing the head, repenting of their hypocrisy, they were inflamed with anger and sought for vengeance. They performed new sacrifices and incantations, which were only allowed to have a certain effect in the end, to show the folly of man in not submitting to the will of heaven. Their incantations produced a tiger, whose mouth was like a cavern, and his voice like thunder among mountains. They sent him against Shiva, who, with Prakrity, was amusing himself in the vale. He smiled at their weakness; and, killing the tiger at one blow with his club, he covered himself with his skin. Seeing themselves frustrated

in this attempt, the devotees had recourse to another, and sent serpents against him of the most deadly kind. But on approaching him they became harmless, and he twisted them around his neck. They sent their curses and imprecations against him, but they all recoiled upon themselves. Not yet disheartened by these disappointments, they collected all their prayers, their penances, their charities, and other good works, the most acceptable of all sacrifices, and demanding in return only vengeance against Shiva, they sent a consuming fire to destroy him. Shiva, incensed at this attempt, turned the fire with indignation against the human race; and mankind would soon have been destroyed had not Vishnu, alarmed at the danger, implored him to suspend his wrath. At his entreaties Shiva relented: but it was ordained that those parts should be worshiped which the false devotees had impiously attempted to destroy."

The priests of Lingam go naked, and are sworn to observe inviolable chastity.

The *Mandiram* is a mystery or prayer which gives a power only to a few souls to quit their bodies and mount into the sky, visit distant countries, and again return and resume their souls. It is related that a certain powerful prince, longing to enjoy this supernatural privilege, went daily, attended only by a confidential page, to a temple situated in a retired and lonely place, where he offered fervent prayers to the goddess to whom the temple was dedicated, to instruct him in the *Mandiram*. Mortals do not know what they ask, and the gods often refuse to comply with their desires through goodness toward them. The goddess, however, at last yielded to his solicitations, and the mystery was revealed. The slave had been ordered to remain at a distance; but his curiosity being excited by the extreme caution that was observed, he approached gently to the door of

the sanctuary and learned the secret while the high-priest was instructing his master how the Mandiram was to be performed. He retired softly to his station. The prince came out with the appearance of uncommon joy. He frequently afterward retired with the favorite page to the most unfrequented parts of a neighboring forest, and after recommending to him to sit and watch over his body, he went and repeated the Mandiram in private, when his soul mounted into the skies. He was so delighted with this new amusement that he forgot his duty as a ruler; he was tired of affairs of state; he lost the relish of his former pleasures, even his beautiful princess was neglected; and like an youthful lover with his mistress, he looked impatiently for the hour when he might quit the grandeur of his court for the sake of soaring for a moment above the sphere of men. One day when the monarch was delighted in his aerial journey he forgot to come back at the appointed time. The page grew weary with attending, and wished to return to the court. He often looked at the body, and again into the air. He thought of a variety of things to divert the tedious hour. The secret he had learned at the door of the sanctuary came into his mind. He who fails in his duty once generally yields to fresh temptations. Curiosity, that led him from his station before the temple, now prompted him to repeat the *Mandiram*. The conflict was but short. The mystery was performed. The soul instantly quitted the body of the slave. The more graceful form of the body of his master lay before it. The change was preferred. The slave now became the sovereign, and not choosing to have one who had been his master for an attendant, he cut off the head of his former body, as being now but a habitation for which he had no longer any use. The soul of the prince returned too late. He saw the headless and life-

less corpse of his favorite. He guessed what had come to pass. And after floating for some time over the forest, and uttering those unhappy sounds that are sometimes to be heard in the stillness of the night, he was commanded to enter into the body of a parrot. He flew instantly to his palace, where, instead of commanding, he was caught, and, for the beauty of his plumage, presented to the princess as not unworthy of her regard. He was placed in her apartments; he saw his unfaithful servant wearing his crown; he heard his late actions examined, his faults criticised, his foibles turned into ridicule; and when, in the bitterness of impotent revenge, he repeated all the words of invective he had learned, they only served to amuse the slaves. No one knew the secret until many ages afterward, when it was revealed by a holy hermit.* These will be sufficient to give some idea of the Hindoo mythology, and their great prolific imagination, poems, fables, etc.

All the priests are Brahmins, but all the Brahmins are not priests. At the hour of public worship, the people are admitted to a peristyle, or vestibule, the roof of which, in the large temples, is supported by several rows of pillars. They begin their devotions by performing their ablutions at the tank, which is either to be found in front of the building or in the great temple in the center of the first court, leaving their slippers or sandals on the border of the tank. The idol is also washed with water, by pouring it first on the head. All things necessary for the ceremony are prepared on a mat, as plates, cups, etc., which generally are of gold or silver. The priest occasionally rings the

* This story is also found mentioned by Fr. Bouchet in his letter to Mr. Huet, Bishop of Avranches. See Lettres edif. et tome XII., p. 170. Edit. de Paris, 1781.

bell and blows the shell; he marks* the idol on the forehead, by dipping his right thumb into some substance that has been mixed with water. If the mark be a perpendicular one, he begins at the top of the nose and advances upwards. But the color, size, and shape depends on the tribe and sect of the worshipers; some are marked with vermilion, others with turmeric, some with the dust of the whitest species of sandal-wood, etc. A Brahmin generally marks all the persons present in the same manner. The articles of food are divided amongst them, and the idol is then carefully wrapped up, and with the throne and other things used in the ceremony, are kept in a secure place until another *pooja* (ceremony) be performed; and while the Brahmins pray before the images, and perform their religious ceremonies, the dancing-women dance in the court, or under the portico, singing the praises of the god to the sound of various musical instruments.

The inauguration of a temple is performed with grand and pompous ceremony and great expense. By their astrology the Brahmins must find a fit day for that solemnity; but they often are obliged to wait for many months till the fit day is discovered. The day is afterward annually celebrated, and it is called *the feast of the Dewul.* Every temple is dedicated to some particular deity, and each has its annual feast, beginning with the day on which the inauguration was performed. It lasts ten days. To temples that are held in particular veneration, pilgrims resort on that occasion from almost every part of Hindostan, and all come with offerings, which render the revenues of some of the temples very considerable.

The Brahmins never offer bloody sacrifices, except

* This mark is named *Tiluk.*

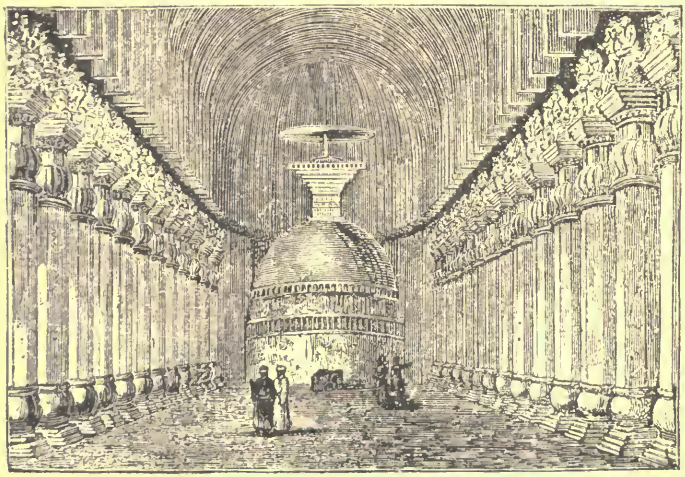
the sacrifice of the kid to Kali (the wife of Shiva), and this sacrifice is called *Ekiam;* and they, although forbidden to taste meat, are obliged by the law to partake of this animal that has been sacrificed.

These observations are sufficient to give an idea of the religion of the Brahmins. I must, however, mention that St. Francis Xavier said that a Brahmin on the coast of Malabar confided to him that one of the mysteries or secrets of the Hindoo doctrine consisted in believing that there was only one God, Creator of the heavens and the earth, and that only *that God* was worthy of adoration.* Mr. Ziegenbalg, sent by the King of Denmark, having asked in writing from different Brahmins the reason of their not offering worship to the Supreme Being, they uniformly replied that God was a Being without shape, incomprehensible, of whom no precise idea could be formed, and that the adoration before idols, being ordained by their religion, God would receive and consider that as adoration offered to Himself.

In other chapters I have said sufficiently of the Buddhist religion. The Kànhèri excavations are an illustration of the Buddhist faith. I only add concerning these excavations, that the *Vihàras* are their monasteries, designated for the accommodation of the mendicant monks, dwelling together as cenobites; the individual cells of the monks are denominated *Bhikshu-grihas*. The detached *Bhikshu-grihas* hermitages were intended for monks who lived not as cenobites, but hermits. The halls were intended for public instruction or consultation of the monks, whose common audiences were probably addressed *sub claro cælo*, or in temporary tabernacles, on the occasion of their great

* Lib. I., Epistola 5.

festivals, or at their own residence, when the monks wandered abroad. The *Dharmashàlàs* (charitable lodging-houses) were intended for the temporary accommodation of the pilgrims and other parties visiting the monks on festivals or at other seasons. The *Annasatras* (food dispensaries) were excavations or apartments devoted to the issue of food to pilgrims and travelers. Hospices of this character are found in all parts of India.



CAVE TEMPLE AT KARLI.

CHAPTER XXII.

INDIA IN GENERAL—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—ETHNOLOGICAL SIMILARITY WITH THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

ALTHOUGH the Queen of England is in reality the Empress of India, or has at least the title, this is certain, that some native States merely acknowledge the supremacy of England. The number of the native States, including the smaller feudaries, exceed 460. Some States only undertake to follow the advice of the English Government, and to govern their subjects with jnstice; others pay tribute, or provide for the maintenance of a contingent. Some have power of life and death; others must refer all grave cases to English judges; but every State acknowledges the supremacy of the British Government. Nearly all have, since the mutinies, received guarantees that their chiefs will be allowed to adopt successors on failure of heirs; and their continued existence has been thus secured. The native princes are entitled to salutes of guns, according to their standing. They can keep armies, receive revenues, etc. In density, the population varies from 465 per square mile in Oudh, to 27 in Burmah. Queen Victoria, *Defender of Faith at home*, and head of the English Church, is Defender of Idolatry in India! She is now repairing and restoring the Pagan temples in that country. The different States in India differ in religion and language as much as the States in Europe. The Indi language is spoken by forty millions; the Hindustani, by thirty millions; the Bengali, by thirty mil-

lions; Telugu, by eight millions; Tamil, by sixteen millions; Canarese, by five millions; Marathi, by ten millions; and Persian, by educated Mohammedans. Urdû, the official or court language, is a dialect of Hindustani, cultivated by Mohammedans. The Sanskrit, the original language of the country, is so ancient that neither history nor tradition makes mention of it as a spoken language. The oldest languages derived from it are the Pracrit, the Bali, and the Zend, which are the sacred languages of different sects. The modern dialects have nine-tenths of the words in common, but except the Hindustani, which is spoken everywhere, and the Gujerattee, which is the general language of the markets, they are all local.

In general, India is neither a beautiful nor so rich a country as many Europeans imagine. It consists of extensive plains, and hot, monotonous jungles, fertilized by numerous rivers, and interspersed with a few ranges of hills and occasional bursts of fine scenery. Nevertheless, the Himalayas, West Ghauts, and Nilgiri Hills, etc., the Cataract of Gokak, Gairsoppa, the Cave Temples, Cyclopean Tombs, Pagodas of Southern India, the Taj Mahal, and the magnificent ruins scattered all over the Empire, render India interesting to travelers. I must, however, observe, that although the railways have facilitated the manner of traveling, yet the romance of passing through their villages, of observing their manners, etc., is for the most part lost.

The distinction of caste is of a great disadvantage to the civilization of the country, and renders a portion of the people essentially and perpetually separated from one another, so that no transition from one caste to another is possible; no connection between them by marriage, or in any other way, is permitted, and no individual of one class can assume the habits or engage in the

occupations of another. The distinction is complete, in every sense, hereditary and personal; all the privileges or disabilities are inherited; no one is permitted to become what he is destined to be by nature, but he is obliged to become what his birth permits, or to remain what it condemns him to be. The slightest transgression of these laws is punished with loss of caste, and sometimes, in particular cases, with death. Even the difference in food is precisely marked out.

This prejudice is carried so far, that if a person, or a family, preparing food on the side of the road or of a street, as is a custom in India, and it happens that some European passing by casts his shadow on the food, or on the pot where the food is cooking, the Hindoos do not dare eat, nor even taste it, but throw it away, because they consider it defiled and contaminated by the shadow of the worst of the castes. Conversing with some railroad agents, I was told that this distinction of caste caused great trouble and vexation when the railroads were first opened. Hindoos of a superior caste would not occupy a wagon in which some individual of an inferior caste had been traveling. The railway officers were obliged to cleanse such wagon by a performance of a special ceremony of purification. They remarked also, that railroads, more than anything else, contribute to bring castes in contact with one another, and that now superior castes are not so conscientious about entering a car where persons of an inferior caste, or even Europeans, are sitting.

There is a tribe or race of people, called in the Sanskrit, *Chandalas;* and on the coast of Coromandel, *Parias;* who are employed in the meanest offices, and have no restrictions with regard to diet. Their number, compared with that of any other caste is inconsiderable, and seems evidently to consist of those persons that

have been expelled from their castes, which is a punishment inflicted for certain offenses. Were a Hindoo of any other caste to touch a *Chandala*, even by accident, he must wash himself and change his clothes. He would refrain from the production of the earth if he knew that they had been cultivated by a *Chandala*. A *Chandala* can not enter a temple, or be present at any religious ceremonies. He has no rank in society, and can not serve in any public employment. Hence the punishment of expulsion, which is supposed, in its consequences, to extend even to another life, becomes more terrible than that of death. They, and all unclean tribes, are in some extremity by themselves, nor dare they even pass through the streets that are inhabited by any superior castes.

Women in India occupy a middle position. They are, in general, well fed, better clothed than the men, and as liberally supplied with jewels as the circumstances of their husbands permit. As a class, they have, in their own opinion, nothing to complain of, and they are perfectly satisfied. But this contentment arises from ignorance.

In no country in the world is more importance attached to marriage than in India. The one great object most Hindoos set before them is to secure the marriage of their children. To have a son to perform their funeral ceremonies is considered necessary to happiness in another world.

One of the greatest evils in India is the marriage of children. Certain classes betroth even infants. A Brahmin youth in Calcutta, sixteen years of age, was once observed to be very melancholy. A person, noticing his pensive look, inquired whether he had quarreled with his father, and advised him to return home. The youth told him that he was in trouble on

account of his daughter's marriage. He had not succeeded in finding a husband for her, and he was obliged to beg to meet the marriage expenses. The class of Brahmins to which he belonged, betroth their children immediately after their birth. If they do not, they lose their honor and respectability. In most cases children are several years old when married. A little boy, on his marriage day, not seeing his mother near, began to cry, the bride following his example through sympathy. A person present had a cane, which he showed, as if he was going to strike them, which made them stop. But in the bridal-chamber the poor boy made himself hoarse crying, "Where is mamma?" Early marriage is promoted by Hindoo parents because they wish to get so important an event over as soon as possible, and because they consider that it will save their children from much harm. The wishes of the two persons to be married are not consulted. Generally the future husband and wife never see each other till the marriage day. The Hindoo marriage system is like a lottery; the two persons united for life may become attached to each other, or they may not. Many of the Hindoos are children of children, therefore the constitution of women is injured, and they become prematurely old. It is, therefore, not surprising that they are weak in body, and that so many die in infancy. About one-third of all that are born die before they are five years of age; others are cut off in youth. If mere girls are married, it is plain that a number of their husbands must die before they attain puberty. The unhappy girls are, according to Hindoo usage, doomed to be widows for life.

The expenses of marriages are very extravagant. Some parents spend on marriages the money they have been accumulating for years. Others are obliged to

borrow, at high interest, for marriage expenses. The enormous sum required to marry a daughter, led the Rajputs, in many cases, to destroy their female infants. The British Government has made strenuous efforts to check female infanticide.

The cruel inhumanity with which widows have been treated is one of the foulest blots upon the Hindoo character. A poor girl is given by her father in marriage. She may never have set her eyes upon her husband except on the wedding day; she is still living at her father's house; but if the man who calls her wife die, she is his widow, and his widow for life. She is stripped of all her ornaments, her dress is changed for the widow's robe, and, in some parts of India, her rich black hair is shaved. Then begins a life of bitterness. She is charged with her husband's death; he has been taken from her to punish her sins in a former birth; the younger she is, the greater sinner she must have been to be overtaken so soon; and her accusations are proportionately malignant. Her presence is a curse; it must never blight social festivities nor sacred ritual; the house is cursed for her sake; no accident or misfortune occurs but it is her fault. She is the drudge, the butt, the sorrow, the reproach of her family. "If her husband has been a Brahmin," according to the Smirti, "the widow shall never exceed one meal a day, nor sleep on a bed; if she do so, her husband falls from Swarga." For many centuries the horrible practice of *Sati* (the sacrifice of the widow by fire) prevailed over a great part of India. The unfortunate widow was told that if she burnt herself with the dead body of her husband, both would be happy in Indra's heaven* for as many years as there are hairs upon the human body. Many, with

* Indra is the god of heaven.

this false hope in view, and to escape a life of wretchedness, consented to burn themselves. To prevent them, however, from afterward changing their minds, they were drugged, and kept down upon the funeral pile by bamboos, while their dying shrieks were drowned by harsh music. In the name of religion, a son set fire to a funeral pile of his father. In the year 1817 it was found that, on an average, two widows were burnt alive in Bengal every day. After long and careful inquiry, the British Government, in 1829, forbade *Sati*, and eventually it was checked in native States; and endeavored to ameliorate the condition of widows by passing a law in 1856 permitting them to marry. It is to be regretted that hitherto the effect has been trifling. Widows are still treated as before, and widowers of fifty years marry girls ten years old.

Polygamy is not very common among Hindoos; nevertheless, the monstrous system of Kulin polygamy still exists, to some extent, in Bengal. A Kulin Brahmin may have fifty wives in different parts of the country. A man of seventy years receives a large sum to marry a girl of ten. When the wedding ceremonies are over, he leaves his new wife in her father's house, and will not visit her again unless he receive a handsome present.

Throughout every part of India there are people professing some peculiar practice of penance or devotion, and are distinguished by various names, but not restricted to any particular caste. Every Hindoo, except the Chandalas (the outcasts), is at liberty to adopt any of these modes of life. Some quit their relations, and every concern of this life, and wander about the country without any fixed abode. They have no clothing but what may be necessary to cover nakedness; or anything save a staff in the hand, and a pitcher to drink out of; they must meditate on the truths contained in

the sacred writings (the Vedas, etc.), but never argue on them. The food is to be rice and vegetables, and eaten but once a day. They must be indifferent about heat, or cold, or hunger, or praise, or reproach, or anything concerning this life, subdue the passions, and look forward with desire to the separation of the soul from the body.

It may be that some of the passages in the sacred writings, being understood literally by the ignorant, have given origin to those extravagant penances with which some devotees torture themselves. Some make a vow to keep their arms constantly extended over their head, with the hands clasped together, which causes them to become withered and immovable. It is said that one of them had just finished measuring the distance between Benares and Juggernaut with his body, by alternately stretching himself upon the ground, and rising; which, if he performed it as faithfully as he pretended, must have taken years to accomplish. Some make vows to keep their arms crossed over their breasts for the rest of their days; others, to keep their hands forever shut, and their nails are sometimes seen growing through the back of the hand; some by their own desire are chained to a particular spot, and others never lie down, but sleep leaning against a tree. Some penitents and devotees throw themselves under the wheels of the chariots of Shiva or Vishnu, when the idol is drawn out to celebrate the feast of a temple, being thereby crushed to death.

These chariots are more properly great movable towers, which require many oxen and some hundreds of men to draw them. Some make a vow never to speak, and go to the doors of houses and demand charity, by striking their hands together. They take nothing but rice which is given them ready prepared for

eating; and if it be sufficient to satisfy their hunger, they pass the rest of the day sitting in the shade, scarcely looking at any object that may present itself to them. There are others called *Tadinums* (devotees), who go about begging and singing the history of the different incarnations of Vishnu. They beat a kind of tabor, and have small brass bells tied round their ankles, which make a considerable noise when they walk along.

Contrary to the practice of the Hindoos, many of them wear their hair, which by a continual rubbing with cocoanut-oil, grows to an extraordinary length and thickness; some let it loose on their bodies, extending to the ground; others have it plaited, and wound round the head. The men generally wear a piece of cotton cloth wrapped round the loins, which descends under the knee, but lower on the left side than on the right; another piece of finer cloth, generally muslin, is thrown over the left shoulder, and hangs round the body, sometimes in the manner of a Highlander's plaid; a piece of clean muslin, almost in the shape of a handkerchief, is wrapped very neatly round the head. In the ears, which are always exposed, all the Hindoos wear large gold rings, ornamented, according to their taste or means, with diamonds, rubies, or other precious stones. Persons of high rank sometimes wear above the *Jama* (a robe) a short close vest of silk, or worked muslin. On days of ceremony and feasts, they wear bracelets on their arms, jewels on their turbans, strings of pearls round their necks, hanging down upon the breast. They shave their head except a lock on the back part of it, which is covered by the turban; they also shave the beard except the whiskers, and wear slippers. In cold weather sometimes they cover themselves with a shawl! The women dress nearly like the men, except that the cloth is finer, and the number of

jewels greater. In general they wear a closed jacket extending downward to cover the breasts, but it completely shows their form; it has tight sleeves reaching half way from the shoulder to the elbow. A piece of white cotton cloth is wrapped several times round the loins, and falls down over the legs almost to the ankles on one side, but not quite so low on the other. A piece of muslin is thrown over the left shoulder, which, passing under the right arm, is crossed round the middle, and being fastened by tucking part of it under the piece of cloth that is wrapped round the loins, hangs down to the feet. The hair is commonly rolled up into a knot or bunch toward the back of the head, which is fastened with a gold bodkin, and it is ornamented with jewels. They wear bracelets and rings, in their ears, and on their fingers, ankles, and toes; often they wear a small ring on one side of the nostril. Fashions are unknown; and their dresses, like their customs, are the same to-day as a thousand years ago.

One of my objects in this journey through the islands of the Pacific Ocean was to trace the similarity, if any, of our North American Indians with the natives of the South Pacific and India. So far I perceived a great likeness with the natives of the Sandwich Islands, of the Navigator Islands, Friendly Islands, and of New Zealand; that is, with the *Maories*. New Zealand was the last land of the South Pacific, where I found similarity of the natives with the North American Indians, and as I have remarked when I traveled in New Zealand, that its inhabitants came from the Sandwich Islands, I feel satisfied, that all the natives of the South Pacific, similar to the North American Indians, came originally from the west, that is, from the Sandwich Islands, and perhaps from the Continent of America, and not from the South Pacific to America.

In India I made the same researches upon this subject, and I feel certainly convinced that there is no similarity in physiognomy, manners, language, and religion between the North American Indians and the present Hindoos, but there is much analogy in physiognomy, manners, language, and religion between the North American Indians and the aboriginal tribes that lived in India previous to the occupation of the country by another race—the present Hindoos. When the foreign invaders—the present Hindoos vanquished Hindostan—the great mass of conquered native inhabitants who escaped death by submitting to the victors, were reduced to a low grade of society, but the bolder spirits preserved their independence by fleeing to the woods and hills, having lost what little civilization they might have possessed. Persons well acquainted with India have often remarked that, while in Hindostan they find classes unmistakably with a common relationship, occupying proper positions in society; yet they find others in savage freedom among the jungles and mountain ranges, who have given their names to entire districts, viz: the Domes in Domapur; the Mirs in Mirwara; the Bengis in Bengal; the Tirhus in Tirhut; the Koles in Kolywara and Kolwan; a race called Kolis west of the Aravulli Hills, etc., besides others, who have left no names to provinces, as the Ramusis or foresters, the Santhals, the Khoonds, the Pariahs of Madras, and many others.

I copy from General Briggs the following learned and interesting remarks, which show plainly the discrepancy between the Hindoos and the aborigines of Hindostan:

"1. The present Hindoos are divided into castes the aborigines have no such distinctions.

"2. Hindoo widows are forbidden to marry; the

widows of the aborigines not only do so, but usually they marry with the younger brother of the late husband—a practice they follow in common with the Scythian tribes.

"3. The Hindoos venerate the cow, and (now at least) abstain from eating beef; the aborigines feed alike on all flesh.

"4. The Hindoos (now) abstain (or at least ought by their religion to do so), from the use of fermented liquors; the aborigines drink to excess, and conceive no ceremony, civil or religious, complete without liquor.

"5. The Hindoos eat of food prepared only by those of their own castes; the aborigines partake of food prepared by any one.

"6. The Hindoos abhor the spilling of blood—(this is too strongly stated); the aborigines conceive no religious or domestic ceremony complete without the spilling of blood, and offering up a live victim.

"7. The Hindoos have a Brahminical priesthood; the aborigines do not venerate Brahmins. Their own priests (who are self-created) are respected according to their mode of life and their skill in magic and sorcery, in divining future events, and in curing diseases: these are the qualifications which authorize their employment in slaying sacrificial victims, and in distributing them.

"8. The Hindoos burn their dead; the aborigines bury theirs, and with them their arms, and sometimes also their cattle, as among the Scythians. On such occasions a victim ought to be sacrificed to atone for the sins of the deceased.

"9. The Hindoo civil institutions are all municipal; the aboriginal institutions are all patriarchal.

"10. The Hindoos have their courts of justice composed of equals; the aborigines have theirs composed of heads of tribes or of families, and chosen for life.

"11. The Hindoos brought with them (more than 3,000 years ago*) the art of writing and science; the aborigines are illiterate."

Every person acquainted with the North American Indians knows that, while they have not any of those above-mentioned characteristics of the Hindoos, on the other hand they find them to possess, and very strongly too, all those above-described qualities of the aborigines of India. The physiognomy of the American Indians in many points resembles the Scythian natives, from whom the aborigines of India are thought to have descended. Its principal characteristics are stiff, thin, straight black hair; low forehead; eyes small, and sunk; the nose somewhat projecting; the cheek bones prominent; the face large, and although the color of the Scythians is not exactly copper-color, yet it is of a tawny-yellowish tint, which shade may alter on account of different causes; namely, climate, food, etc. The face broad and flattish, with the parts not well distinguished from each other; the space between the eyes flat and broad; a rather flat nose, projecting cheeks, narrow and oblique eyelids, and chin rather prominent.

The language of the aborigines is one of the Turanian tongues, which are most extensively spoken. A great northern branch of them, which may vaguely be called Tartar or Scythian, is used over Northern and Middle Asia and part of Europe; and a great southern division is employed by the Tamils and some other peoples of India, as well as by the Siamese, Malays, and islanders of the Pacific. These Turanian tongues

* General Briggs seems to be in error in stating that the Hindoos brought with them to India 3,000 years ago the art of writing, for they must have acquired it long subsequent to their settlement in the land.

spoken by the aborigines are termed agglutinate; that is, glued together. The reason is, that pronouns are made to adhere to the root of the verb to form the conjugation, and prepositions to substantives to form the declension. On this account the Turanian tongues have also been called terminational.

Moreover, long ago it was discovered that one-tenth of the words used in the Hindi language are not of Sanskrit origin. Going a little further south, it is the same with one-fifth of the Maharatta words. Yet, proceeding southward, it was found that a still larger number in the Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, and Malayan languages are freer from Sanskrit intrusion. Comparing next the words that are not Sanskrit, they are discovered to have a certain resemblance to each other, and a more or less close affinity to the Tartar, or, speaking more generally, at least to the Turanian tongues. Thus the first wave of conquest that rolled over India seems to have been a Scythian, or at least a Turanian one, and perhaps more than one, as Scythian words are found to some extent differing in the northern and southern families of Indian tongues. The ancestors of the Sudra community in the south, and probably even in many other parts of India, must have been some of the conquerors of India.

Besides these observations, the Turanians have left monuments of architecture which are not of the Brahmanic style, but of a style of a race by far anterior to Brahmanic time. Furguson—that great writer on architecture—shows that the Turanians subsequently became the great temple-builders in India; they did not greatly distinguish themselves in war or in literature, but such patient and devoted temple-builders, the world scarce anywhere else has seen. With the exception of the beautiful rock-cut temple at Karli and Ellora, all the

great architectural erections belong to the Turanian Hindoos in Southern India. Even the famous pagoda of Tanjor, given by Europeans as a specimen of Brahmanic architecture, is not of the Brahmanic style at all, but it was constructed seemingly by the race of men whom the Brahmins conquered and in part destroyed.

From all these observations it is certain that our North American Indians do not belong to that race which now occupies India, but most probably belong to the Turanian nation—the first aborigines of Hindostan—to whom they assimilate in manners, physiognomy, and language.

But how and when did they find their way to the American soil?

Mr. De Guignes, in 1761, published a memoir in which he endeavored to establish that in the fifth century A.D., some Buddhist monks from China sailed for a part of the New World,* which they named *Fou-Sang*, where they established Buddhism. Although Klaproth in 1831 endeavored to prove that the country called Fou-Sang is on the eastern coast of Japan, yet in 1844 M. De Paravey, and in 1862 M. José Perez, have both sustained De Guignes. Several others have supported M. De Guignes. Finally, four years ago Mr. Charles G. Leland published a work entitled, *Fusang, or the Discovery of America by Chinese Buddhist Priests*, who confirms the same. In the first volume of the "International Congress of Americanists,"† there is a map in which there is marked the route which the Buddhist priests made in going to America. The sea-track starts

* See Memoires des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres, tome xxviii.

† See "Congrès International des Amèricanistes. Compte-rendu de la Première Session." Nancy, 1875. Tome premier. Paris: Maisonneuve et Co., Editeurs, 15 Quai Voltaire. Nancy: G. Crepin Leblond, Imprimeur, 14 Grand'rue. Ville vieille.

from the Yellow Sea in China, passes through the islands of Japan, coasts the Aleuts islands, and terminates in Russian America; this track is marked 458 A.D. If this is so, the opinion that the North American Indians came from China is an established fact. That from India they went to China is most probable. It is remarkable that this emigration to America took place just when the aboriginal Hindoos were conquered and dispersed by the Brahmins. It renders a very probable fact that some Indian aboriginal tribes emigrated to North America, and from thence gradually occupied the entire continent of America, and went through several physical changes on account of climate, food, etc.

GARROW MAN—REPRESENTATIVE OF ONE OF THE ABORIGINAL TRIBES.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SAILING FOR EUROPE—ADEN—RED SEA—SUEZ CANAL—PORT SAID—MEDITERRANEAN SEA—COASTS OF CALABRIA—MESSINA—NAPLES.

ON the first of March we embarked on the fine Italian steamer *Australia*, one of the best belonging to the Bubattino Company, and commanded by Captain F. Borzoni, a gentleman whose skill in navigation, and whose kindness and attention toward passengers, deserves the highest recommendation and credit. Our Venetian friend, Dr. Carlo Barzilai, impatient at having to wait a few days longer, sailed from Bombay on board an Australian steamboat. My passage (first-class) was 500 francs in gold; but the gentlemanly agent and Italian Consul, Mr. C. Grondona, notified me that I, as missionary, was entitled to a discount of 15 per cent. What a difference between Italy and France in allowing a discount to missionaries! The French require from missionaries certificates, testimonials, letters, and I do not know what else; all of which trouble does not pay for the amount of money saved. And then again, the missionaries must go in the second-class, even if they are willing to pay the difference and go in the first-class. Liberal and Catholic France! Is this the respect and esteem that you pay toward the anointed of the Lord? But Italy, by far more advanced in liberality and religion, allows 15 per cent. discount, and permits missionaries to go by any class they wish to select.

Going out of the harbor of Bombay we passed an Italian man-of-war. It was a feeling and glorious mo-

ment for Italians in a far foreign land to exchange salutations with their national flag, which only a few years ago was allowed to take its place among the first nations of the world.

The Arabian Sea was calm and cheering, and the weather splendid. The company, composed of six or seven nationalities, was agreeable and very sociable, although at table it sounded like a Babel on account of the confusion of tongues, yet nearly all could speak two or three different languages, and some still more. One thing, however, was unreasonable among most of the passengers, especially the French, and it was that they gave orders and spoke to servants in French, or sometimes in English, or in some other language. All the servants were Italian, hence it was unreasonable to suppose that Italian waiters and other hands should speak any language but Italian on board an Italian steamer. We have observed that on board of French steamers you can not even obtain a tumbler of water unless you ask for it in French. Now, on board an Italian boat, if they wanted anything, they asked for it in any other language except Italian. Here I remember an anecdote which I heard from a French priest in Washington, D. C. He had been two years in America and could not or would not learn the English language, which he disliked. "*Foudre*," he was saying, "*que ce que c'est cela. Vous entendez dire ouse* (house); *personne comprend. Bonheur! Ditez maison, et tout le monde comprend.*" ("Thunder! what is that? You hear *ouse* (house); nobody understands. Gracious! say *maison*, and everybody understands what it is.")

After six days of a pleasant voyage we sighted land on the Arabian side; then the *Australia* coasted the north-eastern side of the mountainous Socotora Island, at the entrance of the Straits of Bab-el-mandeb, 50

leagues distant from Cape Guardafui in Africa, and at the entrance of the Red Sea. The Egyptian Government intends, or at least intended, to carry the railway from Suez along the African shore of the Red Sea to a point near this Cape Guardafui; thence steamers will proceed to Aden, by which five days will be saved, and the dangers of the Red Sea avoided. This island is about 70 miles long and 27 wide, and although mountainous, yet it is fertile, producing cattle, dates, amber, aloe, etc. Tamara, a good harbor, on the north-west side, at the entrance of the Red Sea, is the capital and the residence of the king. The inhabitants are Arabians and Mohammedans, and keep a commerce with Arabia and Goa. Early next morning the *Australia* cast anchor at Aden, a free port on Arabia Felix.

Aden is an English settlement and coasting station on a barren and rocky peninsula, ten by three miles, hemmed in by hills, connected with the mainland by a causeway 1,350 yards wide. Among these hills there is a gap toward Seerah Island, in the crater of an extinct volcano. The town is situated on the east end of this volcano, and it has an outer and inner harbor. As it seldom rains, perhaps once in three years, water is very scarce. A condensing apparatus has been erected near the port by the Oriental and Peninsular Company's agent. Vessels are signaled from a conical peak called Signal Hill. No blade of grass nor tree is visible; there is a good road four miles long leading to the town. Except the Governor's gardens, a small park is almost the only green spot here, besides a few trees and shrubs to be seen on the opposite mainland. There are about 22,000 inhabitants, chiefly natives, tall and savage-looking, with yellow mop-heads. There is a bazar where sheep with fat tails (sometimes weighing ten pounds) are sold; they are found in Turkistan, Afghanistan, and other parts.

Water is also partially found in the Tanks, of which there are nine of various sizes, in a gorge overlooking the town, and which are the great sight here. They are of solid masonry, looking like forts, built many centuries ago, but neglected and allowed to fill up with rubbish, but reconstructed with large sums by the English Government when the British took possession. They can hold water enough for two or three years' consumption, and it is carried to town by camels and donkeys. There is considerable trade carried on with the interior of Arabia by means of asses and camels; and also with the African ports of Berbera and Bulhar opposite. This settlement is under the Governor of Bombay.

In conversation with an Australian gentleman on the subject of Catholic missions and Catholic missionaries, he remarked having read in the "Travels" of Baron de Hübner that native missionaries compare unfavorably with European missionaries, and that the former are timid, not profound in sciences, and lack energy. I replied that this was an injustice toward the native missionaries. I have seen native students in the Seminary of Macao, China, having superior talents, and very proficient in studies; even those of the Malayan race, native of the island of Timor. I have seen native missionaries in the Straits Settlements, India, etc., that could well stand *vis-a-vis* with Europeans. Perhaps their great humility caused the Baron to fall into this error.

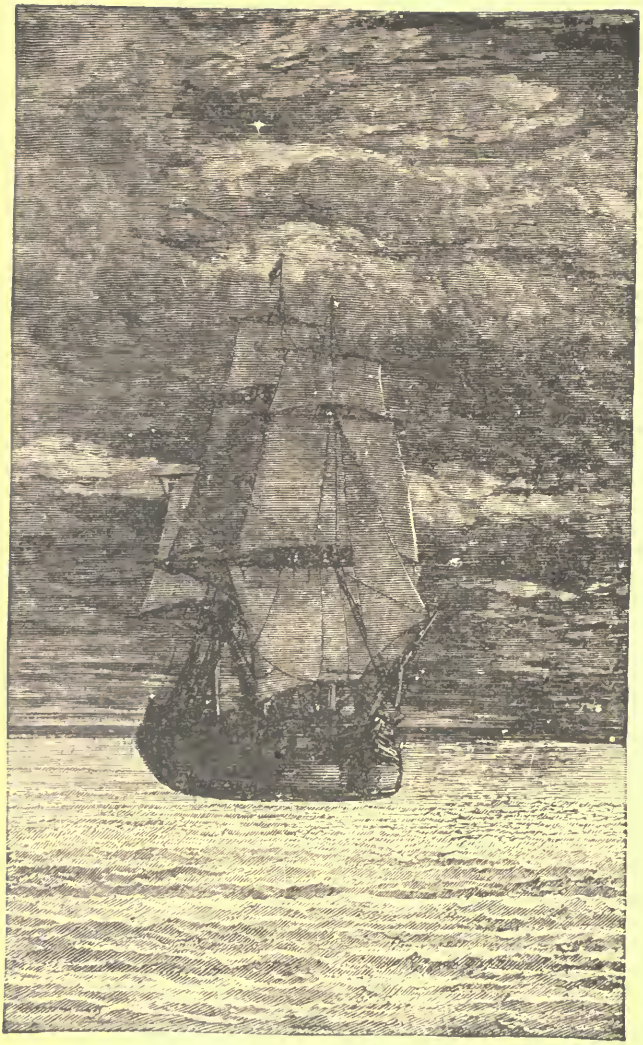
The gentleman replied that Baron de Hübner must have meant the negroes and mulattoes, who are certainly unfit for missionaries; they would become ridiculously proud, and unreliable. Rome seldom, if ever, allows any of them to creep into the priesthood; although, unfortunately, there is some instance of the kind, yet it

might have happened through mistake or misunderstanding.

A Franciscan missionary and a nun came on board from Aden to go to Europe. They affirmed to us what I have asserted about the conversion of the natives, who are so immersed in the vices of their sects that they do not want to embrace Christianity, except very, very few; hence the grief of the poor broken-hearted priests. This poor missionary had nearly lost the use of his feet, because, for many years, he could take no exercise on the rough rocks of Aden.

There are two good hotels, but there is hardly anything worth seeing in the surburbs. The coast of Arabia is seen opposite, lying quite low, and even with the water's edge. It is sometimes unsafe for Europeans to attempt to land there, as instances have happened of British officers going on shooting excursions and being attacked by the Arabs. Some natives came on board to sell ostrich feathers and eggs; also various articles of Indian and Chinese workmanship; but while we were bargaining with these wild-looking and cunning descendants of Ismael, who are arrant cheats, asking fabulous prices for their articles, the *Australia* blew the whistle—the sign for sailing—and all the Arabs, without any trade, skedaddled in an instant. From the boat we saluted Dr. Barzilai, who was on board the Austrian steamer just now entering Aden, although she had left four days before us.

The *Australia* turned west-north-west and entered the difficult and dangerous *Bab-el-Mandeb* Straits, between Africa and Arabia, and between the Island of Perim and a high mountain. The steamer steered cautiously along a series of precipitous and perilous headlands on the south coast of Arabia Felix and some islands. We could observe the towering Abyssian high



ANCHORED AT NIGHT.

mountains. The *Australia* rounded the Island of Perim, which is 245 feet above the sea, and only five miles from Arabia and nine miles from the coast of Africa. On this barren island there is a light-house and an excellent harbor, well sheltered, where forty ships of the line could anchor safely 100 yards from the shore. The East-India Company formed a garrison in 1857, but it was abandoned. It was the road of the Indian trade before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope.

The navigation of the Red Sea is a passage considered very trying on the constitution. The rays of the sun penetrate the double awnings placed over the deck, and while sitting on deck from 8 A.M. to 3 P.M., the atmosphere is unbearable. Rarely is there a breath of wind; the body becomes heated, and recourse is had to drinking soda-water and pale ale to assuage the burning thirst which all travelers experience in traversing the Red Sea either for the first or seventh time; many occasionally use some aperient draughts to prevent an attack of fever. Sometimes, however, the wind blows terrifically, and the weather is very boisterous; woe to those unfortunate vessels that are cast upon either the African or Arabian shores; they are mercilessly plundered, and the passengers led into slavery. In 1859 the Peninsular and Oriental Company lost two vessels about here. The *Alma* was wrecked off Mooshedjerah, and the *Northam* stranded on the Shaah Baryer, but the mail agent and purser reached Sowakin* (105 miles in an open boat). We were very lucky to have a fine breeze during the entire passage of the Red Sea, and we did not experience any of those trying sufferings which have caused sudden deaths to several

* A very small village on the African coast, the port of Soudan, or Nubia.

passengers and some of the crews of numerous vessels. The want of lights in many localities of this sea cause many shipwrecks. These Straits of *Bab-el-Mandeb* (Babu 'lmandab, Gate of Tears, most probably so called from the number of vessels wrecked in passing through it in the earlier times of navigation), are much hemmed in by projections of land, closed in on both sides by barren, rugged rocks.

The steamer steered along the Arabian coast, and soon passed Mocha, *via* Yeman, famous for its coffee, of which in Aden I got a good quantity; the kind Italian Consul, Mr. Grondona, from Bombay, had telegraphed the agent in Aden to bring a quantity for me. Mocha, once a city of 18,000 inhabitants, now numbers hardly 5,000, yet it is the best port in the Red Sea, and besides coffee, has an extensive trade in balm, myrrh, aloe, incense, etc.

Twelve hours after passing Perim we sighted the Great and Little Harnish, where the P. and O. steamer *Alma* was wrecked, and shortly afterward the two guano islands, the Zebayer and Jibel Toogur; and afterward Aboo Eyle; and then the volcanic island of Jeebel Teer (birds), or Dokhan, which very seldom is seen in eruption. Dædalus light is seen at times, and afterward you sight the Torches. At a distance you can see the Abyssinian mountains, 8,000 to 10,000 feet high. Magdala is 400 miles further on. You soon discover a group of coral islands called Massowah, in the mouth of Annesley Bay, at the bottom of which, sixty miles from Massowah, is Zoulla—the ancient *Adulis*, now a decaying, but once a very important and commercial city. Some very interesting ruins are yet preserved, which show the grandeur of times long passed by.

Leaving the Farsan Islands on the east side, we sighted the Konfadeh Islands, facing Sowakin and its islands

on the Egyptian coast, and soon after Jeddah or Djidda, a little town and bay, and port from which there is a road to Mecca, the native city of that great impostor, Mohammed. Mecca now has only 20,000 inhabitants;

MOSQUE.

the city is well and handsomely built, but is situated in a sandy, barren, and rocky country, nine leagues from the sea. The Greeks called it *Macoraba*, and it is called by the Mussulmans *Omm-Alcora* (mother of cities). It

is two miles long and one broad. Many quarters are now abandoned to ruins, and two-thirds of the houses now left are unoccupied. Once it was very rich, and had 100,000 inhabitants; but since the number of pilgrims to the *Kaaba*, or Caaba, has considerably diminished, owing to the decay of religious zeal; the city is not wealthy, and is fast going to ruin. The Kaaba (House of God), originally a temple at Mecca, is in great esteem among the heathen Arabians, who before they embraced Mohammedanism, called a small building of stone, in the same temple, *Kaaba*, which has in turn become an object of the highest veneration with the Mohammedans. On the side of it is a black stone, surrounded with silver, called *braktan*, set in the wall, about four feet from the ground. This stone, since the second year of the Hegira, has served as the *Kebla*, that is, as the point toward which the Mohammedan turns his face during prayer. This black stone was brought thither by the Angel Gabriel, as they fancy; but it is believed to be a meteoric stone. This stone is the principal wonder of the place. The grand ceremony through which the pilgrims pass, is that of going seven times round the Kaaba, kissing each time the sacred stone. Mount Arafat, close by, is a sacred place, to which the Mohammedans make pilgrimages. No Christian is allowed to enter Mecca, and its territory is regarded as sacred to a certain distance round, which is indicated by marks set up.

Further up on the Egyptian side, opposite the first cataract, is Berenice, a small port on a bay of the Red Sea. On the Arabian side, on a barren and sandy desert, stands Yembo, the port for Medina, about 100 miles inland. This city is the ancient *Iatrippa*, before the days of Mohammed, Jethreb. It is a miserable city of about 1,200 families; of no importance except to the Mohammedans on account of the tomb of their impostor, Mo-

hammed. Most of the houses are poorly built, and neither the tomb nor the mosque in which it is inclosed are distinguished by any magnificence, although some say that the mosque is supported by 400 columns. Although this tomb is held in high veneration, yet the Mohammedans do not consider it necessary or highly meritorious to visit it, and for this reason Medina is less visited by pilgrims than Mecca, which is 180 miles southward. The immense treasure of pearls, precious stones, etc., accumulated for ages by the contributions of rich Mohammedans, was pillaged by the Wahabees a few years since. Mohammed was driven from Mecca to Medina in A.D. 622, and it is that epoch which is called the Hegira (flight) of the Mohammedan era, from which their dates are reckoned.

The *Australia*, in order to avoid the dangerous islands on the Arabian coast, approached the little port of Kosseir, on the shore of Upper Egypt; yet this little town, on a barren and uncultivated soil, has a great commerce with Arabia, and it is the nearest point for the Nile and Thebes across the desert.

The officers of the *Australia* were kind enough to point out to us the localities where steamboats had been wrecked. Numerous boats and steamers are seen conveying pilgrims to Yembo for Medina, and to Jeddah for Mecca. Opposite to the promontory of Sinai, we could see the entrance of the Gulf of Akaba, at the entrance of which is the small Arabian city called Akaba, not many miles from the ancient and famous city *Petra*. We neared the two rocks called the Two Brothers, and the Jubal Islands. In the mouth of Jubal Strait is Shadwan Island, where the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Carnatic* was wrecked, September 13, 1869, and thirty lives lost, with the mails, specie, and cargo. The Akaba Gulf runs from Ras Moham-

med up to Petraea, past Jabel-el-Mir, 5,000 feet high, a day's journey from Akaba. About 180 miles from Suez, the Jubal Strait, or Gulf of Suez, six to ten miles broad, with ridges of table-land about 3,000 feet high on both sides, joins the Gulf of Akaba on the Arabian side, where both join the Red Sea at an angle inclosing the Mount Sinai region.

The ancient and small Arabian city Tor (el Tor), was now visible; it is the place where travelers for Mount Sinai disembark to ascend the Holy Mountain of God. All the passengers we eagerly gazing to obtain a peep at that sacred mount which was on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; that sacred mount which quaked when it felt that the majesty of God was on it; that sacred mountain that in thunders and lightnings heard the voice of its Maker manifesting to us His holy will, and giving to us His ten commandments to be observed forever. We could see also Mount St. Catharine, upon which the holy body of the holy martyr, St. Catharine, from Alexandria, was transported by angels and deposited there, and at the foot of which mountain the Greek convent of St. Catharine, founded in 1331 by William Bouldsell, has ever since continued to afford hospitality to the pilgrims whose zeal impels them to brave the perils of the road, rendered impassable by hordes of Arabs, who live by plunder, unless for a large and well-defended caravan. The *Australia* crossed the spot of this sea which Moses opened with his rod, and made the waters on both sides stand firm like walls to let the Israelites pass through its abyss, and with dry feet from Egypt reach the Arabian side, and when by the power which God gave to his rod, closed it again, thus swallowing Pharaoh and his numerous army. We reached Suez in the morning.

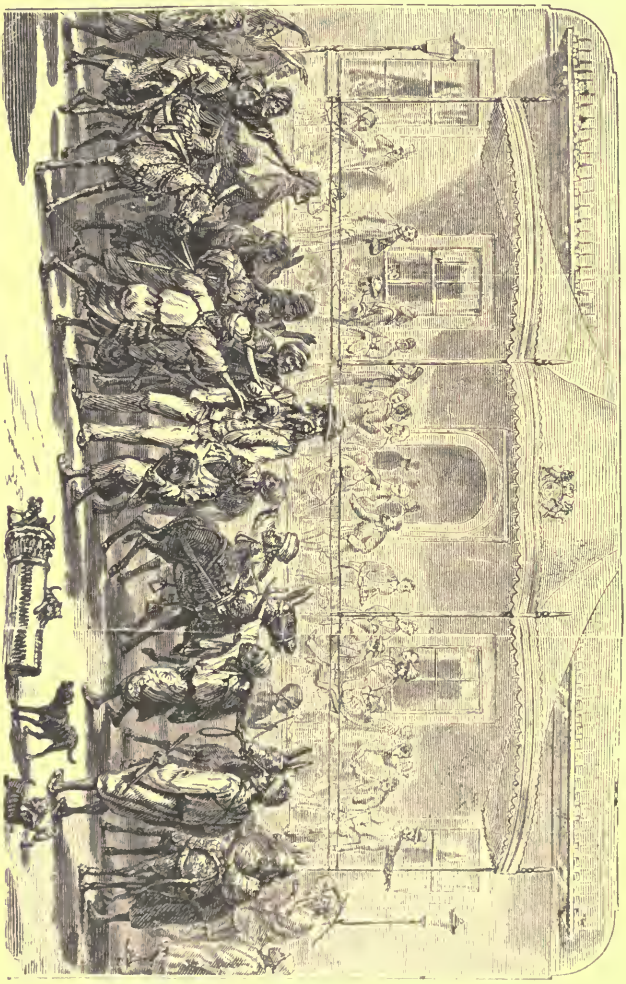
The Red Sea is supposed to have derived its name either from the quantity of red coral found in it, or from Edom, which signifies red, which was on its eastern shore. The waters are blue. It is 1,100 miles long, by 150 broad, with a depth of 400 feet, and lies between Arabia on the east, and Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia, in three nearly equal parts, on the west. The steamer takes six days from Bahr-Malak, or Salt Sea of the Arabs (the *Mare Erythreum* of the Greeks) to Suez, which ancient city has improved a little, but not much, since I saw it about ten years ago. The present population is about 14,000; a mixture of Turks. French, Arabs, Italians, Greeks, etc.

We sighted the Suez lights near the harbor, and the shallow inlet through which the lagoon of Suez joins the Red Sea. The entire length of the Suez Canal is eighty-six geographical miles, including the several small lakes through which it passes. A depth of eight metres is constantly maintained by dredging, and ships of 3,000 to 4,000 tons, drawing nearly twenty-two feet of water, go through in twelve to thirteen hours. The allowed rate for steamers is five to six knots an hour. The canal will not do for paddle-wheel boats, because, among other objections, there would be too much washing against the banks. The sand-storms and excessive evaporation to which it is liable, require constant attention. The Red Sea tide, which rises five to six feet at Suez, is felt up to the Bitter Lakes; and the Mediterranean tide to Kantara. A telegraph wire runs through from Port Said to Suez, following the rail and Sweet Water Canal along the second half, between Ismailia and Suez. Sidings, called *gares* in French, are provided here and there for meeting ships. The regulations for meeting ships are:—from Suez to Ismailia, just half way, ships coming from Port Said have the right

of the way; hence vessels coming from Suez must stop at some *gare*, to which they are signaled; sometimes they must wait even a full day or more till the canal be free. From Ismailia to Port Said, the other half, it is the reverse.

The great work of the Suez Canal was first projected by Napoleon I. in 1798, but he gave it up, because the scientific men of the expedition sent by him to the Isthmus represented that the Red Sea was thirty-three feet higher than the Mediterranean Sea, when in reality the level of the two seas is nearly the same, the Red Sea being only six inches higher at a mean level than the Mediterranean. The project was not new, as an old *Canal of the Kings* was cut by Pharaoh-Necho and the Ptolemies from Bubastis to Suez, 100 miles long, which, getting filled with sand, was cleaned out in the seventh and eighth centuries, and restored by Caliph Omar, as the *Canal of the Faithful*. Visconte de Lesseps in 1854 projected it, and opened the scheme to the late Viceroy, Mehemet Said, and in 1854 obtained a firman from the Sultan, and a concession by the Pasha, and having formed a company, work was commenced in 1859. English engineers laughed at the scheme; but in reality it was jealousy of England, fearing a political superiority which the project was to give to France. On the death of Mehemet Pasha, the permission of the Company to hold any territory in Egypt, one of the great objects, was formally withdrawn by the Sultan. The difficulties, however, were settled; the work at first was done by the forced labor of *fellahs*, who scooped the sand, mud, and clay, in the line of the cutting, and carried it off in baskets; but their labor was mostly superseded by sixty or seventy steam dredging machines. Except at Chalouf, there was little stone along the line. Mr. Talabot formed a rival project for

a canal from Alexandria to Suez via Cairo, 250 miles long. My mind here transported me to that truly



SHEPHERD'S HOTEL—CAIRO.

amusing view which I enjoyed in Cairo, from the well-known *Shepherd's Hotel*—a view which, when a person has once seen it, he will never forget through life.

The present Suez Canal consists of about one-fourth artificially made, while the rest runs through natural lakes lying in the hollows, chiefly the Bitter Lakes and Lake Timsah, which, though shallow, are sufficiently deep to be turned to account. The canal cutting is intended to be 327 feet wide at the surface of the water, 72 wide at the bottom, and 26 feet deep. Where the cuttings are hard and costly, the surface width is reduced to 196 feet. About one-third of the whole is embanked, the rest being at or below the sea-level. It was opened in form, November 17, 1867, by a procession of English and foreign steamers, in presence of the Khedive, the Empress Eugenie, Emperor of Austria, Crown Prince of Prussia, and other personages, at Ismailia, with religious ceremonies by Napoleon's almoner, Bishop Bauer, and some other Egyptian religious performances by the moolahs.

The *Australia* did not stop long near the entrance of the canal. A bust of Waghorn was set up here by the Canal Company. The steamer was soon signaled to proceed; we passed the ruined monument on a hill, Madama, where are the remains of the old canal; here there is a pontoon bridge. At the Chalouf railway station, on a stone plateau, near remains of the old canal and El-Tarraba Hill, we were signaled to stop, and waited over one hour and a half. We saw several steamers passing by, but we were not allowed yet to proceed, because other ships were on the way. Here the cutting, four miles long, is narrowed between banks forty feet high. Several of us availed ourselves of the stoppage to stroll along the desert. The *Australia* proceeded through a lake, the middle of which, that is, the channel, was buoyed; at Geneffè station we were signaled to stop again for some hours; I landed to see the desert, where there were pelicans and other Arabian birds of prey.

In the hottest part of the day, from the deck or from the desert, at a distance far on the Egyptian side, we could observe an extensive lake bound by a ridge of low hills with miniature houses; we inquired from the officers what lake was that looming up at a distance; they laughed at us; it was a mirage! Some time later, a similar mirage was observed on the Arabian side far into the desert. This optical phenomenon is frequent in the dry, sandy desert of Egypt and Arabia. The surface of the earth or sea becoming heated, communicates a portion of its caloric to the superincumbent layer of air, which thus becomes less dense than the superior layer. The rays of light which proceed from an object in the heated layer will then be bent downward, and thus arrive at the end in such a direction as to cause the object to appear above its actual position. In the desert, where the surface is perfectly level, a plain thus assumes the appearance of a lake, reflecting the shadow of objects within and around it.

At last we were signaled to start. Having passed Kabret-el-Aischouhe (two or three houses) at the north end of Little Bitter Lake, near the ruins of a Persepolitain monument, we crossed the Great Bitter Lake, at the south end of which there is a light; and another at the north end of the same lake. This lake is called *Amer*, or Great Bitter Lake (bitter from the salt); and the Little Bitter Lake is called also Little Amer. Here is Chebrewet Peak, in the Gènettè Hills, to the south-west. Five miles further we were at the Serapeum* railway station, on a plateau 46 feet above sea, hence the banks are 39 to 40 feet high; here there are ruins of a monument, on a hillock, with Persian and Egyptian characters, close to the railway station, and remains of an old

* So named from an ancient monument.

canal. At Toussoum we were signaled to stop, where we waited for nearly two hours. We observed on the Arabian side a little black cloud advancing toward the canal, when it suddenly unfolded itself and covered the whole horizon. It was one of those sand-storms which so many times have proved fatal to entire caravans by burying them all under sand. It was very providential

SUEZ CANAL, AT ISMAILIA.

that the ship was well secured to its mooring, and although the sand covered the entire deck, it did not do any harm; while with the same quickness that it came the storm disappeared. When the weather cleared, we found that a part of the desert had been entirely stripped of sand, leaving a bed of little sharp stones, while on the opposite side a low range of sandy hills

had been formed, just like snow-drifts. Finally we were signaled, and the steamer arrived at Ismailia, where we anchored for the night.

It was a very dark night and the lights imparted to the town a very charming appearance, and also to the entire lake. Some of the passengers desired to land for an hour or two, but following the advice of the captain, I decided to remain on board.

Ismailia is a half-way town between Port Said and Suez, 42 miles distant from the former and 44 from the latter. It is the central depot of the company's works, and it has hotels, banks, a church, a theater, etc. It was named after the present Viceroy. It is the central railway station, and had offices and dock-yard. Here the Sweet, or Fresh Water Canal from Zagazig (a sort of New River) falls in: a necessary work, 40 feet wide, 9 feet deep, opened in 1862, before the ship canal was made, to supply drinking-water along the line. It turns off south to Suez to supply that place with water, and a branch in pipes goes to Port Said. Small craft sail through it, and it is also used for irrigation. In the morning this half-way capital appeared to us very elegant and neat; it is situated on the north edge of *Lake Timsah* (or Crocodile Lake); but it has unmistakable marks that it is going down very fast. Having the right of the way, we started without making any stop. We passed *Lake Timsah*, at which the Khèdivé has a very elegant summer house; the *El-Guisir* village, where there is a church. This is the highest ground in the isthmus, through which the canal is taken by a cutting in sandstone to the level of the lake. Here there is a floating bridge. After passing the El-Ferdane village, the steamer entered the *Ballah* Lakes, between swamps and low hills. At Kantara siding, 1,300 feet long, on the old road and telegraph route to Syria,

there is a small hotel. High waters reach this place, and sands drift heavily in east winds. The canal penetrates the *Ballah* Lakes, or laguna, its whole width, and cuts through a strip of sand four miles wide and about four feet above sea level, which separates

A STREET IN CAIRO.

this laguna from that of Menzaleh. Now it follows the coast for 25 miles, and it is only separated from the sea by a narrow strip of beach. It is the site of old cornfields, once fertilized by the Tanitic branch of the Nile, and now desolate. On the south side of the very shallow lake, or lagune Menzaleh (swarming with sea-fowl)

The Rialto, Venice.

is Ras-el-Ech village. Now we sighted the Port Said light-house, with its electric light, 180 feet high.

Although Port Said has improved since I saw it, nearly eleven years ago, yet it is a dirty and uninviting modern city of 10,000 inhabitants; it is laid out in regular streets, standing on a platform made by stuff excavated from the canal. The land here is fast rising out of the sea, from the deposits of the Nile. Its quay is grand, the basin is 137 acres, and the dry-dock 440 feet long for shipping, outside of which is the port, or roadstead. This lies between two breakwaters, or moles. The stone for all the edifices are artificial stones. There are several shops selling curiosities, for which they demand high prices, but are contented with half what they ask. What a contrast between the streets of Port Said and Cairo! The streets of Cairo are truly Oriental, full of life, and with an ebb and tide of people crowding them; whereas a gloom of death pervades those of Port Said, which by no means look Oriental.

Without any delay the *Australia* proceeded into the Mediterranean Sea. In a few days we were coasting the southern part of the not yet free unfortunate island of Candia, still in slavery under the tyrannical mismanagement of the Porte. A few days more and we were steering along the coast of the mountainous, but fertile Calabria. The city of Melitto appeared to us only a stone's throw. The vineyards, fig-trees, olive-yards, etc., were distinctly seen. We could observe plainly the railroad, and the train just passing. Having rounded Cape *Spartivento*, the majestic Mount Etna in Sicily was seen, but at a great distance.

Mount Etna, 10,250 feet high, called *Monte Gibello*, is on the eastern part of Sicily near Catania, from which place to the summit, 30 miles, to ascend it the traveler must pass through three distinct climates —the hot, the

temperate, and the frigid. The lowest region is very fertile; the second, called woody, is fertile in vineyards, olive-yards, etc., but especially is rich for its valuable timber. The upper, or barren region, is marked out by a circle of snow and ice, which brings from three to four thousand dollars a year. Many parts of the second region are the most delightful spots upon earth; the air is cool and refreshing, and every breeze is loaded with a thousand perfumes, the whole ground being covered with the richest aromatic plants. It is believed that Etna is exhausting its volcanic powers, as the eruptions of modern times are neither so frequent as in former ages, nor are they so tremendous in their extent and effects.

Soon we sighted Reggio in Calabria, and having passed the ferry steamboat running between Reggio and Messina in Sicily, at 10 A.M. we entered the fine harbor of this city.

Sicily, the ancient *Trinacria*, is the largest, most populous, and most fruitful island of the Mediterranean. The surface is greatly diversified by mountains and valleys. A chain of mountains extends through the island from east to west, but the most elevated summit is the famous volcano, Mt. Etna. The climate is warm, but pleasant, the winters mild, and the heat of summer tempered by sea breezes. The inhabitants are calculated to number 1,800,000. The principal products are maize, wheat, other kinds of grain, flax, hemp, wines, saffron, cotton, silk, olives, and various fruits. The exports consist chiefly in silk, corn, salt, olive-oil, sulphur, etc.

Messina, the ancient *Messana*, a flourishing and handsome city of Italy, is the second capital of the island of Sicily. It is ornamented by magnificent public buildings and masterpieces of architecture, and viewed from the sea it is truly picturesque. It has an extensive

transit trade between Italy and the Levant, and exports silk, wines, oil, fruits, wool, etc. It is well known in America, where its excellent oranges and lemons are imported in great quantity. Messina is celebrated for the famous and precious letter which the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, in her own handwriting, sent to the Messinians; also, for a lock of her hair, an arm of St. Paul, and the skull of St. Mary Magdalen. In company with several passengers I visited the city. Messina has given to the world many ancient and modern illustrious men. At 2 P.M. the steamer left for Naples, and steered very cautiously between *Scylla* on the coast of Calabria and *Charybdis* in Sicily. This strait has always been deemed very dangerous to navigators, and many vessels endeavoring to avoid the formidable rocks of Scylla on the coast of Italy fall into the terrible whirlpool of Charybdis on the coast of Sicily.

By daylight we passed Lipari, the largest of a group of twelve islands, of which only four are inhabited by about 20,000 people. These are the ancient *Æoliæ*, *Vulcaniæ*, and *Insulæ Liparæorum*, and feigned to be the residence of Æolus and Vulcan. Lipari is the capital of this group, a city of 10,000 inhabitants; the island is 15 miles in circumference and very healthy, and has 15,000 inhabitants. The volcanic eruptions of this island ceased in the sixth century, but the island feels the effects of the activity of existing subterranean fires. The celebrated crater of Vulcano shows that it is only slumbering, and perhaps not extinct.

In the summer of 1831, between the island Pantellaria and Sciacca in Sicily, a volcanic island about one mile in circumference and 150 to 160 feet high, rose from the sea; and as it was first discovered by an English vessel, whose hands planted there the British flag, England claimed it. The King of Naples claimed

it because it was within Sicilian waters. Hostile complications arose between England and Naples, when lo! after a few months the island was nowhere. It had disappeared, thus putting an end to all complications. It appeared again in the spring of 1832, and, if I do not mistake, it has since again disappeared.

The *Australia* steered close to Stromboli, at present the most remarkable of the islands; its fires are in unremitting activity, the eruptions taking place at regular intervals, varying from three to eight minutes. The island is surrounded by numerous vineyards, which give a very superior and excellent wine.

Early next morning the *Australia* passed between the Punta della Campanella, on the continent, and the island of Capri. As there are no more Sirens, who, by their singing, fascinated those that sailed by their islands, and then destroyed them, there was no need to tie the captain or the pilot to the mast, in order to avoid the danger of being attracted by the songs of the Sirens, and the peril of having the *Australia* destroyed by them, as Homer relates to have been done to Ulysses sailing through the Tyrrhenean Sea. At the Punta della Campanella many years ago, I saw some remains of the Temple of Minerva, mentioned by Homer, to which goddess a sacrifice was offered on board the ship of Ulysses in order to be protected from the danger of being fascinated by the song of the Sirens, and to prevent having his ships destroyed by them. The island of Capri still contains the ruins of the Palace of Tiberius, who spent here the last seven years of his life in degrading voluptuousness and infamous cruelty. The island, five miles long and two broad, lies at the entrance of the beautiful Gulf of Naples, and consists of two mountains of limestone, remarkable for their picturesque shape and the well-cultivated valleys sur-

Milan Cathedral.

rounding them. A rock, 1,600 feet high, separates Capri from Anacapri, two small towns of 3,500 inhabitants. Capri is well known for its exquisite wines and for its singular cavern, called *Grotta Azzurra*, visited by nearly all visitors. Before noon we all landed in Naples, safe and well, of which it is justly said, "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori*" ("See Naples, and then die").

VENICE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VISIT TO ITALY—PASSING THROUGH FRANCE—EMBARKATION IN HAVRE —CROSSING THE ATLANTIC—ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK.

FOR the accommodation of several passengers I remained in Naples only one day, then I left for Gallipoli, my native city. At Lecce I was met by my two brothers and some other relations and friends, and a few miles from Gallipoli other relations and friends met me in several carriages, and I entered Gallipoli at 2 A.M. on Palm Sunday. I kept fasting in order to celebrate Mass on such a great day.

Having rested for some weeks in the company of my relations and friends, I returned to Naples together with my only sister, Teresina, and one of my nieces, Checchina, daughter of my youngest brother Felice. After some days spent in Naples, in company of the two abovementioned relations, I made the tour of Italy, visiting the principal sanctuaries. At Loretto, all went to confession and communion; then we visited the Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin at Bologna; at Padua, the Sanctuary of St. Anthony; at Venice, that of St. Mark; at Milano, that of St. Ambrose; at Turino, that of the Holy Sindone (sheet) of our Saviour; then at Neive we were met by Rev. John Baptist Imassi, in whose company was the zealous and learned parish priest of Neive, Rev. Dr. ——. In Neive we enjoyed the kind hospitality of Father Imassi; and here I must acknowledge the kindness of his two brothers and their families,

St. Peter's. Vatican.

especially of Father Imassi's interesting niece, Clementina, of the Chevalier Giuseppe Cavalli, his wife, Maddalena, and their amiable daughter, Celestina. We visited Florence, and the famous Baptistery, Cathedral, and Leaning Tower of Pisa. Then we went to Rome, to be present at the Jubilee of Pius IX., and see the

BAPTISTERY AT PISA.

exposition of all gifts presented to him on this occasion from every part of the world.

In Rome we were happy to find my eldest brother, Ferdinando, who, in company of his wife, Peppina, our relations, Don Matteo Tafuri, and his wife (*nata* Monittola). Having spent some days in Rome, my sister fell sick with the Roman fever; we all felt very much alarmed; but thanks to God and to the Blessed Virgin

Mary, and to the kindness and constant attention of Prof. Chevalier David Lupo, M.D., to whom here I offer my sincere thanks, she recovered sufficiently to travel to Naples, where, by the change of air, she entirely regained her health.

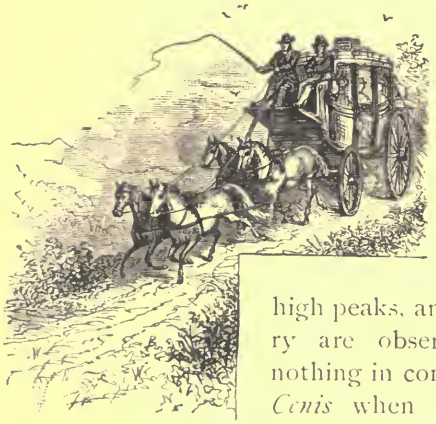
After some weeks in Naples, my cousin, Gualtiero Rospini, came to Naples to take my sister and niece to Gallipoli, and after three weeks I returned myself; my other cousin, Sig. De Donatis, met me in Lecce, and we went to the villa of my brother, Felice, where they were in villeggiatura. Having spent some weeks in this charming villa, close to the village of St. Nicola, in company of my brother's family, that is, his wife, Ferdinanda, and her sister, Giovannina, and my nieces, we all returned to Gallipoli.

The weather was terribly hot, and I suffered much from the intensity of the heat, caused by a blazing sun under a metallic sky, which for months and months had not given a drop of rain. The water of the sea was so warm that bathing gave no refreshment. I enjoyed myself much at the celebration of the festival of Saint Cristina, which, for eight days, was performed with great splendor and solemnity; it was, however, a poor substitute for the few years ago abolished festival of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin on the 2d of July; a substitute which does not correspond to the grandeur, fame, and devotion of that solemnity celebrated under the name of the *Madonna del Canneto*, or Santa Maria del Canneto, so called, because the miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin was found in a *canneto* (field of reeds) in that locality. It is to be lamented that such a festival was abolished. Those clumsy buildings erected in the locality where that great fair was once held, and those cumbersome piles of staves, are of no ornament to the city; they spoil the view of the same,

CATHEDRAL AT PISA.

and there was no call for such trash, now that a suburb is rising a short distance from it.

The time approaching for my returning to the United States of America, accompanied by my brother Felice and my two nieces, Checchina and Celestina, I left for Naples, where we spent about one month. At the commencement of October I left for Rome, to pay my last visit to His Holiness Pius IX., and to His Eminence Cardinal Alexander Franchi, who urged my return to America. Then I left for Paris. In crossing from Italy into France through the famous tunnel of *Mount Cenis*, I missed the grandeur of the Alps, which at other times I had enjoyed before the perforation of that mountain. It is true some glaciers, some high peaks, and some wild scenery are observed, but that is nothing in comparison to *Mount Cenis* when crossed by stage-coach. I took my passage for New York in the line of the *Compagnie Général Transatlantique*, whose boats sail from Havre every week; ten per cent. discount is allowed to missionaries of every nation, but I was obliged to pay the full fare; so much for the liberality of France! In order to get this scanty discount it was necessary to go by the second class, as is the case with *Messageries*. I paid the full fare, and I went by the first class, and remained under no obligation to France. What a difference between France and Italy!



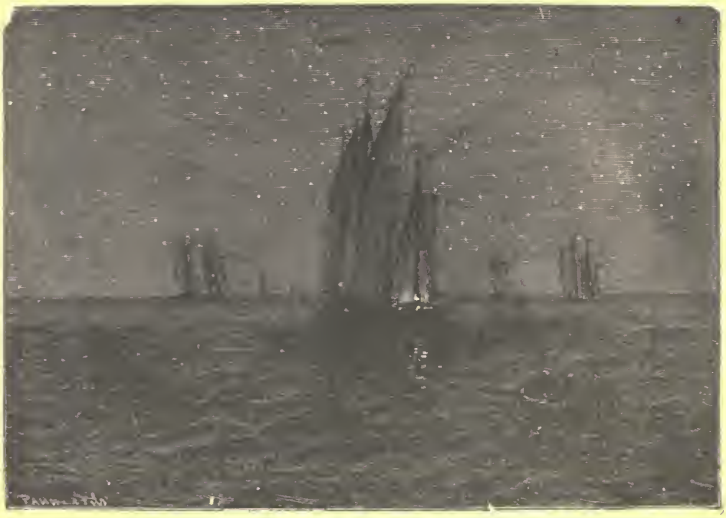
In the company of several other passengers I left Paris for Havre, where we arrived late in the evening, the eve of sailing. I arranged my baggage, and went to my state-room, where I left all that I needed in it and gave the key to the waiter. Not being able to get any supper on board the steamer, I was obliged to go into the city, where it was difficult to find a hotel. The night was dark, and the city not well lighted. Finally I found an establishment like a hotel, after having inquired of half a dozen persons. There I got something called *soupè* (supper), and hastened to the boat. But, lo! I could not get into my state-room. All had gone away except two or three hands; perhaps they had gone to visit their relations and friends. It took some time before I could have access to my state-room, the same being the case with the other passengers.

Next morning, Saturday, we started from Havre; while we were in the British Channel (La Manche) the weather was fine and the sea calm, but before reaching Plymouth in England it was blowing a gale, with heavy rain. *La France* (that was the name of the boat) anchored, and stopped till next morning.* I sent some letters to Italy and America. At about 9 o'clock A.M. we started again; the storm was increasing, and we had a very rough and stormy passage till our arrival at New York. Only a few days could I go to table to eat my meals, which I generally took in my state-room. There was a good number of first class passengers. There were also five French priests, all in the second class, according to the liberal regulations of France. The commissaire, a very good Catholic, gave us always fish on Friday, and on the vigil of All-Saints' Day, which

* I understand that this line of boats does not continue to call at Plymouth.

Castle of San Angelo.

was remarkable as being a calm and fine day. The priests requested me to be so kind as to celebrate Mass on All-Saints' Day, as none of them had power to celebrate on the sea. The commissaire and nearly all manifested the same desire: a gentleman, a native of Dalmatia, came to me earnestly requesting me to allow him the privilege to hear Mass on such a great day. I told him that all could come and hear Mass. The



NIGHT AT SEA.

captain gave the first-class passengers the saloon to be converted into a church, and the commissaire sent a carpenter and two waiters to me to work the formation of an altar. It was all done, and I prepared all vestments (which I had with me), altar bread, and wine. There was a provincial of some religious order, and a priest belonging to the same; both asked to serve my Mass, and two others were appointed to hold the chalice.

But the judgments of God are different from those of men. In the night a brisk wind arose, the sea became troubled, and I got up sea-sick. I could not stand on my feet; yet there were priests enough to hold me. I went into the saloon, and tried to see how I could stand on my feet at the altar. I had not stopped five minutes thus before a movement of the stomach made me run into my state-room. The wind was on the increase, and the sea likewise. I tried again and again, and every time I felt worse, till I was near throwing up. I tell you that I never endeavored in my missionary life to endure so much and make efforts in order to say Mass, as I did on that All-Saints' Day. I called the commissaire and told him that I was very sea-sick and unable to say Mass. He notified the others, who felt very bad at being deprived of the benefit of Mass on All-Saints' Day. I took some coffee.

The wind continued to increase to a gale, and to a severe storm, which must have wrecked many vessels, from the planks, boats, and other wrecks which we passed for some days. Many vessels, bottom up, were observed. One ship appeared to sink at a distance. The captain signaled it, and made everything ready to scale it. When close to it no person was to be seen; the vessel was full of water, one mast was floating on the sea, but by a rope was yet held to the ship; the other mast was broken in the middle and hanging on the ship, and a small sail fastened to the jibboom. All boats, except one, were gone, and the sea was washing on deck. The steamer went around this ship twice, and blew the whistle, in order to see whether anybody sick or half-starved was inside unable to come up; but being satisfied that no living creature was in it, *La France* continued to steer for New York, where we arrived on the following Sunday morning.

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